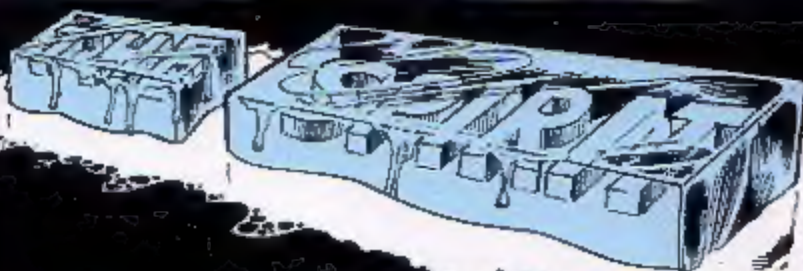




ICE

January 2, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



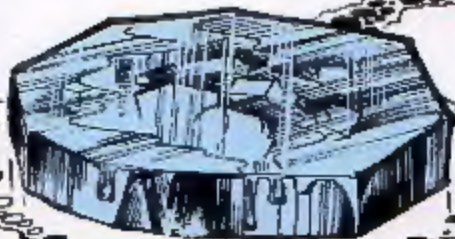
Central City Harbor is one of the largest ports of entry into the United States. So, naturally, this city has one of the largest, most efficient organizations of harbor and customs police...

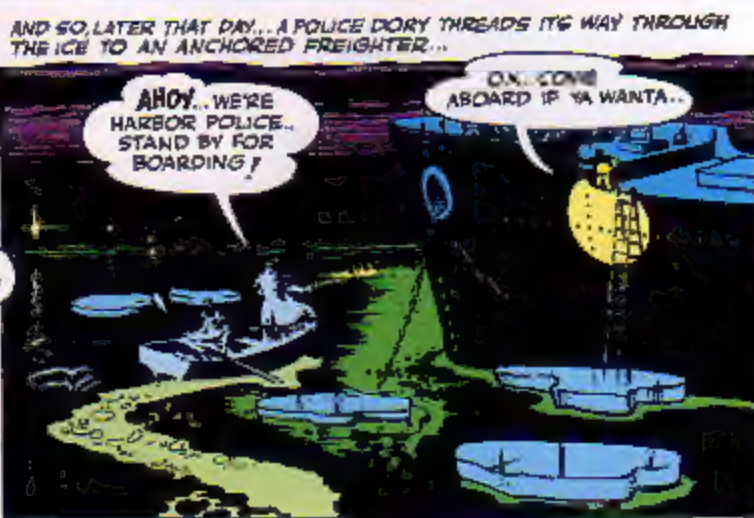
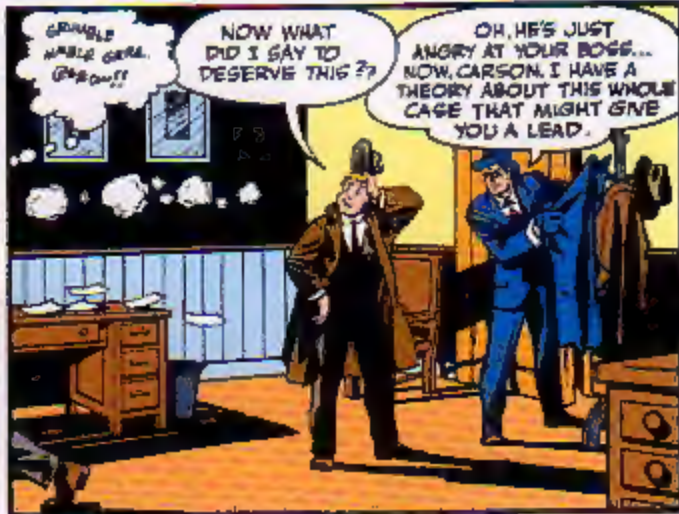
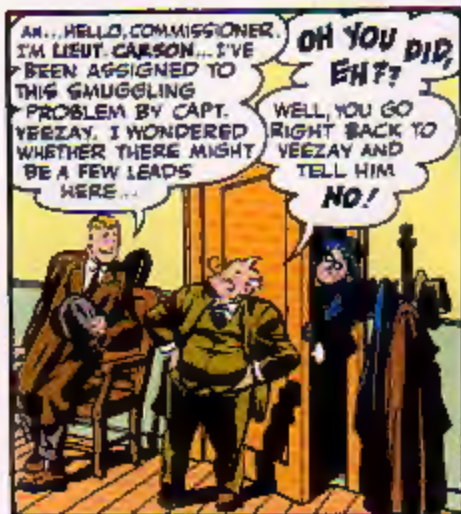


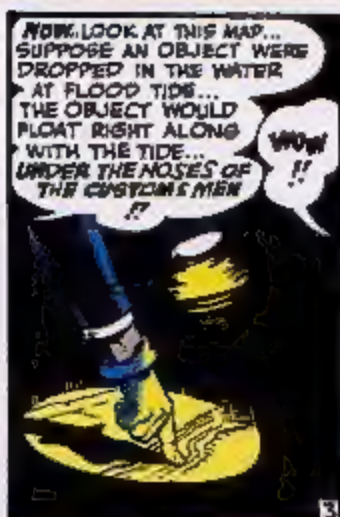
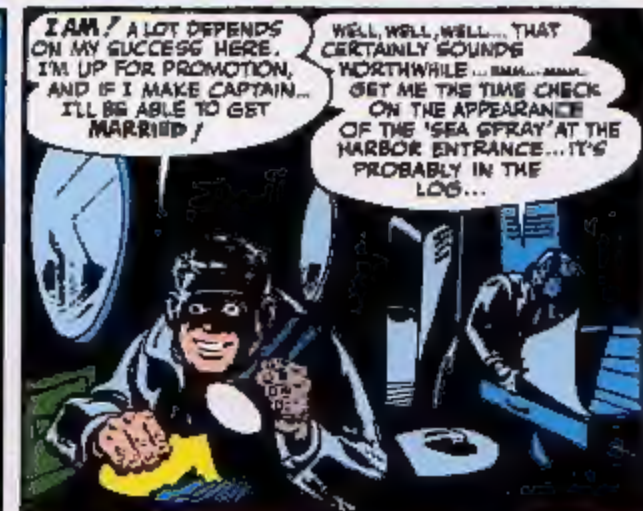
At 'Fort Bottleneck', at the narrowest point of the bay, these shrewd, hawk-eyed guardians of our commerce examine all incoming sea traffic. No craft, large or small, can enter Central Bay without stating its business.

...In fact, nothing gets by their watchful eyes...

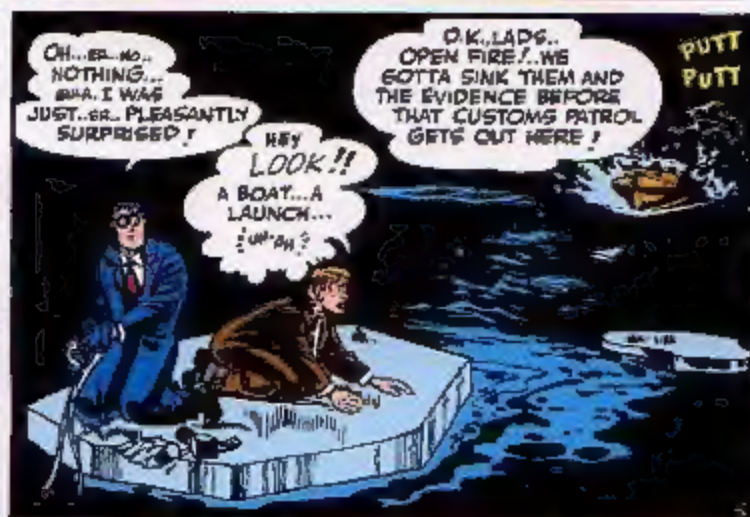
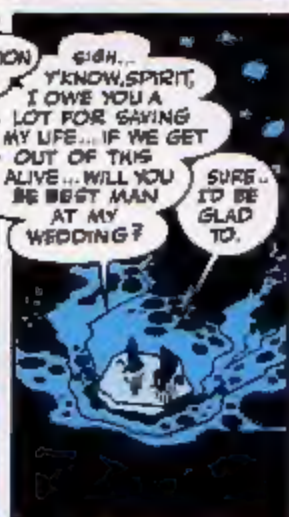
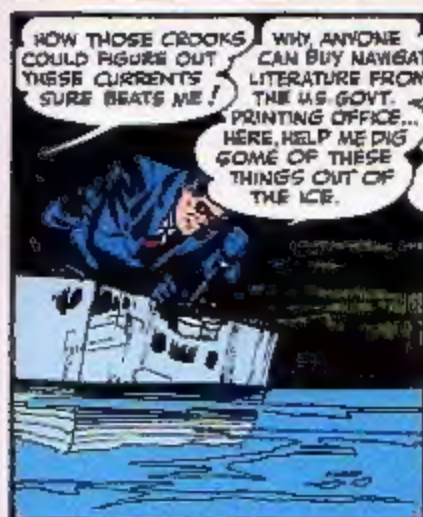
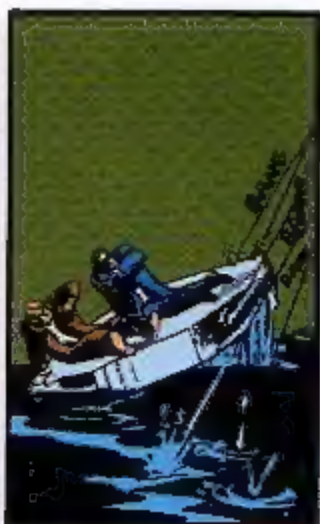
Except, maybe, on cold January days... an ice floe...



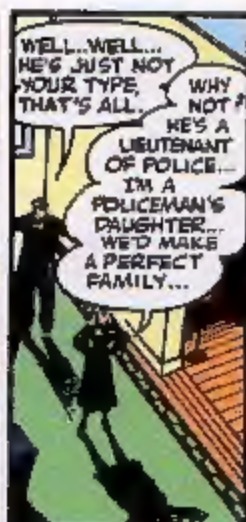












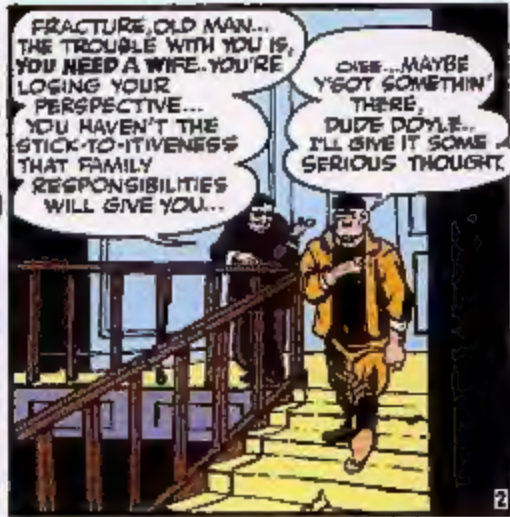
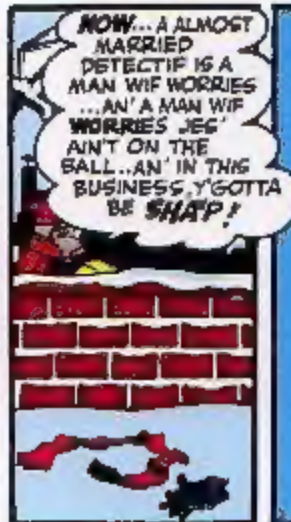


A PRISONER OF LOVE

January 9, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE







**MIST' SPIRIT...
MIST' SPIRIT...**

AM TOL' YO'...
YO' BEEN LETTIN' YO'
MIND WANDER TO
ELLEN DOLAN!



**NONSENSE,
EBONY... FRACTURE
JUST TOOK ME BY
SURPRISE... NOW
I WANT YOU
TO LISTEN
CAREFULLY...**



**AM CAN'T
STAND IT
NO LONGER...**
...WHY DON'T WE
GIT WORD...?

YOU MAY COME
IN NOW, BOYS...
WE'S READY
FOR
VISITORS.

YOU SEE, I'M PERFECTLY
ABLE TO GET OUT OF BED... BUT
FOR NOW I WANT IT KNOWN
THAT I'M VERY SICK... THAT
WILL KEEP DUDE DOYLE IN
TOWN. I WANT YOU TO
"TAIL" HIM...

"YASSUN...
NOW YO' TALKIN'
LIKE YO' OLE
SELF AGIN...
PEET-AN'-PEE-PEE."

AHM AWAY
IN A CLOUD O'
SMOKE!



OH, HELLO,
EBONY!
IS THE SPIRIT...
ALL RIGHT...?



OH...UH...HULLO,
MISS DOLAN...
YAS'M, HE'S...
O.K... SORTA...

GOOD...
GOOD!



SPIRIT DARLINGS!

MAN-WRECKER!!



THAT EVENING, AS THE
SUN SETS ON CENTRAL
CITY...

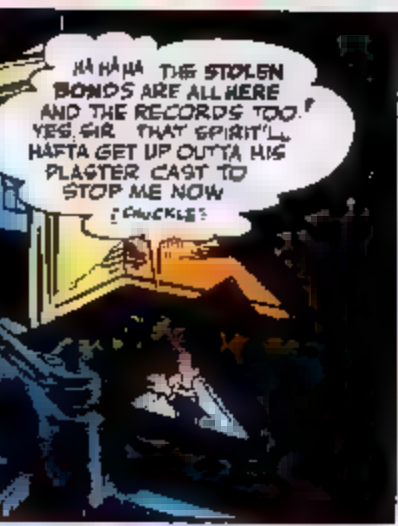
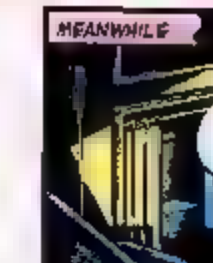
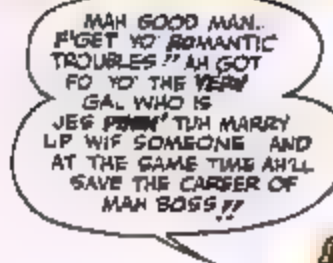
HELLO, FRACTURE...
THIS IS DOYLE... TH'
HOSPITAL REPORTS
THE SPIRIT IN BAD
CONDITION... NOW'S
THE TIME TO MOVE!!
...MEET ME AT
MAXIE'S
AT MIDNIGHT...

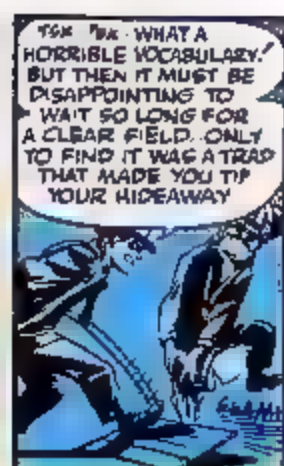
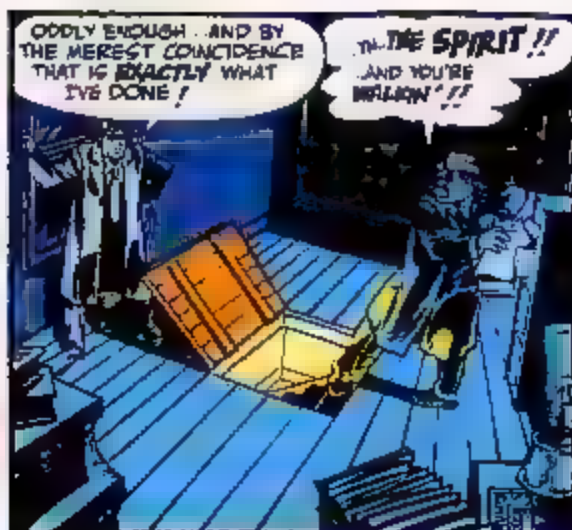


AH...NOT A
SOUL ON THE
STREET!



HEH HEH HEH... BY THE
TIME THE SPIRIT IS
ABLE TO WALK AGAIN,
I'LL BE ON A SLOW
BOAT TO CHINA!







A SPLIT-SECOND
BREATH...
NOW TO CHECK
ON THE BURNT
PAPERS.



HEY.
THEY'RE STILL
INTACT!



YOW!



THANK
YOU,
P.S.!!

AND SO... BACK AT
THE HOSPITAL...



SPIRIT..
DARLING..
HERE I'VE
BEEN
TALKING TO
YOU FOR TWO
HOURS, AND
YOU'VE SAID
NOTHINS!

REGGIE
B

POWER
TUNED

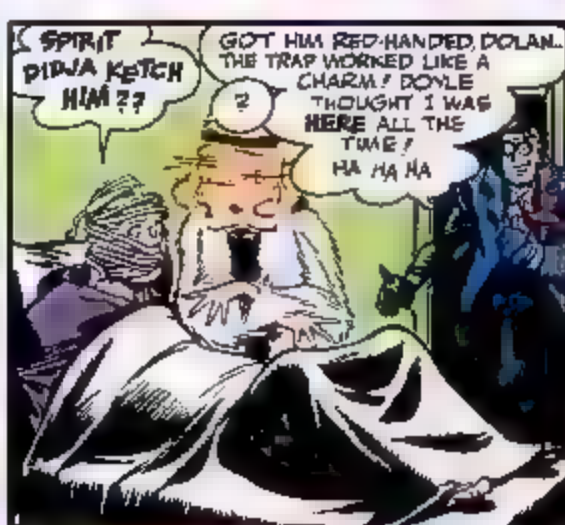
MONEY
TACK



I KNOW, HONEY
YOU'RE UNABLE TO
TALK. DOES IT
HURT, SPIRIT,
DEAR..?

HEY??

HA HA HA
???



SPIRIT
DIDJA KETCH
HIM??

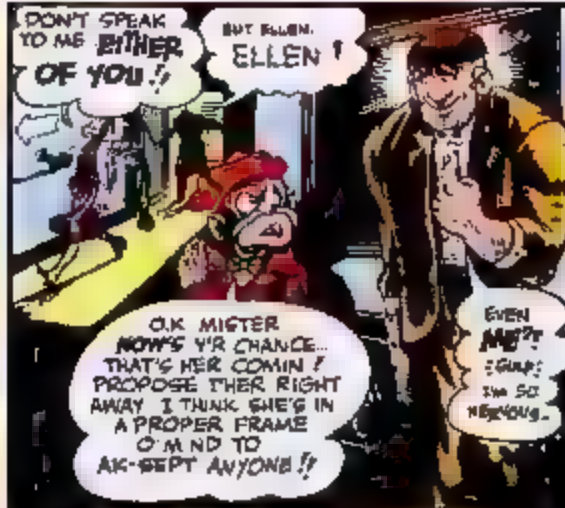
GOT HIM RED-HANDED, DOLAN.
THE TRAP WORKED LIKE A
CHARM! DOYLE
THOUGHT I WAS
HERE ALL THE
TIME!
HA HA HA



OH HE DID, DID HE??
WELL, SO DID I,
YOU BEAST!!

...ME??

UH OH

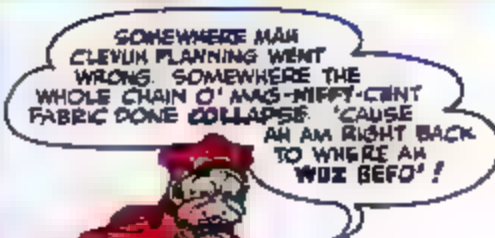
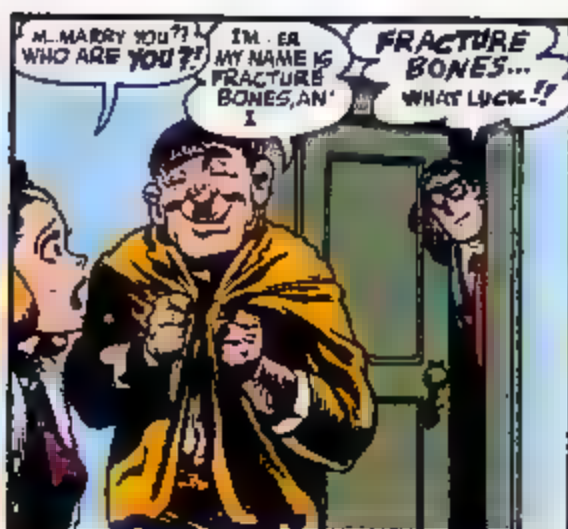
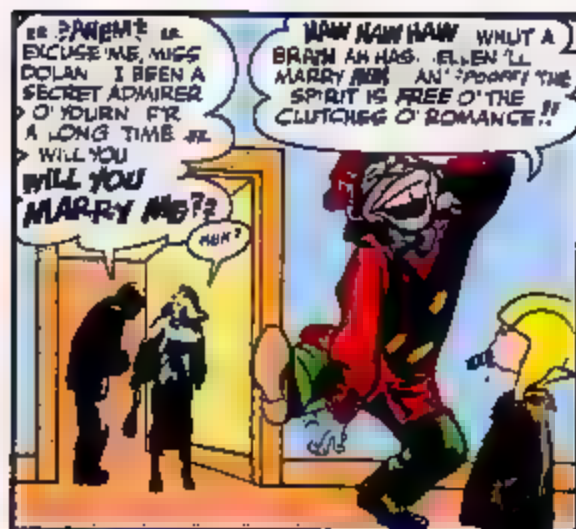


DON'T SPEAK
TO ME **EITHER**
OF YOU!!

BUT ELLEN,
ELLEN!

O.K. MISTER
NOW'S Y'R CHANCE...
THAT'S HER COMIN'!
PROPOSE THER RIGHT
AWAY I THINK SHE'S IN
A PROPER FRAME
O'MND TO
AK-CEPT ANYONE!!

EVEN
ME??
Gulp!
I'm so
nervous.





THE EXPLORER

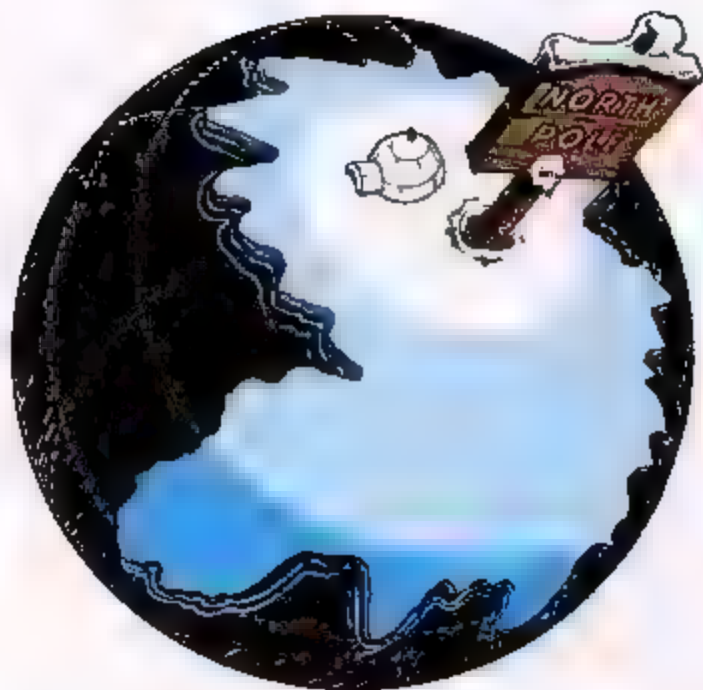
January 16, 1949



THE SPIRIT

by WILL EISNER

What is the impulse
that makes men eternally
the explorer... that
drives him from home
and hearthside to seek
the distant horizon
and the void beyond?
Is it a desire for glory,
for love... adventure...
riches... or a yearning
for 'something different'?



Ah, but enough of this
bootless philosophizing;
whatever the reason,
the fact remains that at the
North Pole one coolish day

... a little Eskimo girl said, "NOSH" and headed south...



And... some weeks later...

MUSH!
THAT'S WHUT TIS
THE SPIRIT 'N' ELLEN IN
LOVE THASSALL MUSH?
D'YA SPECT THEY'LL
GUP, GIT MARRIED?



PERRAPS
SURE LOOKS
LIKE IT, EBONY

BUT COMMISSIONER
DOLAN, SUH, CANTCHA
TELL THE SPIRIT
MARRIAGE S THE
COWARD'S WAY OUT?!!
LOOKA ME, DO AH GO
'ROUND 'LOSIN' MAH
GUP AN AXIN' GILS
T'MARRY ME??



I'M AFRAID
YOU'RE A LITTLE
TOO YOUNG TO
UNDERSTAND
ABOUT THESE
THINGS

AH IS OLD
ENOUGH TO
KNOW THAT
A WOMAN
DONE COME
BETWIX ME
AN' THE
SPIRIT!

on a coolish day .

a little American boy said

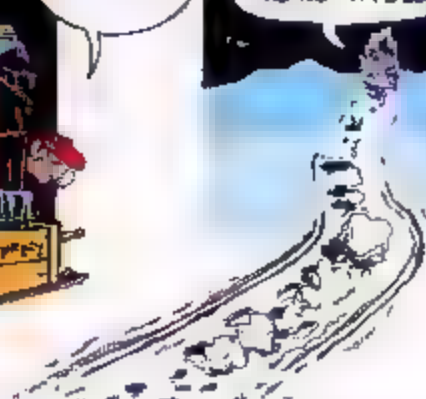
MUSH!

and headed north.

AH'M GOIN'
WHERE THERE
AIN'T NO WIMMIN.
NO ROMANCE..
AN PLENTY O'
ADVENTURE!



AH'M GOIN' TO
THE NORTH POLE!



And so... like those
intrepid men of old... our
hero sets out, armed with
the explorer's weapons -
fame and dumb
courage

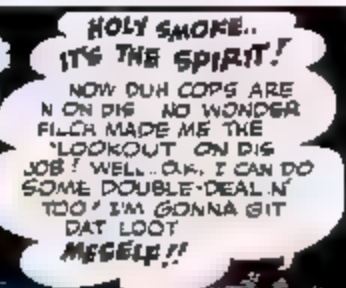


Mile after weary mile he travels,
asking only one boon-- that he reach
his destination... alive

JUDGIN' BY
THE LENGTH O' THE
AH MUSTA TRAVELED,
AN THE TEMPERATURE
'ROUND HERE, AH
MUST BE AT TH'
**NORTH POLE
NOW!**

Yes, men
like these
need no
compass
and
transit

They have
instinct
good old Yankee
INSTINCT



Meanwhile



unswayed by sheer physical exhaustion

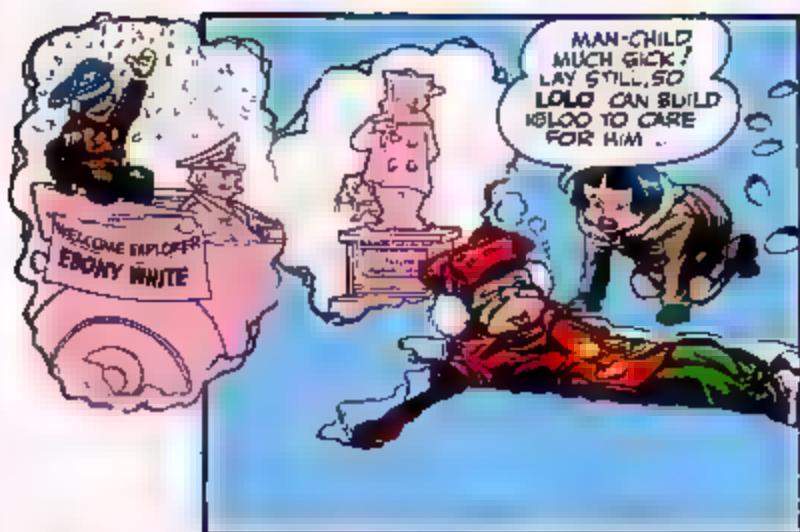


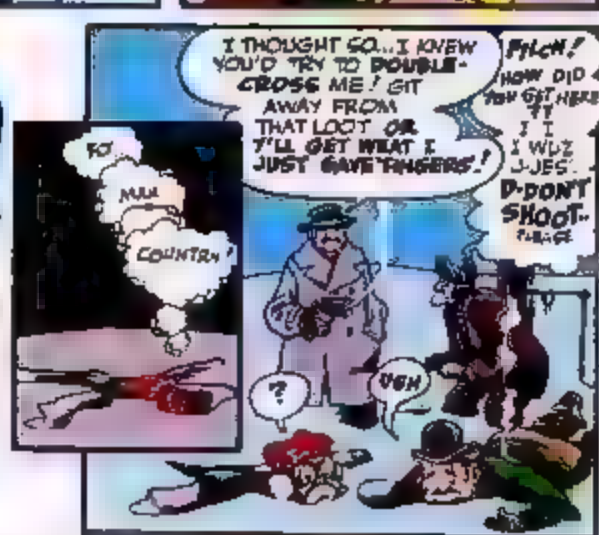
our hero our intrepid explorer..



reaches his goal at last









GET-UM UP,
LITTLE MAN-CHILD.
YOU NOT SHOT!
WEN YOU CUTE
LITTLE
MAN-CHILD?

WANNY
SHOT??

AM THOT SHO
AM /GUR. WHUT A
WARRER
EX-CAPE!

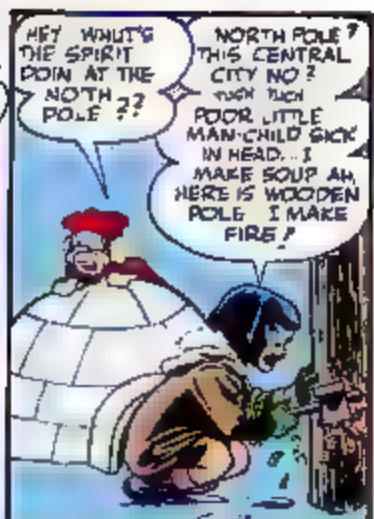


HEY LOOK..
~~THE~~
SPIRIT!!

FANCY
MEETING
YOU HERE,
FILCH?



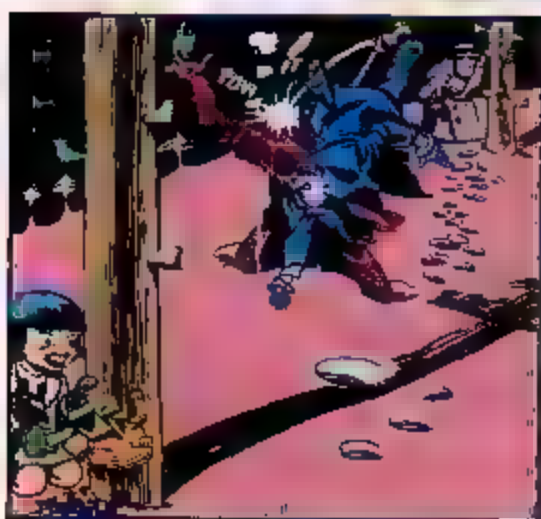
**DON'T JUST
STAND THERE..
SHOOT HIM!**



HEY WHUT'S
THE SPIRIT
DOIN AT THE
NORTH
POLE??

NORTH POLE?
THIS CENTRAL
CITY NO?

POOR LITTLE
MAN-CHILD SICK
IN HEAD... I
MAKE SOUP AH
HERE IS WOODEN
POLE I MAKE
FIRE!

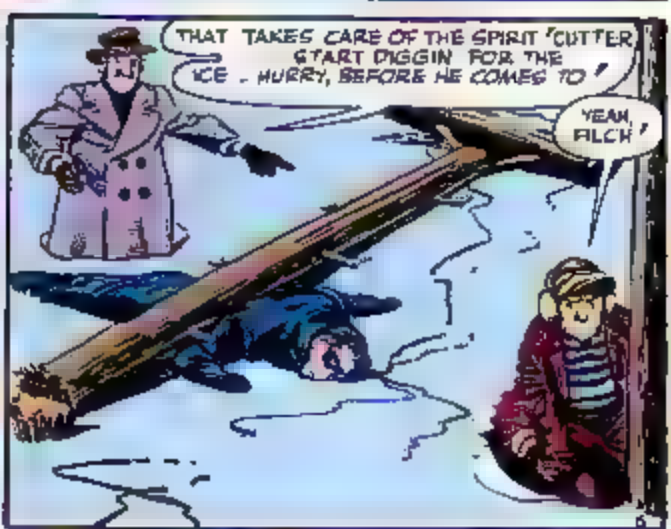


TIMBERR



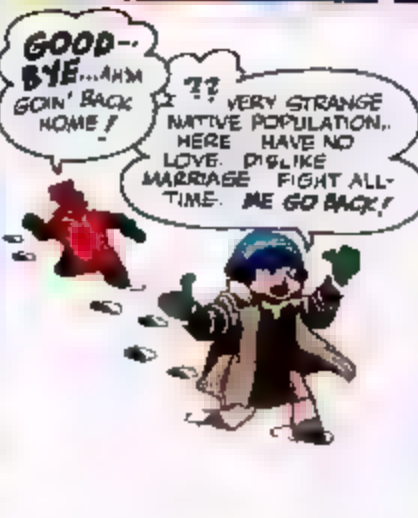
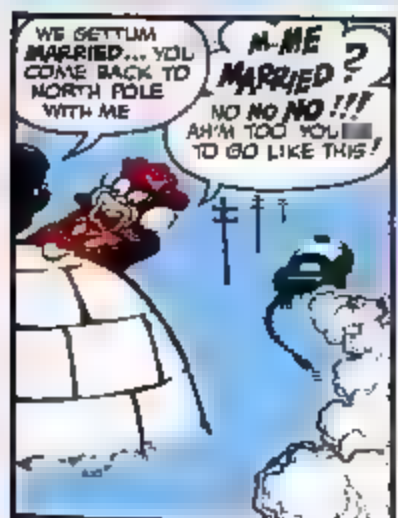
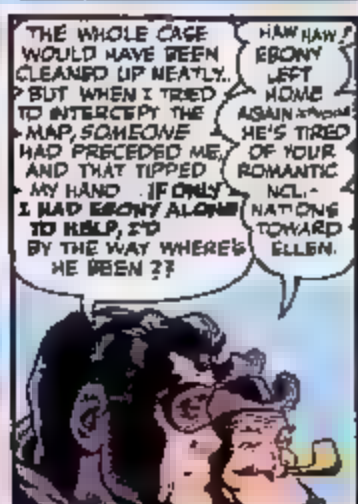
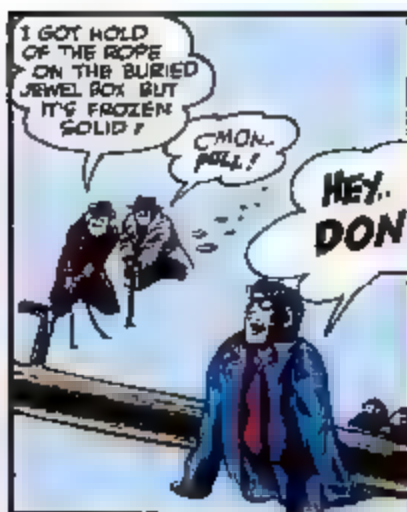
HEY..
QUIT
RUBB N'
NOSES WIE
ME, GAL

OH,
SILLY
THIS
ESKIMO
KISS!
YEE HEH



THAT TAKES CARE OF THE SPIRIT 'CUTTER
START DIGGIN FOR THE
ICE - HURRY, BEFORE HE COMES TO!

YEAH,
FILCH!



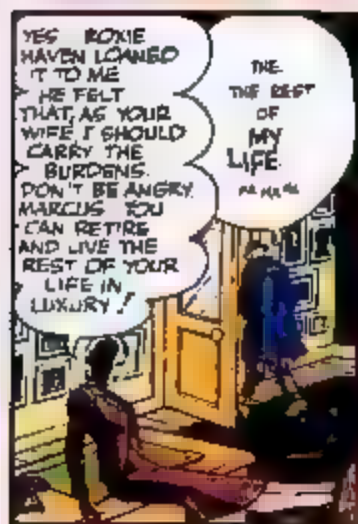
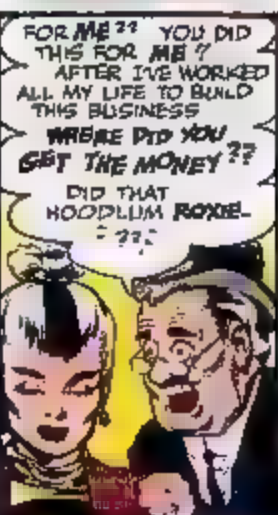
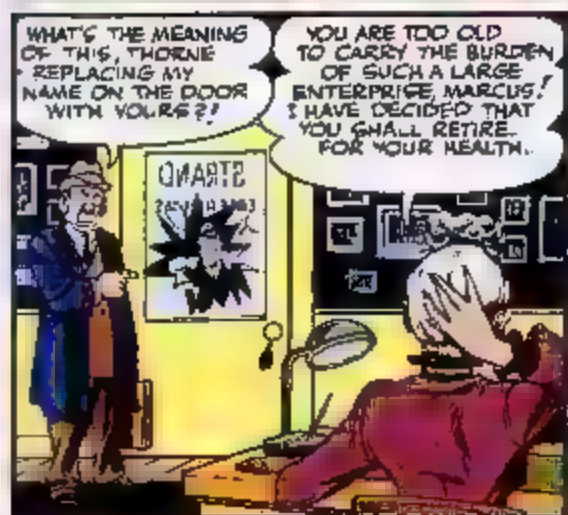


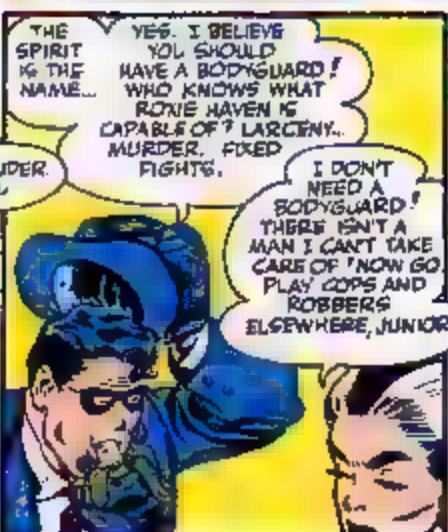
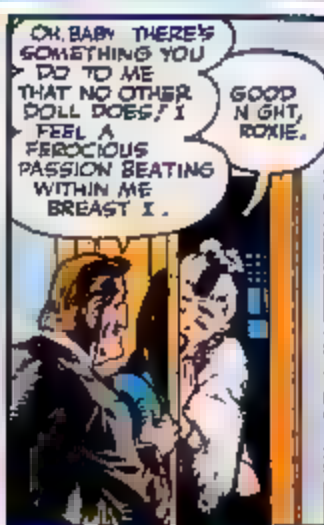
THORNE STRAND
AND THE SPIRIT

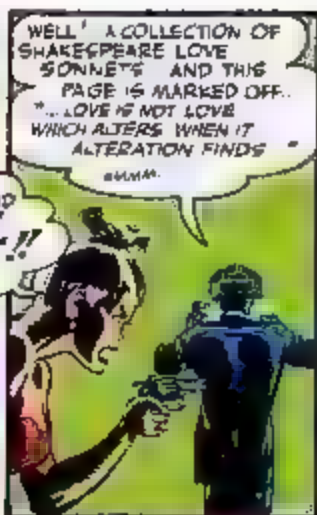
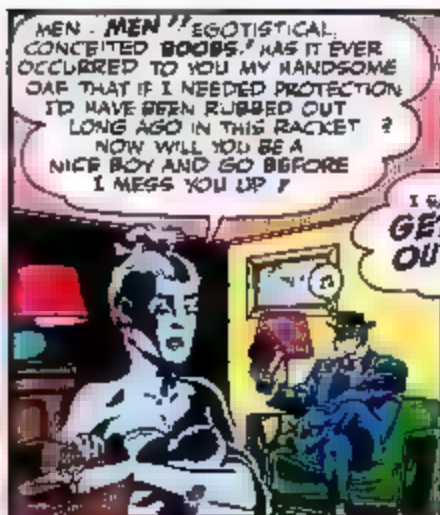
January 23, 1949

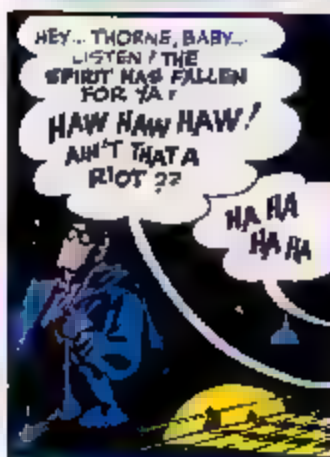
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE









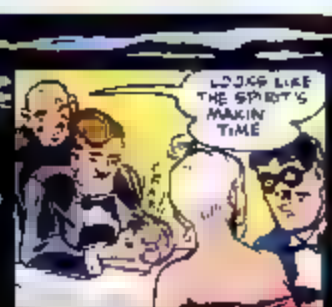


...AND SO, THE NEXT FEW NIGHTS THE BIG CLUBS IN CENTRAL CITY ARE A-BUZZ WITH CHOICE GOSSIP:

"CLUB CONGA"

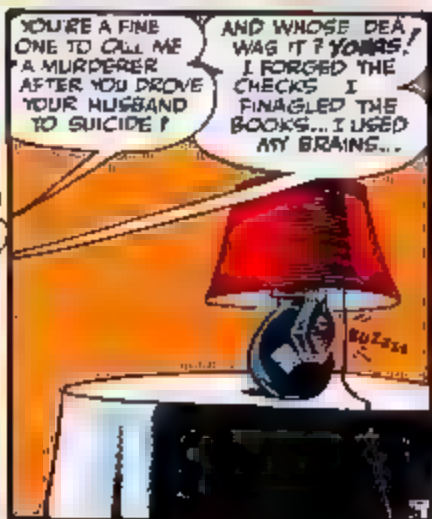
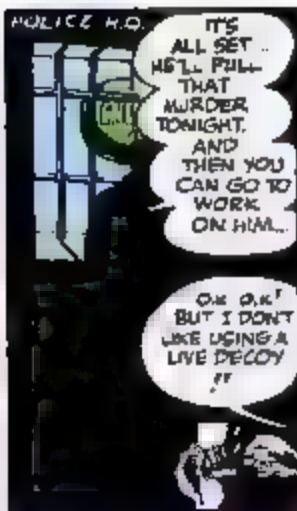


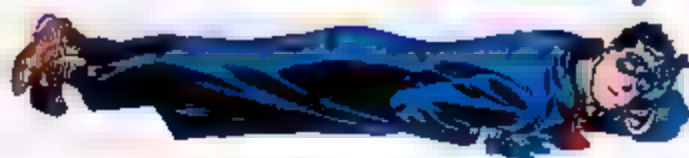
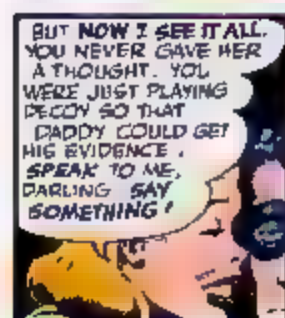
CLUB RIO



THE SPARKY SHOW









A SLOW SHIP TO SHANGHAI

January 30, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

THE SPIRIT

By
Will Eisner



THORNE... WHAT... WHAT IS SHE DOING HERE? WHERE AM I?... CAN'T THINK STRAIGHT... MUST COLLECT MY THOUGHTS... REMEMBER WHAT HAPPENED... REMEMBER...

THORNE STRAND: SINCE THERE IS INSUFFICIENT EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU... AND SINCE YOU TURNED STATE'S EVIDENCE... THE COURT HAS DECIDED TO FREE YOU

THORNE: FREED... YESTERDAY SHE WAS FREED... AND THEN THAT PHONE CALL

SPIRIT, THIS IS THORNE... I'M IN DESPERATE TROUBLE PLEASE COME TO DOCK STREET RIGHT AWAY...

BULKHEAD, MY GOOD MAN WE WILL BE RICH FOR THIS NIGHT'S WORK!

DUR-NUN

AND THEN... IN A BEY! THAT'S IT! THAT'S HOW I GOT HERE ON THIS BOAT BUT WHY... WHY?

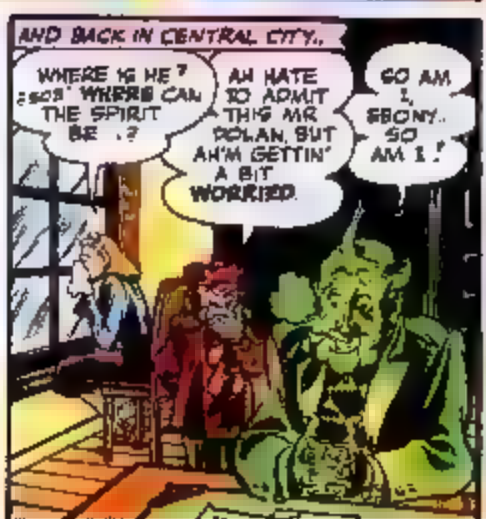
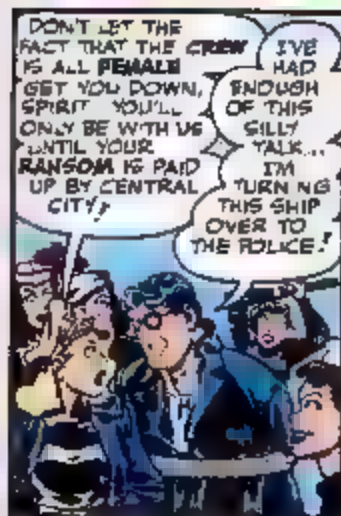
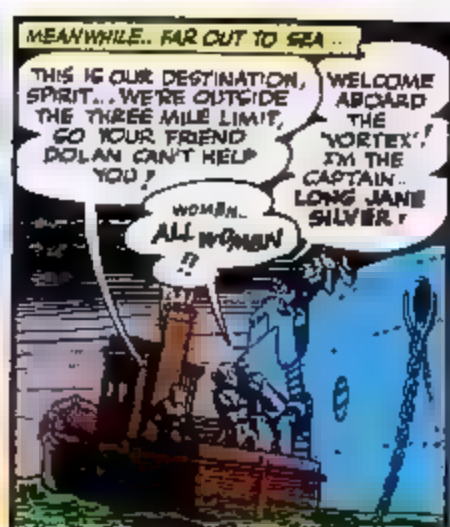
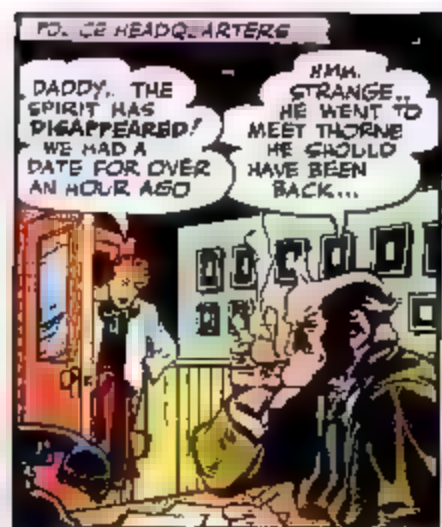
WHETHER YOU KNOW IT OR NOT HANDSOME, YOU'RE VALUABLE! A GANG OF SMUGGLERS HAS OFFERED ME \$5,000 FOR THE DELIVERY OF YOUR CARCASS! YOU'RE GOING TO KEEP LITTLE THORNE IN THE CLIPS FOR SOME TIME TO COME.

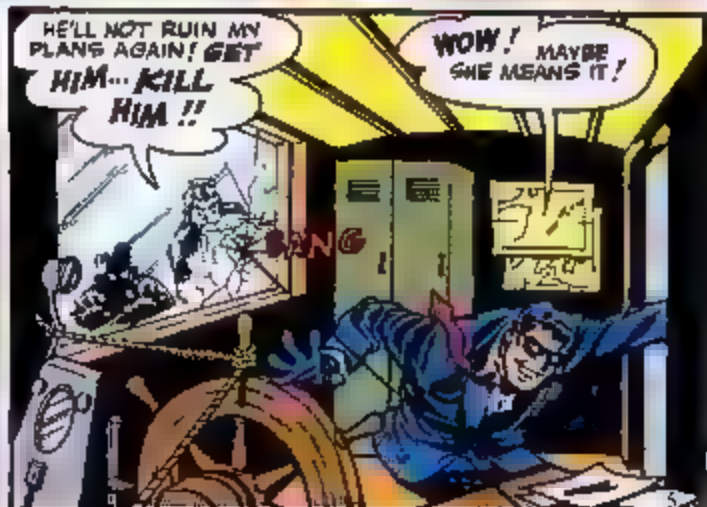
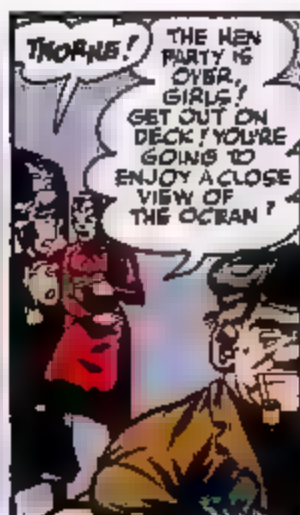
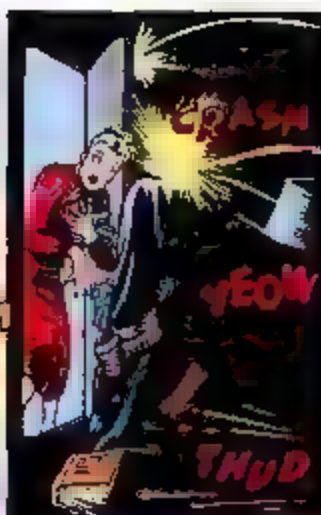
BUT UNTIL WE GET TO THE SMUGGLERS' SHIP, YOU AND I CAN ENTERTAIN OURSELVES...

NOW WAIT THORNE. HELP BACK... THORNE...

TO GET TO THE SMUGGLERS' SHIP, YOU AND I CAN ENTERTAIN OURSELVES...

YOU ARE ME ALONE...







HE'S DOWN THERE
SOMEPPLACE BULKHEAD!
FIND HIM! WE'RE
NOT SAFE UNTIL THE
SPIRIT IS OUT OF THE
WAY! I'LL GET THE
SHIP BACK ON
COURSE.



I'LL RIP HIS
SKULL OFF,
LIKE DIS!!



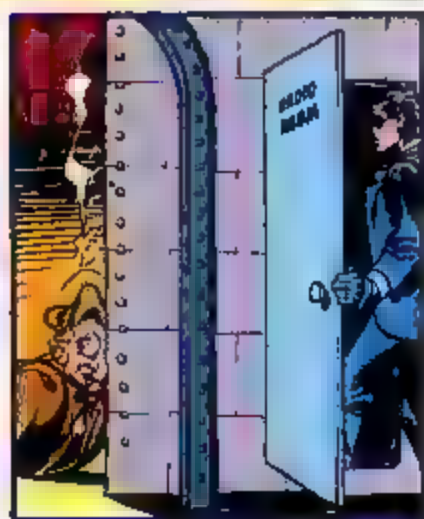
I'LL CUT HIS
NOSTRILS OUT
LIKE DIS...
DGA!



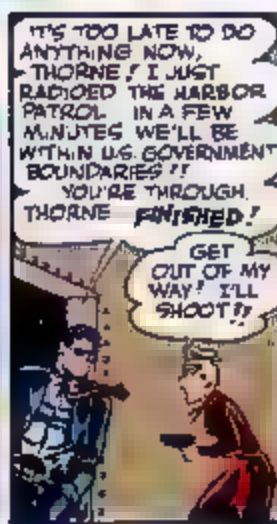
I'LL TEAR HIS
HEART APART,
LIKE DIS!!!



BOP

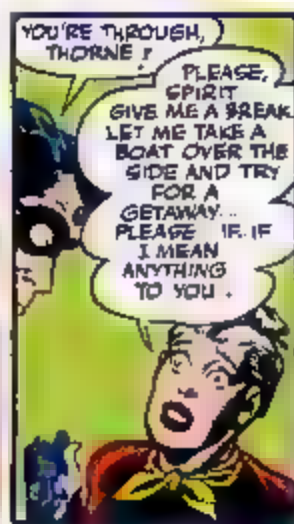


THAT WAS!! SPIRIT!
HE TIED THE STEERING
WHEEL INTO POSITION!
WE'RE HEADED FOR
THE CORAL
SHOALS?



IT'S TOO LATE TO DO
ANYTHING NOW,
THORNE! I JUST
RADIOED THE HARBOR
PATROL. IN A FEW
MINUTES WE'LL BE
WITHIN U.S. GOVERNMENT
BOUNDARIES!!
YOU'RE THROUGH,
THORNE. FINISHED!

GET
OUT OF MY
WAY! I'LL
SHOOT!!



YOU'RE THROUGH,
THORNE!

PLEASE,
SPIRIT,
GIVE ME A BREAK.
LET ME TAKE A
BOAT OVER THE
SIDE AND TRY
FOR A
GETAWAY...
PLEASE IF, IF
I MEAN
ANYTHING
TO YOU.



O.K. O.K!
IF THAT'S
THE WAY
YOU WANT
IT, STAY
WHERE
YOU ARE.



SMOKE ON THE HORIZON... **COPE!**
I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!



HEY...MISS THORNE.
WAIT FOR ME!

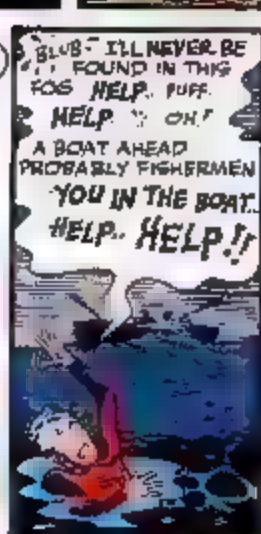
LOOK
AFTER YSELF.
Y'BIG LUMMOX.
SO LONG!



NO...WAIT...WAIT



YOU FOOL!
YOU BIG STUPID
FOOL...



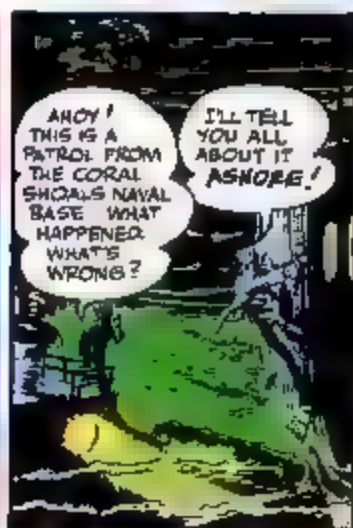
BLUB...I'LL NEVER BE
FOUND IN THIS
FOG. HELP. PUFF.
HELP...OH!
A BOAT AHEAD
PROBABLY FISHERMEN
YOU IN THE BOAT.
HELP.. HELP!!



PHEW! THANK
GOODNESS THIS
FOG IS SO THICK,
I THOUGHT YOU
WOULDN'T SEE
ME...



AND SO...THE
THICK FOG CLOSES
IN AND MUFFLES
ALL SOUND AS A
U.S. NAVAL CRASH
BOAT GLIDES
ALONGSIDE THE
'VORTEX'.



ANNOY!
THIS IS A
PATROL FROM
THE CORAL
SHOALS NAVAL
BASE. WHAT
HAPPENED.
WHAT'S
WRONG?

I'LL TELL
YOU ALL
ABOUT IT
ASHORE!



CENTRAL CITY... A WEEK LATER...

IT'S GOOD TO BE
BACK HOME AGAIN,
WITH EVERYTHING
IN THE PAST
FORGOTTEN!
THORNE LADY
SMUGGLERS. ALL
DIM MEMORIES.



♪ ON TO LIKE TO GET YOU
ON A SLOW SHIP TO
SHANGHAI... YOU
AND ME A-LONG ♪

CAN I
HELP IT
IF IT'S
POPULAR



THE BIG SNEEZE CAPER

February 6, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



MEMORANDUM
TO

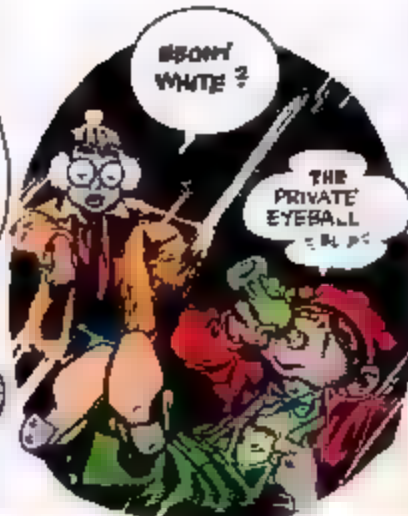
THE SPIRIT

BY WILL EISNER

FROM
EBONY WHITE,
PRIVATE EYE,
License NY 36548

IN THE MATTER WHICH AM PRE-FER
TO CALL THE "BIG SNEEZE"
CAPER.

Ah wuz musin' on mah future, which at the momint wuz as weak doubtful as a election poll
Ah wuz beginnin' to think ah'd best return to the security of bein' the spirit's assistant, when she walked in viza IO in trouble and bee yoo tiful!!
Ah decided ah wuz gonna be happy in mah work



IF SHE WUZ TRYIN' TO INCREASE MAH HEARTBEAT, SHE WUZ MAKIN' OUT FINE AH WUZ BREATHIN' LIKE A WEAK MALTED BEIN' INHALED THROUGH A SOGGY STRAW.



AH MADE NO REPLY (AH COULDN'T) AH SWALLOWED TWO FINGERS O' RASPBERRY POP AND WAITED.

I NEED YOUR HELP BADLY!

AH'M LISSENIN'



SHE SAID SHE WUZ A BABY SITTER (IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRUE) SHE SPIELED THAT SHE'D GOTTEN A LINE ON SAID BABY BEIN' A SNATCH SET UP ON THE NIGHT SHE WUZ TO GET FO' HIM.

I HEARD THEM TALKING ABOUT IT LAST NIGHT THEY'LL PULL THE JOB THIS P.M. WHILE I'M SITTING 'I MUST HAVE HELP! THIS CAN RUIN MY BABY-SITTING FUTURE!!

AH'M TO BOY! MAH GRAFT IS 20 CENTS FO' THE FIRST QUARTER HOUR AND 5 CENTS FO' EACH 15 MINUTES THEREAFTER



SHE WROTE THE ADDRESS IN LIPSTICK ON MAH SHIRT-FRONT AND SLID OUT THE DOOR AS SMOOTH AS LACE BEIN' DROPPED ON A VELVET CARPET IN THE MIDDLE OF A SNOWSTORM.



HELLO MRS GREENE Y'DON'T HAFTA WORRY ABOUT A BABY SITTER TONIGHT I'VE GOT A SUBSTITUTE!



IT WUZ PLAIN TO SEE THERE WUZ MORE TO THIS CASE THAN MET THE PRIVATE EYE

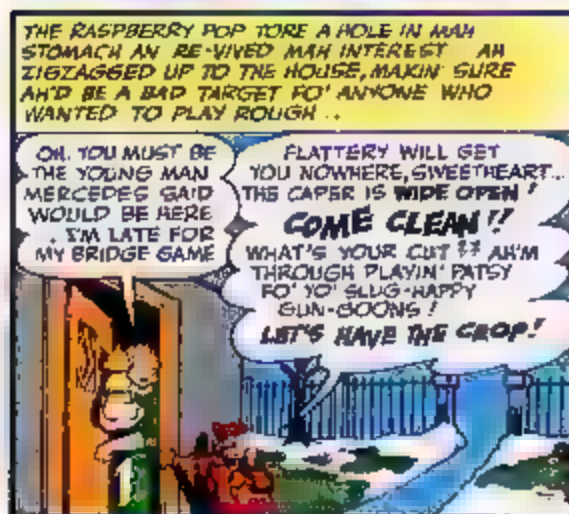
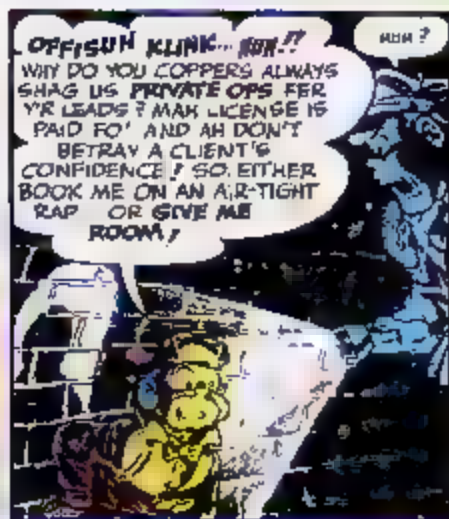
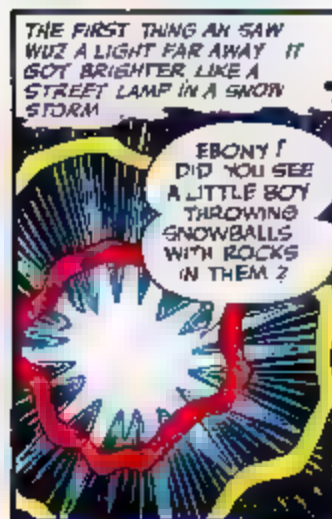


SHE DRIFTED DOWN- SOON PLACE AROUND COFFIN DRIVE AND FIRST BLOOD ALLEY. SHE DIDN'T KNOW IT, BUT SHE HAD COMPANY. AH WUZ BEGINNIN' TO SEE THE LIGHT, WHEN-



SOMEBODY PULLED DOWN THE SHADE





THEN IT HAPPENED AGAIN -
FROM OUT OF NOWHERE,
"SADDLE SHOES PAID ME
ANOTHER CALL - AND IN THE
TWINKLIN' OF A BLACK-JACK,
AH KNEW SOMEONE WUZ
OUT TO DISCOURAGE ME

POW



AND AS AH BLACKED
OUT, AH KNEW THAT
WHOEVER IT WUZ
KNEW THAT AH WUZ
HOT ON THE TRAIL



MAH HEAD FELT LIKE A FLY IN A WIND TUNNEL -
A LITTLE MAN LEERED AT ME WITH EYES AS LARGE
AS SUSPENDER BUTTONS



O.K. PUNK...
WHERE DIDJA
HIDE THE PLASTIC
KEY?

CMON! I KNOW ME
MUDDER SLIPPED YOU
THE KEY TO TH' COOKIE
CABINET! WHADJA
DO WITH IT??



HE LOOKED AS NASTY AS A
BUMBLEBEE IN A TURKISH
BATH HE WANTED
COOKIES BUT AH WUZNT
GIVIN' NOTHIN'



OH!! A WH-I-SE
GUY, EH?

AH BANGED MAH HEAD AGAINST HIS
FIST - HIT HIS KNEE WITH MAH JAW
THE CEILING SLUGGED ME WITH A LOW
BLOW AND TWENTY NEON LIGHTS
FLASHED ON AND OFF ALL
SAYIN' "SUCKER" -



HEY
WHO
ARE
YOU
GUYS
??

WE GOT THE
WRONG KID LAST
TIME THROUGH
METHODS O'
BRUTE FORCE -
THIS TIME, LEAVE
US TRY SUBTLETY

HEY, BUB. WHICH
ONE O' YOUSE
IS GREENE?



MAH BEFOGGED BRAIN REMEMBERED
THESE GUNBOYS!! IF AH WUZ TO
BUY IN TO THIS PARTY NOW WUZ
THE TIME TO STICK MAH FOOT IN
THE DOOR AN HELP PROTECK
MAH CLIENT!



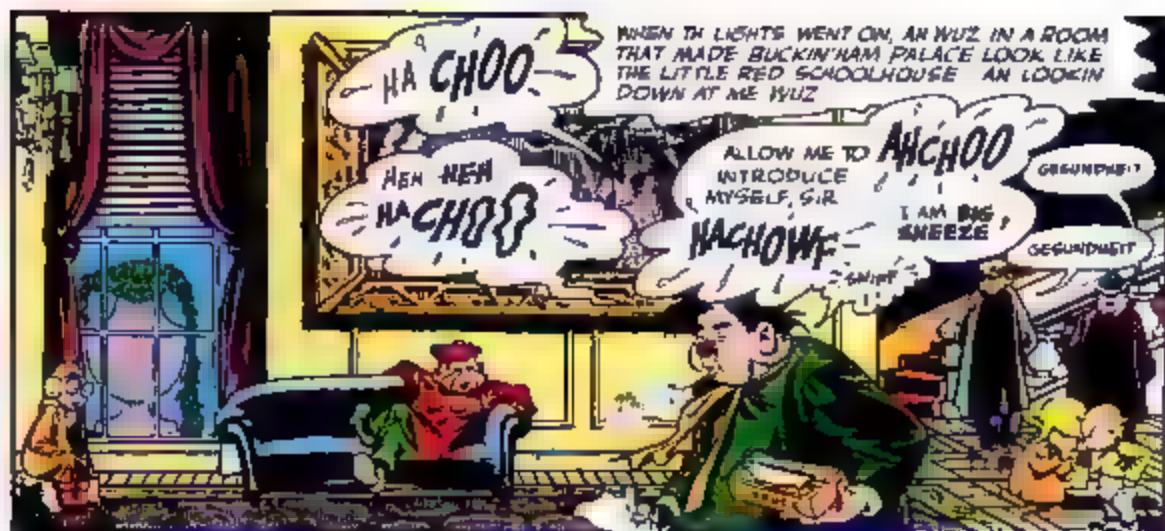
ME - I'M
GREENE

IT'S A
FRAME...
AH'M
GREENE

WE CANT
TAKE NO
CHANCES
WID BIG
SNEEZE
LET'S
TAKE 'EM
BOTH!

THAT NAME BIG SNEEZE!!
AGAIN AH HEARD IT, AND AH
WONDERED HOW HE FIGURED
IN WITH THE BABY SITTER
THE PLASTIC KEY, THE GREENE
SNATCH, AND MAH FRIEND
"SADDLESHOES"





WHEN TH LIGHTS WENT ON, AN WUZ IN A ROOM THAT MADE BUCKIN' HAM PALACE LOOK LIKE THE LITTLE RED SCHOOLHOUSE AN LOOKIN DOWN AT ME WUZ

HA CHOO

HEN HEN NACHOO

ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE MYSELF, SIR

NACHOWE

ANCHOO

I AM BIG SNEEZE

GESUNDHEIT

GESUNDHEIT

OK, POUCHY IT'S YOUR PLAYPEN WHAT'S THE SCORE? YOU HOLD THE CARDS AN' THE CHIPS ARE ON THE TABLE! YO'RE DRIVIN' THE TAXI AN' YOU C'N FIX THE METER IN YO' FAVOR! YO'

NACHOO I OBSERVE THAT YOU MR WHITE, ARE A MAN OF RARE INTELLECT AND ABILITY... FOR THIS RE MESSY AFFAIR IT MIGHT WELL AFFORD ME TO ENGAGE YOUR SERVICES

AN ANCHOO

IT WAS THEN THAT AN SAW MERCEDES SITTING IN THE CORNER SHE WUZ AS STIFF AS A STARCHED COLLAR EVERYBODY ON THE CAPER WAS IN THE ROOM THIS WUZ THE WAY AN LIKED IT!

AN GOT A CLIENT, BUT IT'S ONLY A WATCHDOG JOB.. EFN YO W'N PLAY A NICE TUNE ON YO' BELLOID, AN'LL DANCE!

THEN ALLOW ME TO ENLIGHTEN YOU ON THE COUGHASTROPUS SADA... THE SAMOVAR COUGH DROP AS YOU KNOW KING GYZE II, IN HIS CRUSADE AGAINST FORDAWAH IN 1235 A.D, CAME BACK AN RACULOUSLY RECOVERED FROM HIS TERRIBLE COLD. FOR IN FORDAWAH HE HAD DISCOVERED THE SAMOVAR COUGH DROP!

THIS WAS A MIRACULOUS CURE FOR THE COMMON NACHOO COLD AND/OR SNEEZE

THIS FABULOUS BAUBLE WAS PASSED DOWN BY GENERATIONS - FREDERIC OF HAUGWASH PHILIP OF SCHNOPF, ETC.. THEN IT MYSTERIOUSLY DISAPPEARED FOR SIX CENTURIES UNTIL IT ARRIVED IN CENTRALITY A MONTH AGO TO BE OFFERED TO THE GREENE BROTHERS COUGH DROP COMPANY (OWNED JOINTLY BY MY BROTHER HARLOWE AND MYSELF) HARLOWE STOLE THE SAMOVAR COUGH DROP AND IS GOING INTO PRODUCTION ALONE! ANCHOO!

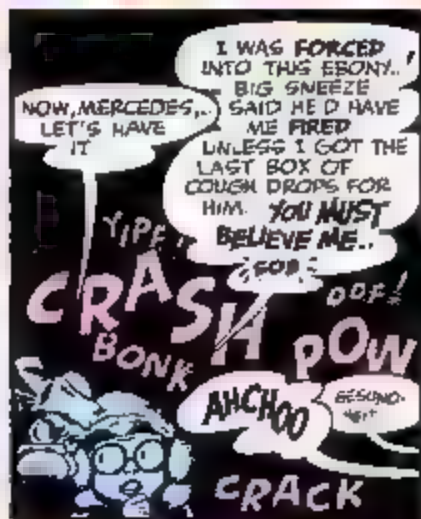
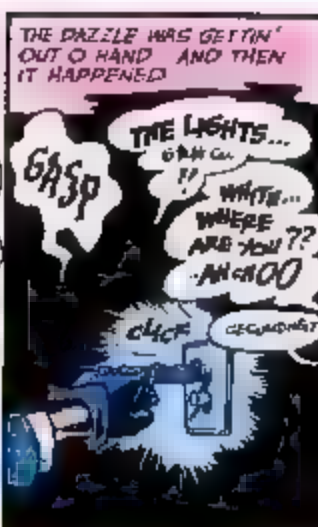
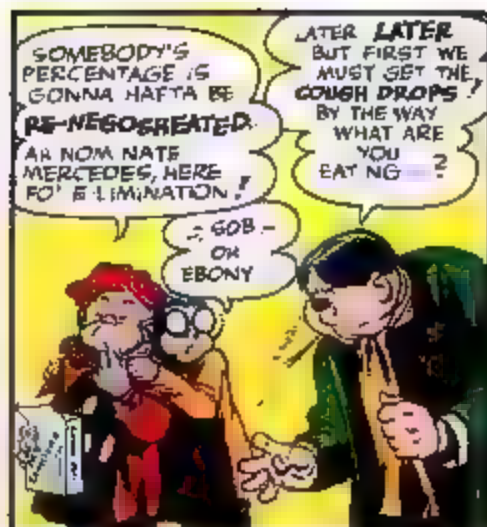


I, SIR, AM NOT ONE TO TAKE SUCH AN AFFRONT STOICALLY BY KIDNAPPING NACHOO - HARLOWE'S SON, BORIS, I AM NOW IN A DICKERING POSITION FOR THE COUGH DROP WILL YOU JOIN ME AS MY AGENT, SIR?

A-CHOO!

NEEM THIS AIN'T FO' PEANUTS THIS IS BIG IF AN' GONNA BE YO OBT MAN AN GOTTA BE IN ON TH GRAY.. ALL OF IT!





THE CROOKS SEEMED TO BE FALLIN' ALL OVER. AN DON'T KNOW WHY!! IT WAS TIME FO' ME TO CLEAN UP.



AN' THEN SILENCE SETTLED OVUH ALL

AN SUNK DOWN. KNUCKLED

THE CASE O THE BIG SNEEZE DONE ENDED..



LATER

When Ah awoke, the gang was bein' driven away by the police. In mah semi-conscious state Ah had subconsciously and buzzed the blue boys.

Ah returned the Arsene kid, but the old man welched on mah fee, so the caper netted zero.

Ah found out later that Mercedes was levelin' but unfortunately she decided she likes the collegiate type. She is now goin' steady wif a 2nd lb fella wif saddle shoes. Ah is workin' on that angle right now.

Ebony White
license no 7454

HA HA...WHAT A KID!! HOWEVER, IF I HADN'T BEEN FOLLOWING HIM TO MAKE SURE HE KEPT OUT OF TROUBLE, WE MIGHT NEVER HAVE FOUND BIG SNEEZE.



MUST SPIRIT...AH HAS DEE CIDER TO TOSS A DEAL YORE WAY...MAH DOCTOR HAS ADVISED ME THAT THIS RUGGED LIFE O' SODA POP AN' COUGH DROPS IS A RAW SHUFFLE...GO AH MAY THROW MAH BRAIN BEH'ND YO' BRAIN AG'IN.



OF COURSE, MAH RETAINER'LL KAPTA BE NIKED BUT WE COULD GIVE CRIME THE COLD WATER CLATCH AN' PULL IN A BIGGER TAKE WITH A PARTNER ACT? THINK IT OVUH.



WHAT IN...
??

SIMPLE, DOLAN WE JUST LOVES DETECTIVE STORIES!



YOU'RE CHEWING GRASS ON A COLD PASTURE IF Y'FOLD OVER ON A FAKE LINE BLCK LIKE THAT!!
BR PARDON ME WHILE I POUR MYSELF THREE FINGERS OF STERN STUFF FROM YOUR WATER COOLER.



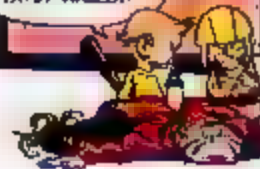
WHY DID I EVER BOTHER TO ATTEND THE POLICE ACADEMY ANYHOW??

THE SPIRIT'S GLOSSARY OF DETECTIVE TERMS

USED IN THIS STORY

A HANDY DICTIONARY FOR USE IN THIS PRIVATE EYE

I HAVE JUST DEMONSTRATED A "PATSY WALLER"

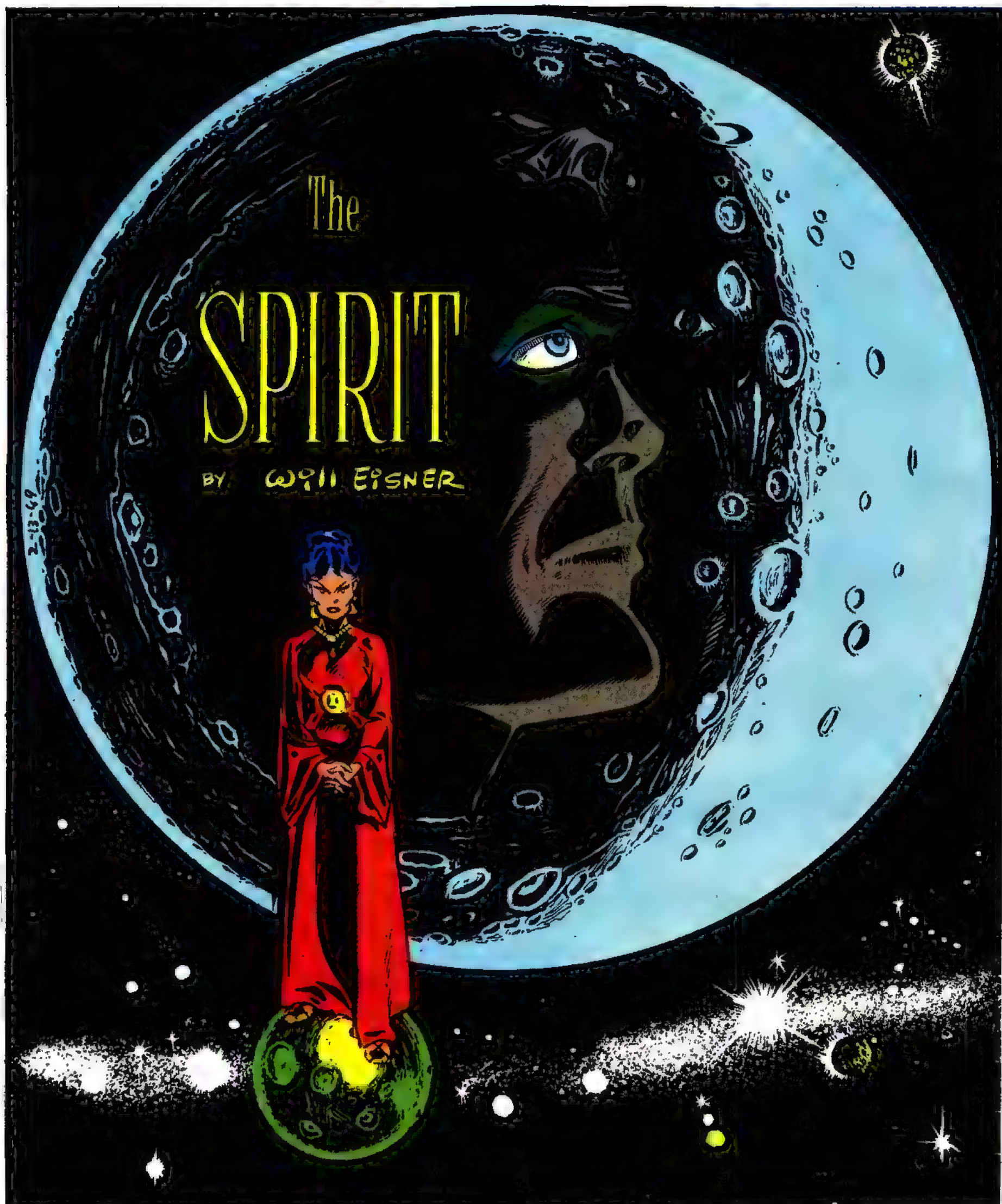


ANGLE... a snaffle, heap... see "The Maltess Onion Caper" Sam Slate, Jan 2
CAPER... a dazzle, plot see "The Kopper Kipper Kaper" The Flatman, Nov 1
COLD WATER CLATCH... a hot lead brush, a freeze finish... see "The Falcon Malted" CROP... the rub, resp... see "The Cremated Cockroach Caper" The Flatman, Dec 3
GRIFT... angle, dazzle see "The Inverted Tonsil Caper", Sam Slate, Oct 15
GUN GOON... gunsel, logan see "The Pink Return Caper", Sam Slate, Feb 3
OUT MAN... a handle, a phumb... see "The Rusted Rhubarb Caper"
PATSY... a fall guy, a drop... see "The Mangled Meatball Caper"
PLANT... a gimmick, a snaffle... see "The Sniffle Snaffle" caper
PRIVATE EYE... a shamus, a peeper... see "The Curdled Crumb Cake" caper
RAW SHUFFLE... dead deal, beat logo... see "The Spiked Ice Caper"

SO... SARDLE GROWS AGAIN...

SPIRIT

by Will Eisner



The facts herewith (and chronologically) presented are available to us because The Spirit, long on the trail of these two, arrived on the scene within the hour...

SOMETIME BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 2:40 AND 2:53 ON THE AFTERNOON OF FEBRUARY 12 TWO GUNMEN CRACKER BARK AND COMBO NATHAN WALKED INTO THE CENTRAL BANK WITH THE INTENTION OF COMMITTING ARMED ROBBERY.

THEY WENT TO TELLER NO. 3 AND DREW PISTOLS. THEY WOULD HAVE SUCCEEDED IN THEIR PLAN HAD NOT AN EXPLOSION OCCURRED AT THE SPOT UPON WHICH THEY STOOD.

THE FORCE OF IT KILLED BARK AND LITERALLY DISINTEGRATED THE POOR TELLER AND THE OTHER. THEY COMBO NATHAN.

OR SO IT SEEMED.



... STRANGE THAT THE OTHER TWO SHOULD BE SO COMPLETELY DISINTEGRATED BUT CRACKER STILL INTACT... AND NOTICE THE ABSENCE OF BLOODSTAINS...

AND THE WALLS ARE STILL HOT... FUNNY KIND OF EXPLOSION...



WHAT IS THIS, GUARD??

IT'S A PHOTO OF MISS COSMEK... SHE WAS THE TELLER.. POOR LASS BEEN HERE ONLY A YEAR.

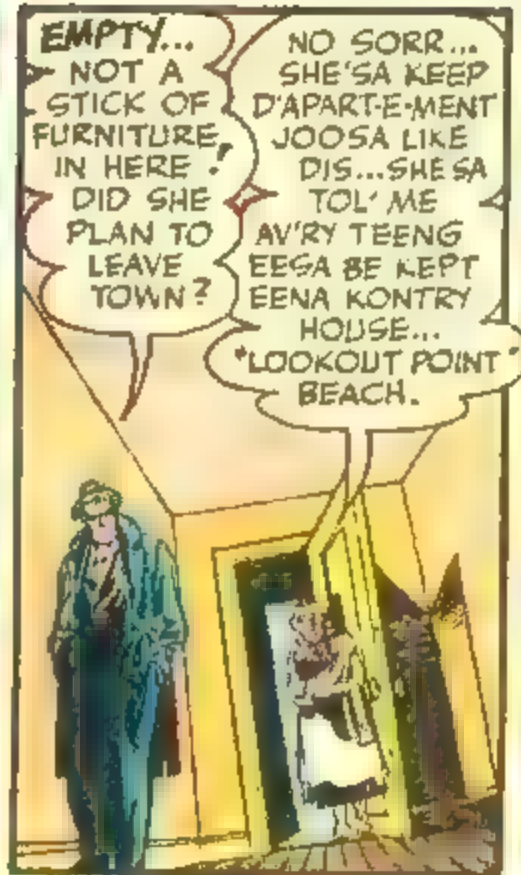


GET ME HER HOME ADDRESS.

N-O-T BAD.. NOT B-A-D!



It was dusk when
The spirit at last
found the
beautiful Miss
Cosmek's apartment.



EMPTY...
NOT A
STICK OF
FURNITURE
IN HERE.
DID SHE
PLAN TO
LEAVE
TOWN?

NO SORR...
SHE'S A KEEP
D'APART-E-MENT
JOOSA LIKE
DIS... SHE SA
TOL' ME
AV'RY TEENG
EESA BE KEPT
EENA KONTRY
HOUSE...
"LOOKOUT POINT"
BEACH.



WHO LIVES
NEXT DOOR?

MEESTER
NIMBUS..
HE SA WORK
EENA
WEATHER
DEPARTMENT!



NO USE YOU LOOK IN
HERE EITHER... HE SA
NO GOT NOTHIN'
INSIDE TOO!!

MAY I
USE
YOUR
TELEPHONE,
MRS. PIZZA
??

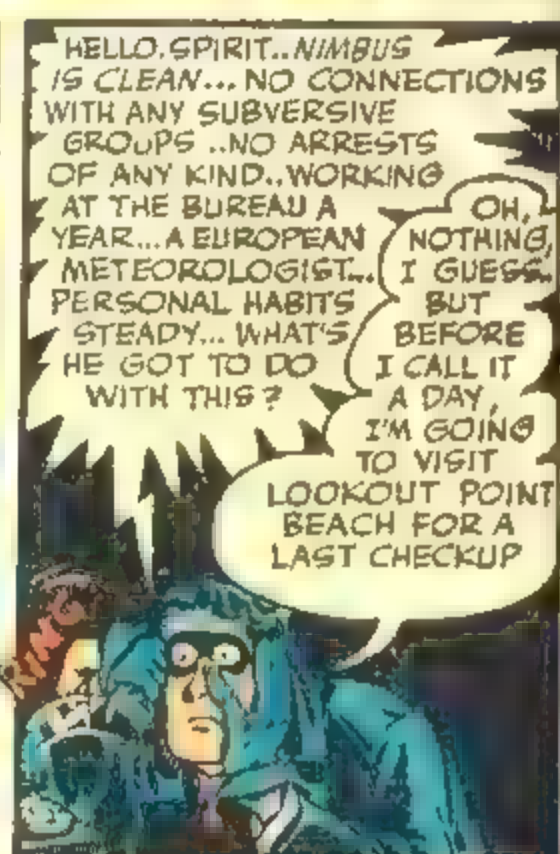


HELLO, DOLAN... GET ME A
DEPARTMENTAL CHECK ON
MR. NIMBUS... HE WORKS
IN THE WEATHER
BUREAU... AND CALL
ME BACK...



HEY
YOU
WANT
SOME-
A TEENG
TO EAT
WHILE A
YOU
WAIT?

NO THANKS
MRS. PIZZA

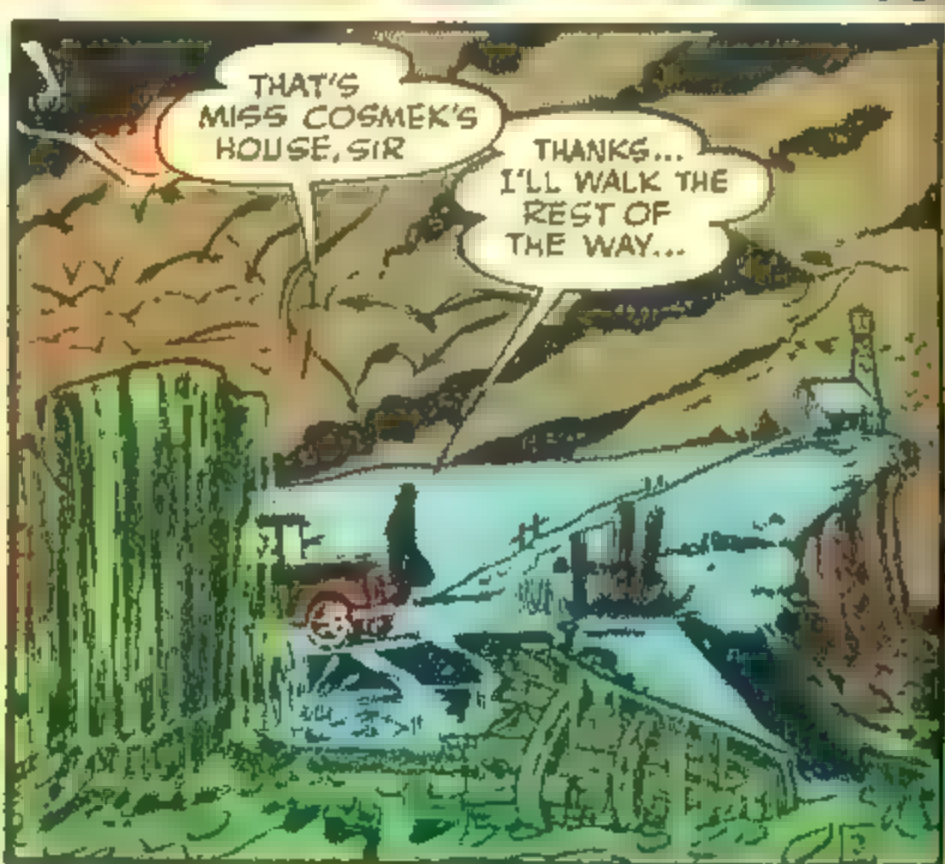


HELLO, SPIRIT.. NIMBUS
IS CLEAN... NO CONNECTIONS
WITH ANY SUBVERSIVE
GROUPS... NO ARRESTS
OF ANY KIND.. WORKING
AT THE BUREAU A
YEAR... A EUROPEAN
METEOROLOGIST..
PERSONAL HABITS
STEADY... WHAT'S
HE GOT TO DO
WITH THIS?

OH,
NOTHING,
I GUESS.
BUT
BEFORE
I CALL IT
A DAY,
I'M GOING
TO VISIT
LOOKOUT POINT
BEACH FOR A
LAST CHECKUP

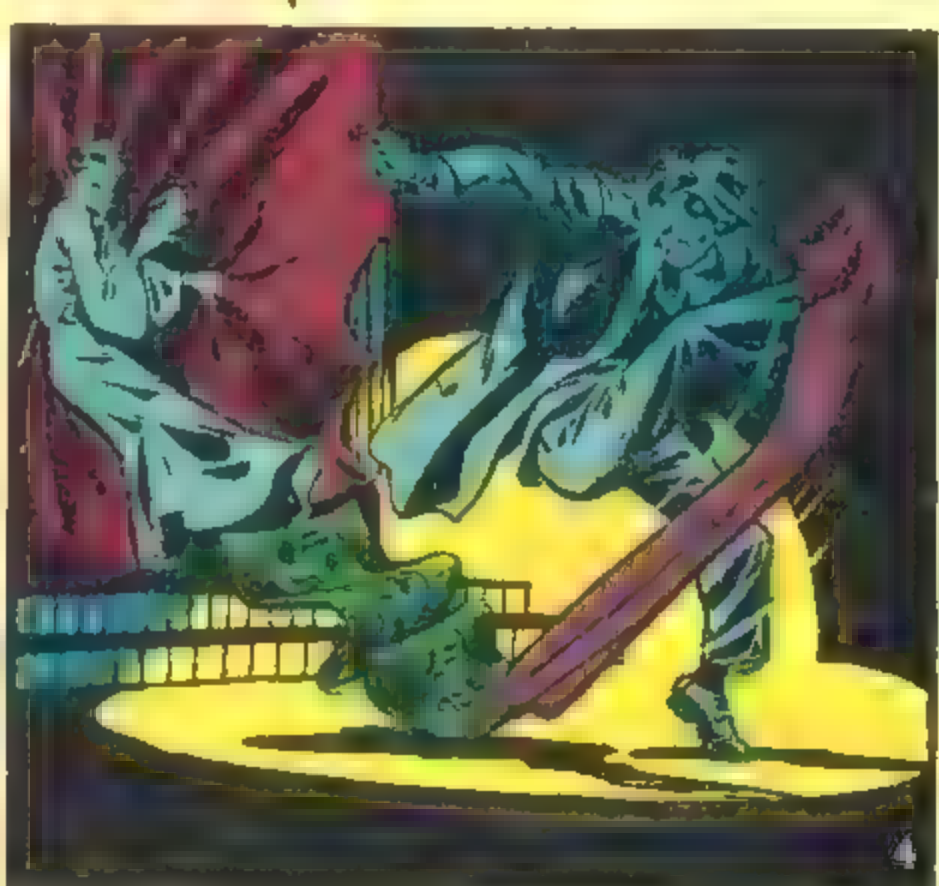
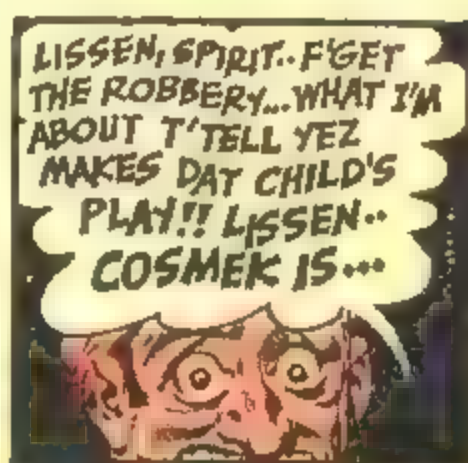
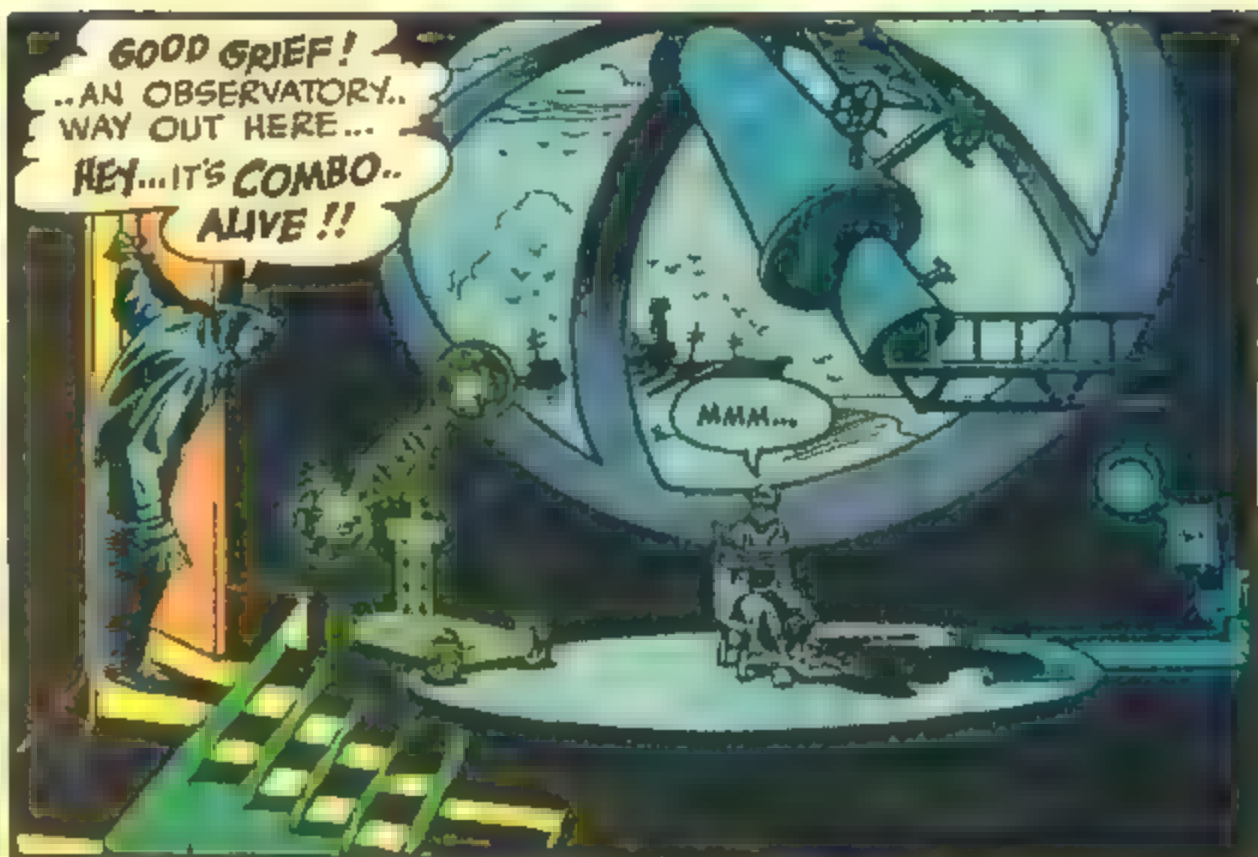


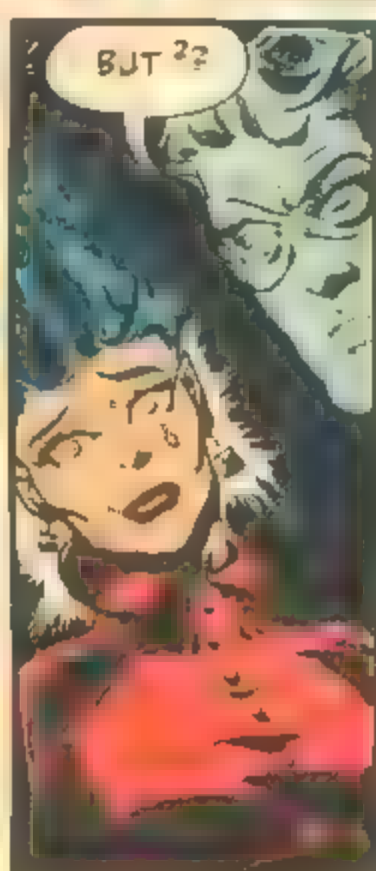
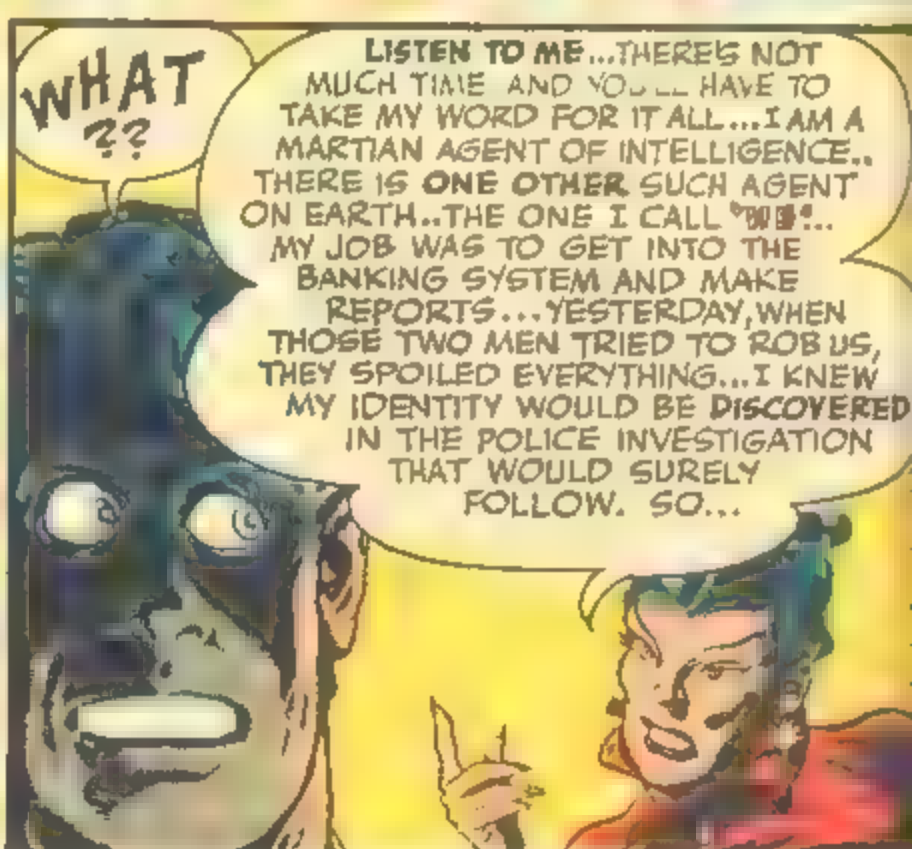
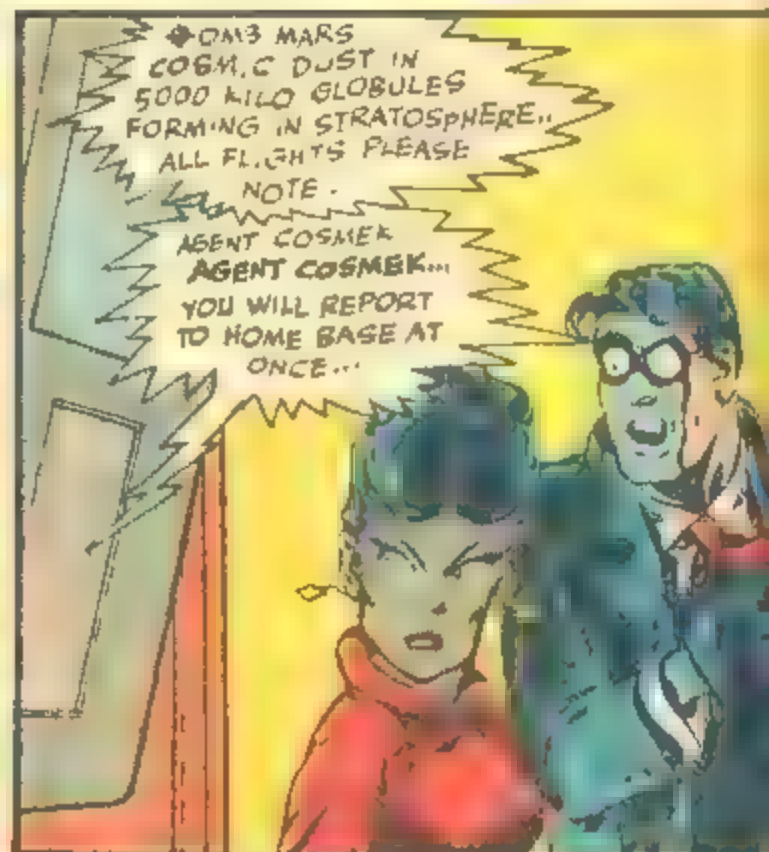
AND SO...

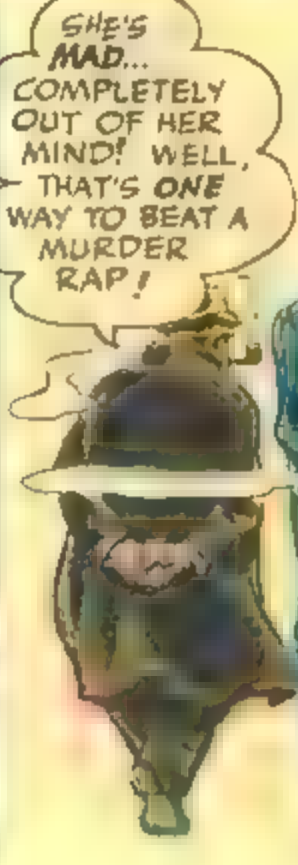
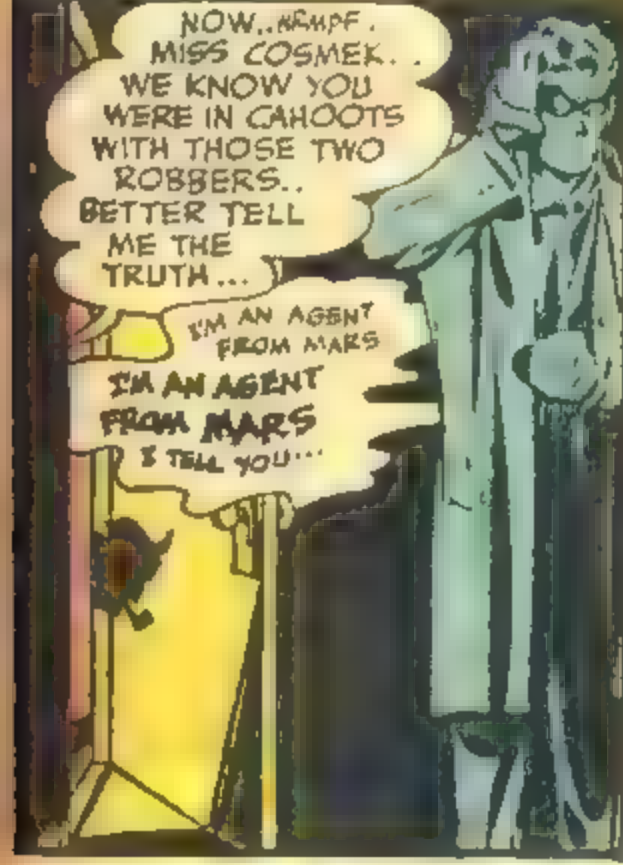
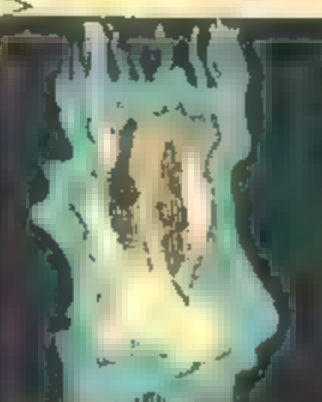
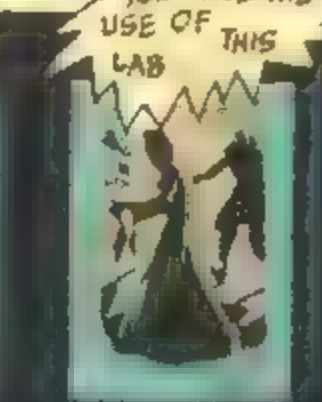
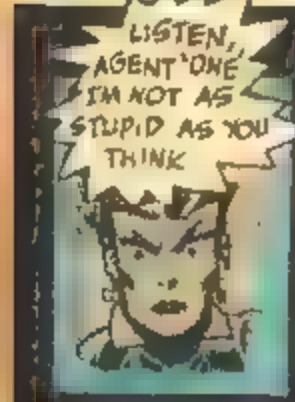
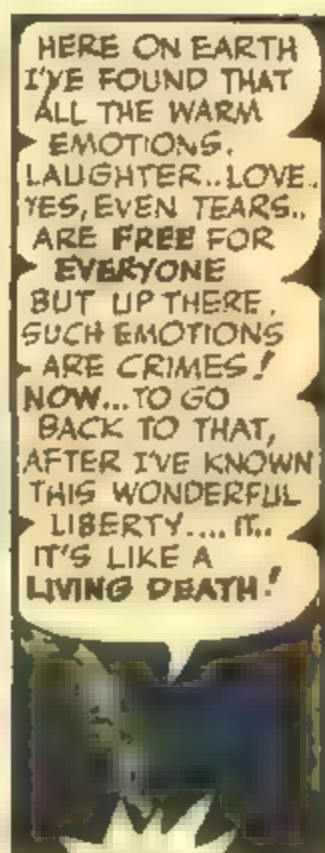


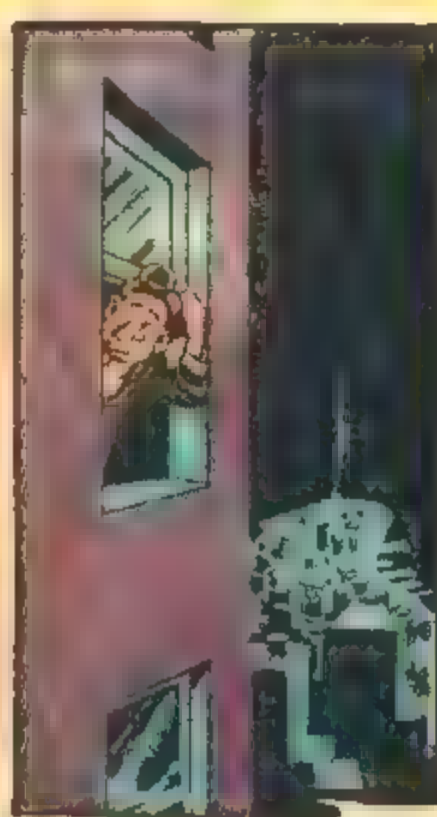
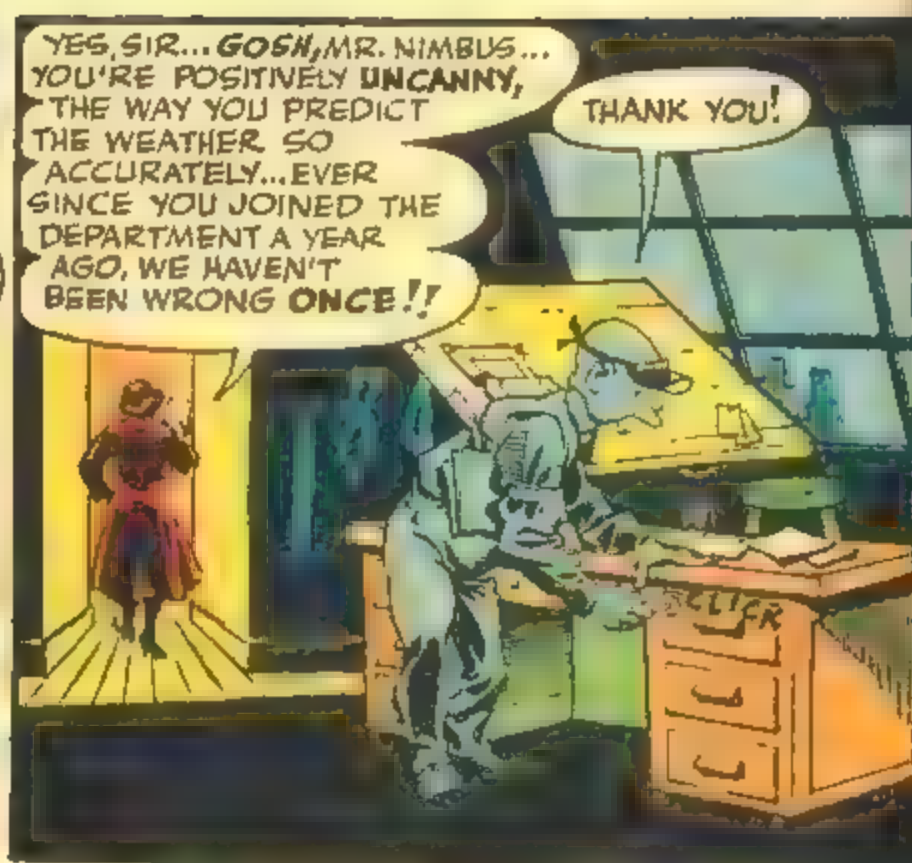
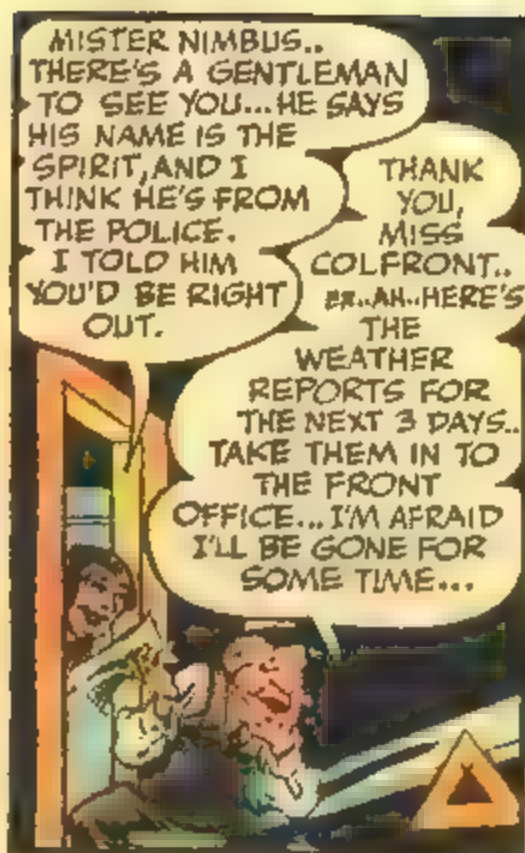
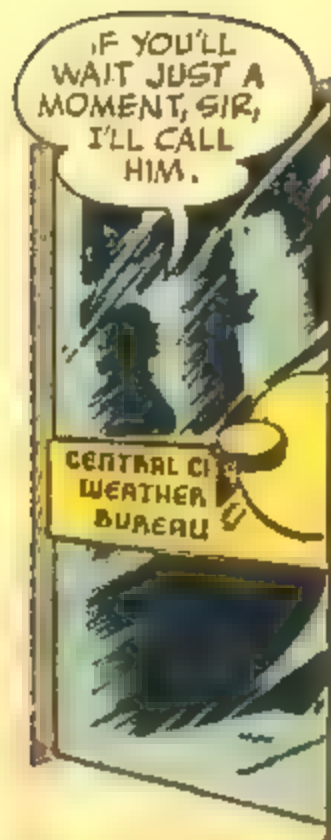
THAT'S
MISS COSMEK'S
HOUSE, SIR

THANKS...
I'LL WALK THE
REST OF
THE WAY...







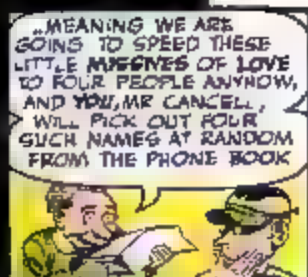
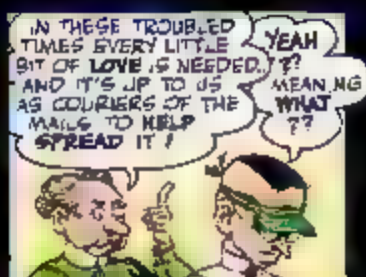
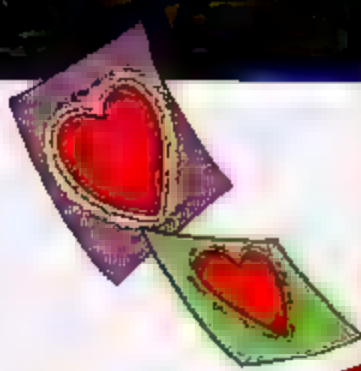
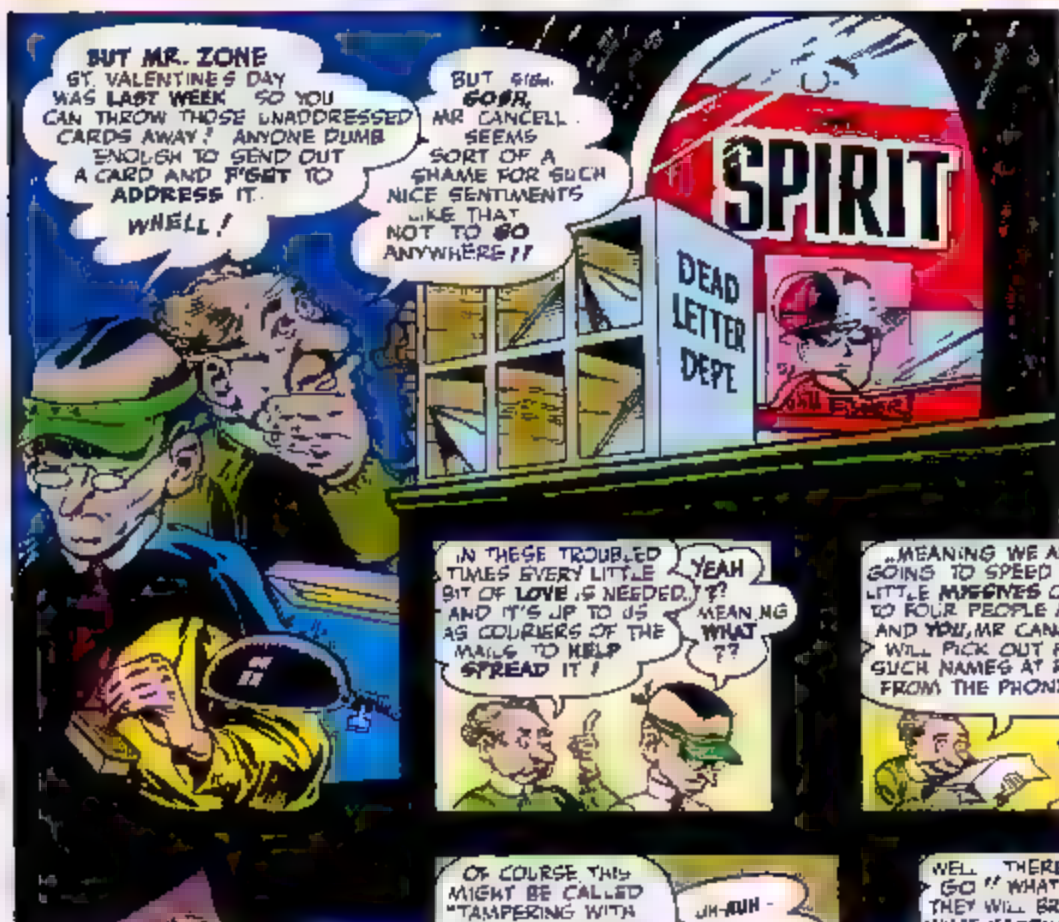


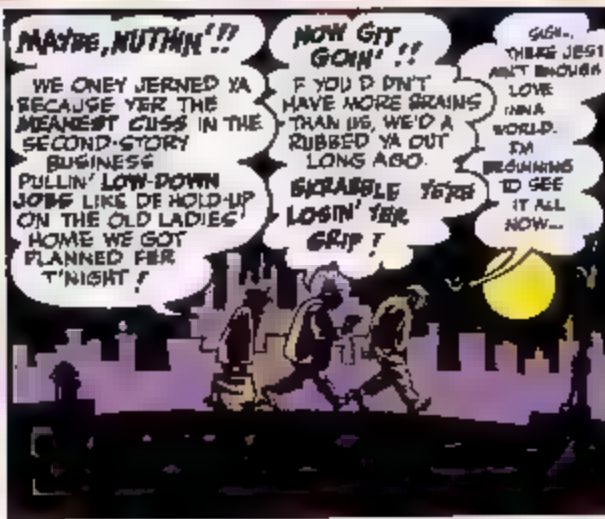
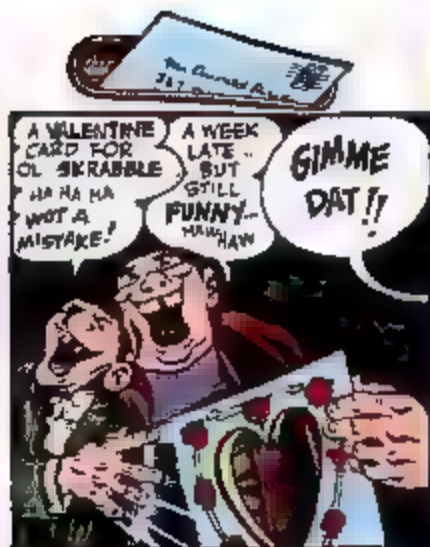


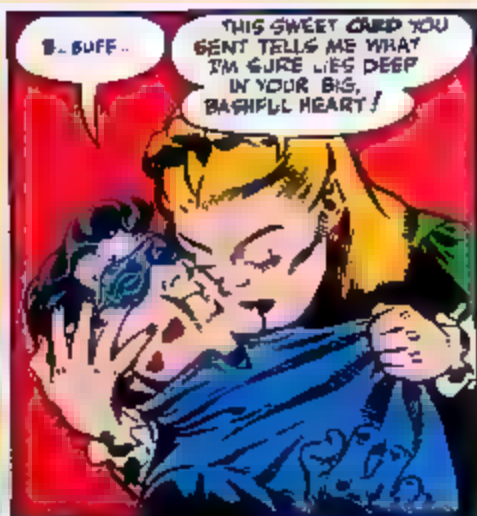
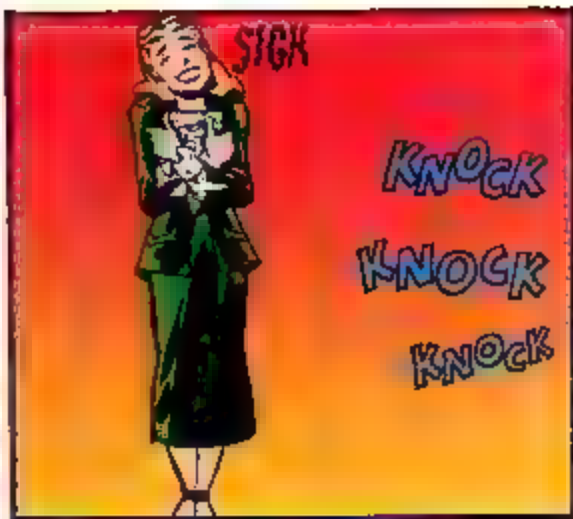
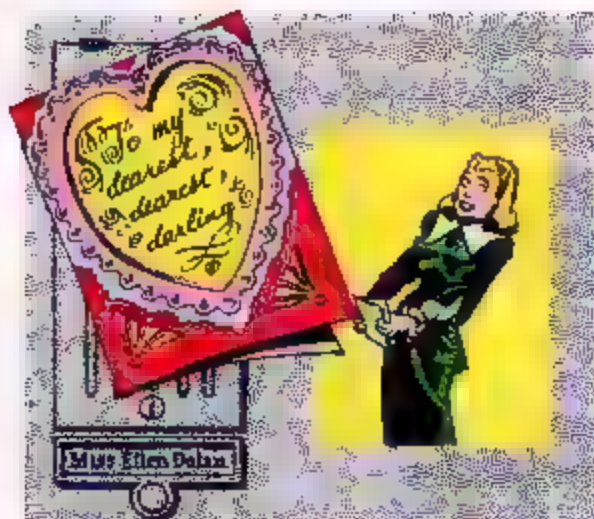
THE VALENTINE

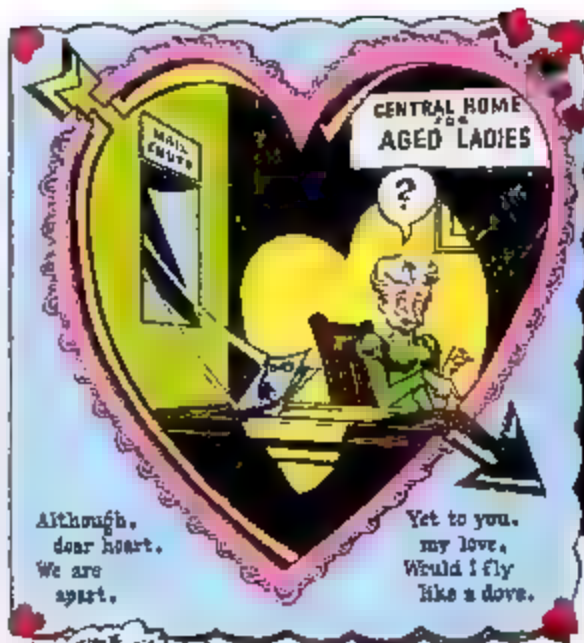
February 20, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE









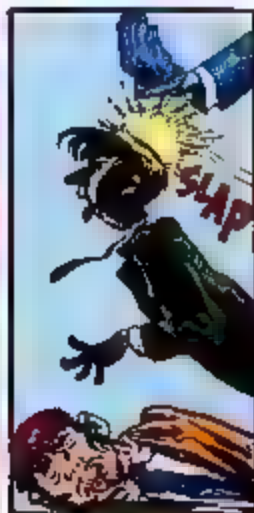
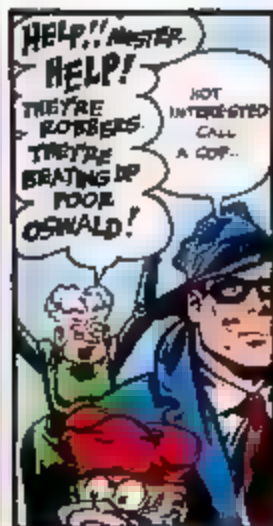
A VALENTINE CARD AND ON PEAR ADDRESSED TO ME !!

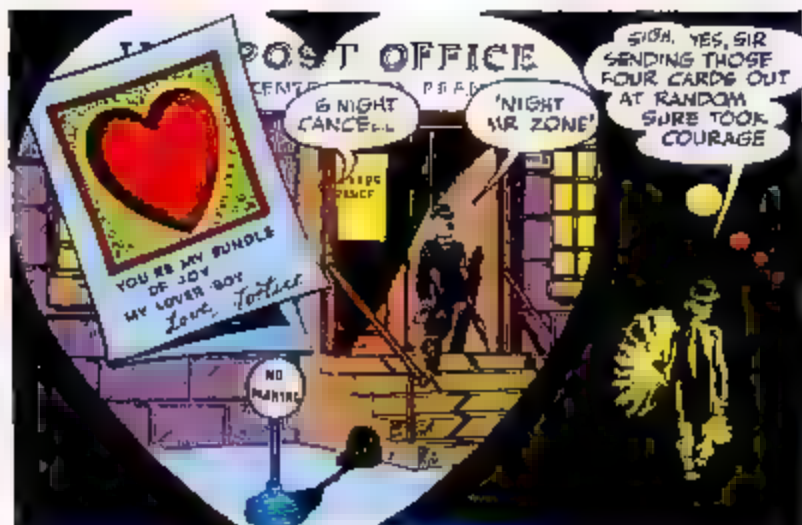


NOW WHO WOULD SEND ME A CARD. AT MY AGE. SIGH... IT'S BEEN SO MANY YEARS. TAKES ME BACK TO THE DAYS WHEN OSWALD SKRABBLE COURTED ME. LITTLE DID I THINK WHEN I TURNED HIM DOWN THAT I'D REMAIN A. A SPINSTER.











THE DEADLY COMIC BOOK

February 27, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
Adventure



I AM A MUSIC TEACHER
AN ORDINARY TEACHER TO THE JUNIOR
GRADES OF THE CENTRAL CITY ELEMENTARY
SCHOOL. AS A RULE I AM QUITE STRICT
AND I HAVE A REPUTATION FOR UNMERCIFULLY
FLUNKING THOSE WHO ARE NOT INTERESTED
IN THE CLASS. SO YOU SEE, I AM NOT
WITHOUT ENEMIES.



BUT IT NEVER OCCURRED
TO ME THAT I MIGHT HAVE AN
ENEMY SO FIENDISH. OR
CAPABLE OF COMMITTING A
TERMINAL VENGEANCE
UPON ME.





I WAS MILDLY CURIOUS... I PICKED UP ONE THAT HAD ESCAPED THE FLAMES - IT WAS ALL RIGHT YOU SEE I AM, AFTER ALL, AN ADULT, AND (I'M SURE YOU'LL AGREE) IMMUNE TO SUCH STORIES



AS I STOOD THERE,
ALL THE TERROR I HAD
ABSORBED FROM THE
COMIC I HAD JUST READ
BEGAN SEEPING
FROM ME IN A
COLD, CLAMMY
SWEAT...

WHO'S
THERE?

WHO'S
THERE?

WHO'S
THERE?

I RAN MADLY
ACROSS THE NOW
EMPTY SCHOOL YARD...
AND WENT STRAIGHT
TO THE POLICE!

I TELL YOU, COMMISSIONER
DOLAN, THE LITTLE FIEND
WHO WROTE THAT NOTE
WILL STOP AT NOTHING
TO GET BACK THAT
BOOK! WHY, ONLY THE
OTHER DAY I READ IN THE

PAPER, WHO'S
DOO... I'M SURE
I'M DOOMED!!

YEN YEN, YEN
NOW SUPPOSE
YOU FILE YOUR
COMPLAINT WITH
SERGEANT GOLDBERG
DOWN IN THE JUVENILE
DIVISION. I'M BUSY

PD PD
WHY DON'T YOU
SIMPLY ASK YOUR
STUDENTS TO WRITE
COMPOSITIONS MATCH THE
HANDWRITING AND YOU'LL
FIND OUT WHO
DID IT

GOOD
IDEA, SIR
THANK
YOU

C'MON
SPIRIT WE'RE
3 MINUTES
BEHIND
SCHEDULE
RIGHT NOW!

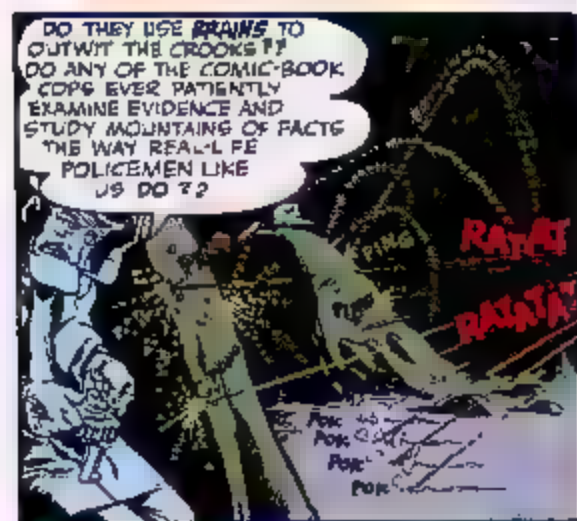
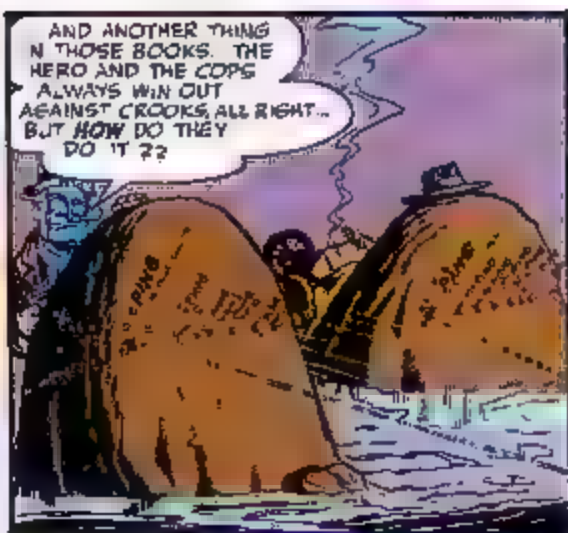
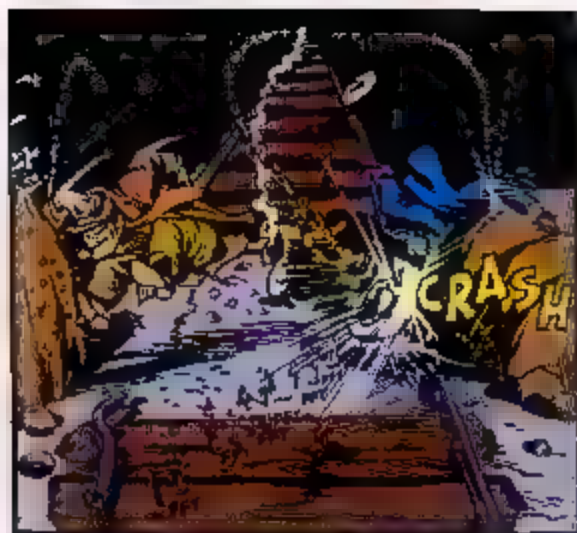
POOR OL' DUCK, BET HE'S
GOT HIS HANDS FULL WITH
THOSE KIDS' TROUBLE
IS THOSE HORROR
MAGAZINES INFLUENCE
THE KIDS' MINDS.
TAKE THOSE
BOOKS THAT
PUBLISH YOUR
ADVENTURES
FANTASTIC
STUFF?

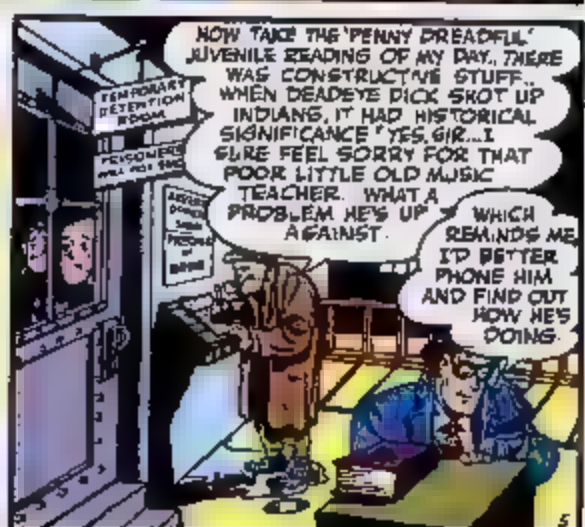
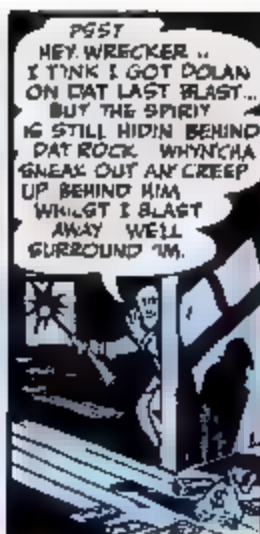
HANG ON,
DOLAN...
HERE'S THE
OLD
BRIDGE...
AND GIT
STEADY, IT'LL
BE A TRICKY
BALANCE

YOU'LL HAVE
TO ADMIT THAT
MOST OF THAT
STUFF IS HIGHLY
EXAGGERATED

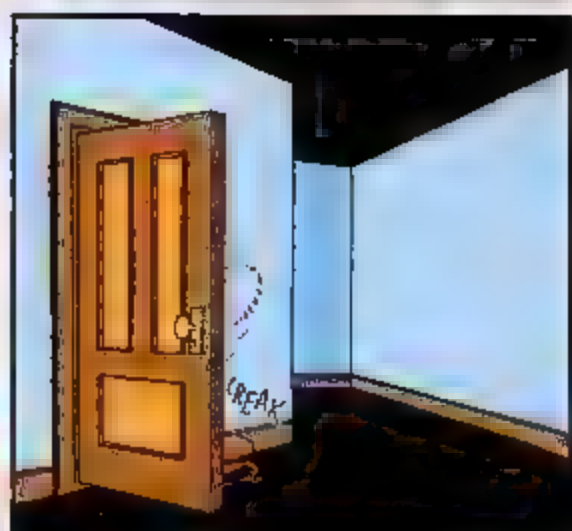
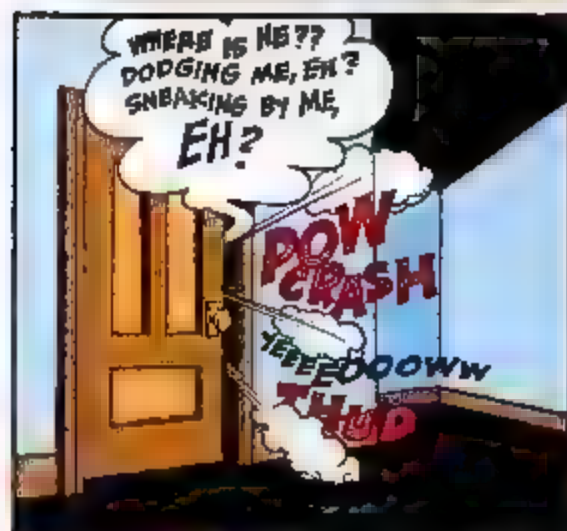
AND
THOSE GHOUlish
CROOKS AND
FIENDISH VILLAINS
ABSOLUTE
UNFOUNDED
NONSENSE
PIPE DREAMS!

KEEP YOUR
HEAD LOW,
DOLAN... THEY'RE
OPENING UP
ON US











GLOB

March 6, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



AT FIRST THERE WAS VERY LITTLE...WILD RIVERS, STEAMING LAVA,
AND BARREN EARTH... THEN CAME THE GIANTS... BEASTS! SOME
THAT WALKED ON FOUR LEGS, AND OTHERS THAT FLEW LIKE OUR
GREATEST AIRCRAFT... AND AFTER THE BEASTS CAME MEN... PRIMITIVE
MEN WITH A DESTINY THAT NONE COULD IMAGINE... NONE EXCEPT
GLOB... BUT THEN, GLOB WAS AN ARTIST!



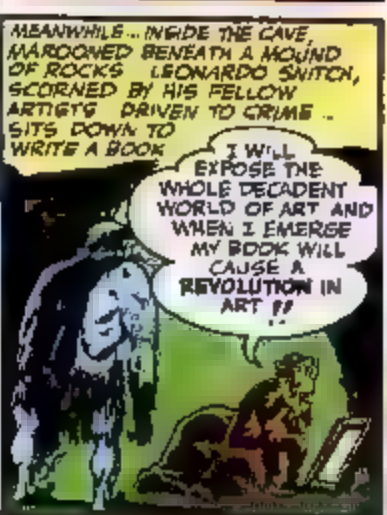
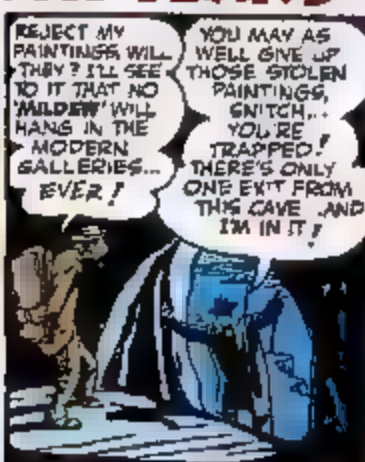
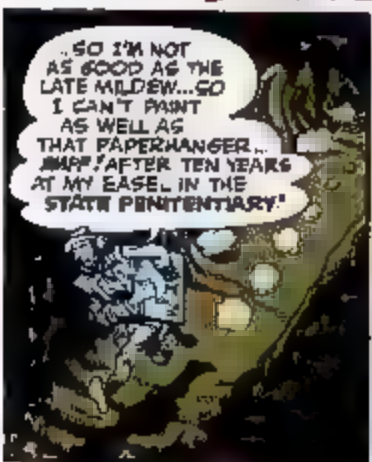
YES GLOB WAS NO RUN-OF-THE-MILL CAVEMAN FOR HIS GREAT IMAGINATION MADE HIM SUSPECT IN THE EYES OF HIS FELLOWS.. AND, AS IT HAS ALWAYS BEFALLEN MEN WHO THINK BEYOND THEIR TIME, HE WAS SCORNEO AND HE WAS DRIVEN BACK INTO THE CAVE.

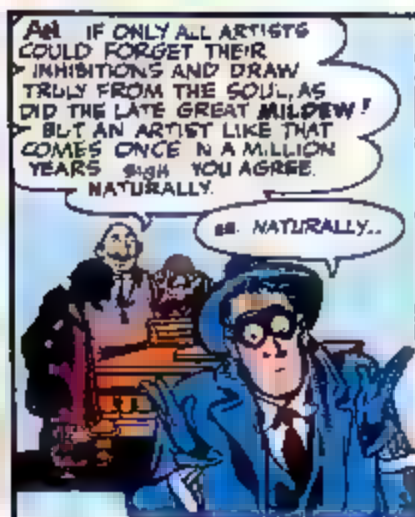
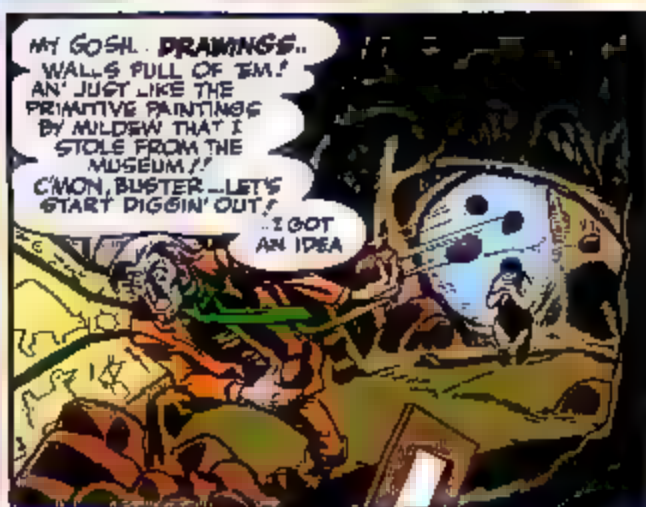


HERE A SUDDEN TREMOR OF THE EARTH CAUSED A ROCK SLIDE, TRAPPING GLOB AND SO, MAROONED FROM THE REST OF THE WORLD, ALONE, HE SAT DOWN TO WRITE A BOOK. (THIS ALSO IS COMMON AMONG POLITICAL PRISONERS EVEN IN OUR TIMES.)



3 MILLION YEARS LATER...



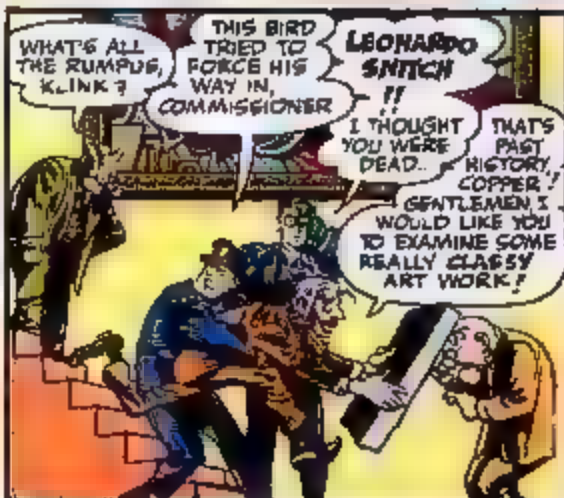
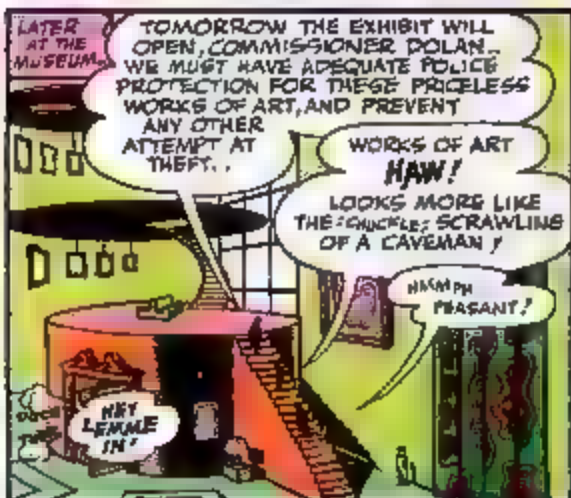


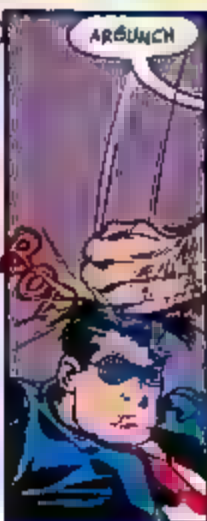
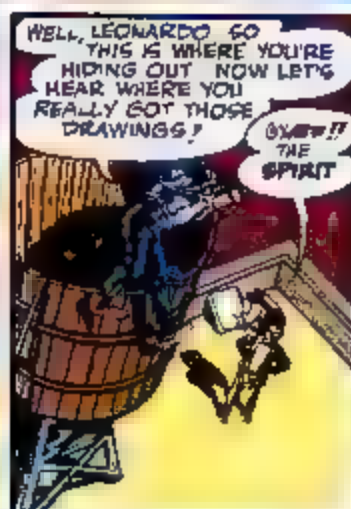
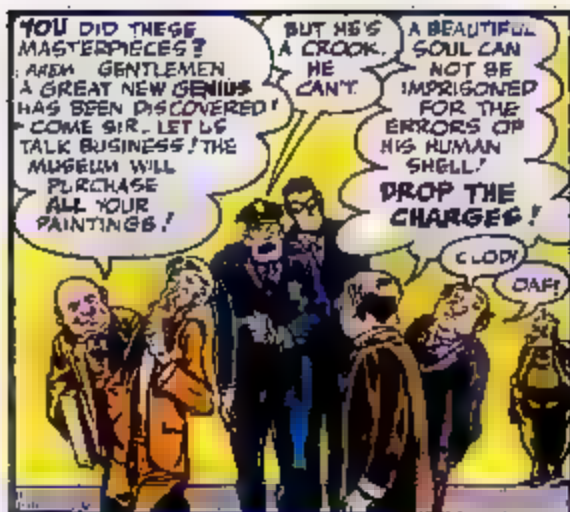
DURING THE NEXT FEW DAYS THE CENTRAL CITY MUSEUM OF ART IS IN A FUROR

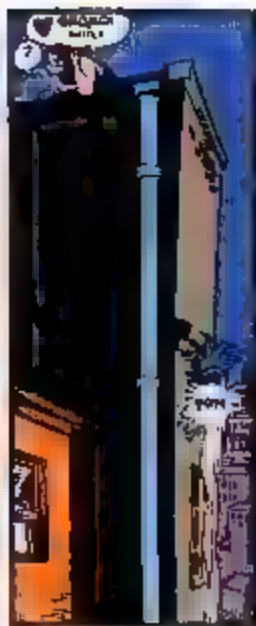
PAINTINGS UNWRAPPED, DECORATIONS PUT UP, HUSTLE AND BUSTLE.

AND FINALLY THE EXHIBIT IS ASSEMBLED AND THE MUSEUM STAFF ANXIOUSLY AWAILS THE OPENING.

FREE!
WE'RE
FREE!!

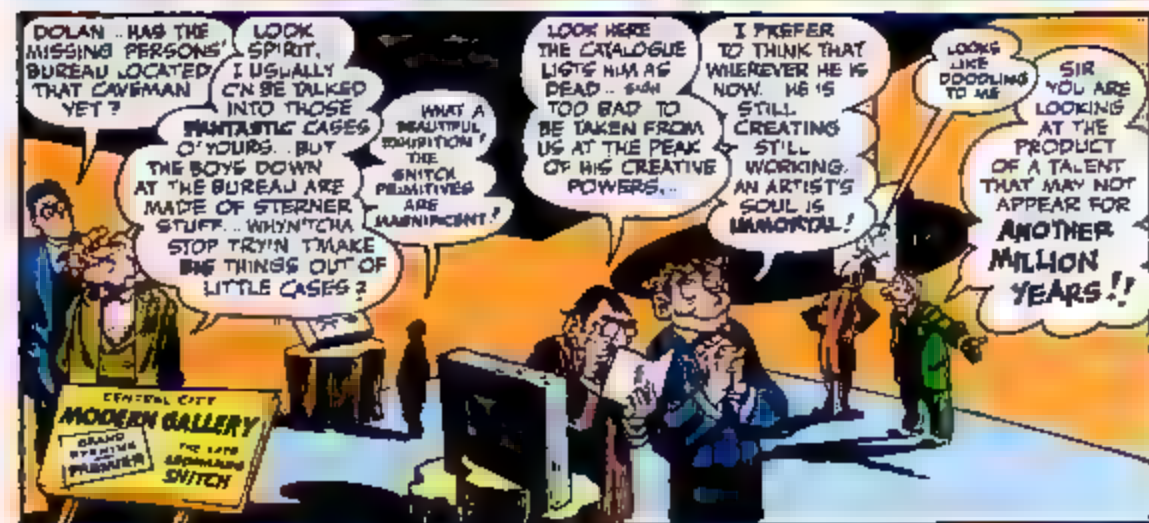






THROUGH THE STREETS OF MIDTOWN CENTRAL CITY LUMBERS GLOB HIS PRIMITIVE BRAIN IN A TURMOIL, FOLLOWING THE SCENT OF LEONARDO SNITCH, THE FIRST MAN HE HAS SEEN IN CENTURIES. THE MAN HE IDOLIZES..







DEATH, TAXES AND...
THE SPIRIT
March 13, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

By Will Eisner

the SPIRIT

The Collector
Internal Revenue Dept.
Central-Federal Bldg.
Central City

Gentlemen:

On March 15, last, at 6 30 PM e.s.t., Socrates Grime left his apartment at 2125 West 112th Street with the intention of mailing his completed Federal Income Tax Return. He was a clerk by trade and a man given to precise habits. He had made an appointment downtown for 6.55 PM. There was absolutely no doubt in his mind that he would be there... without fail.

...but as we all know,
only two things are
certain.



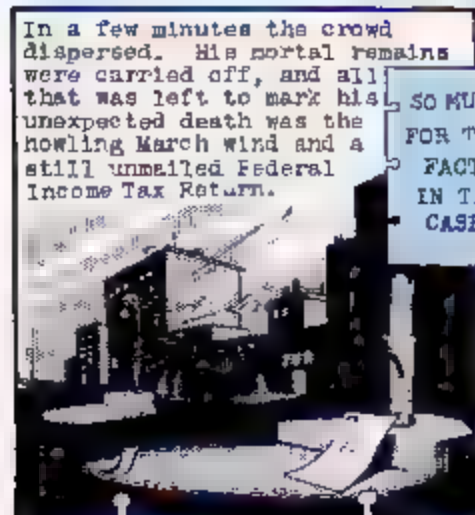
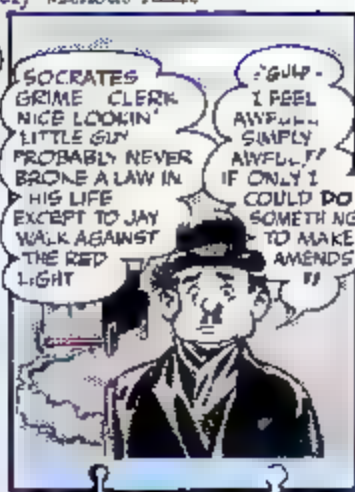
...Death



AND TAXES...

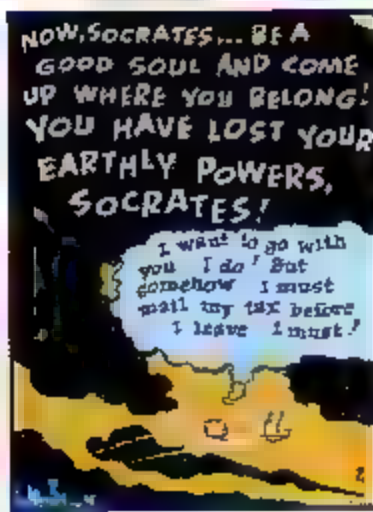
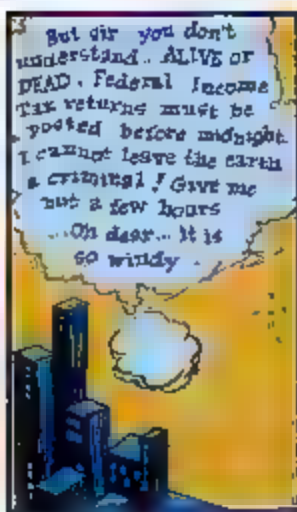
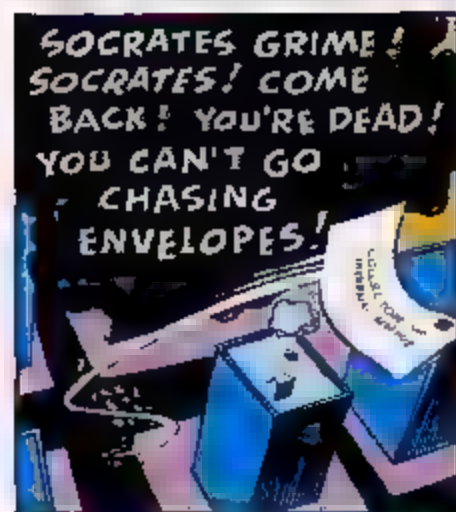
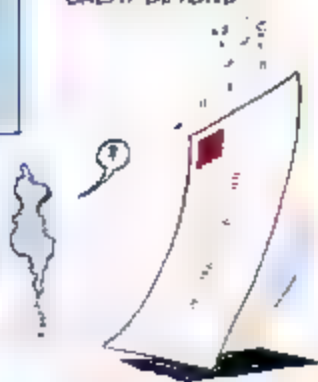


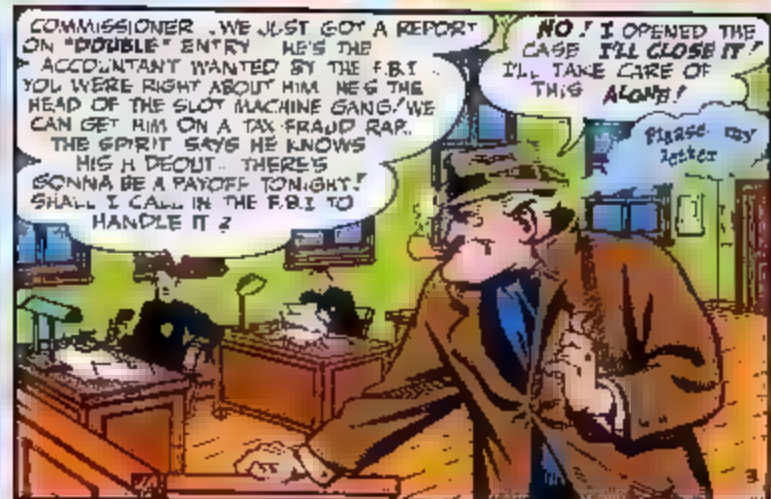
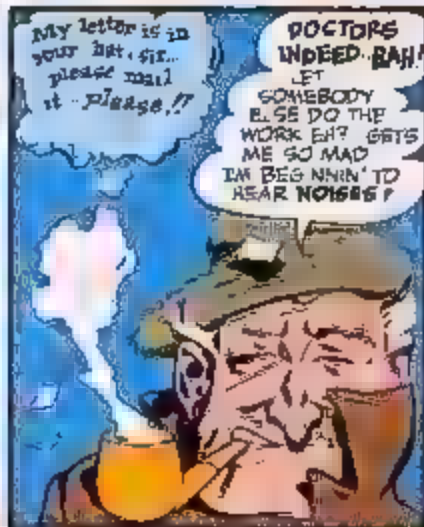
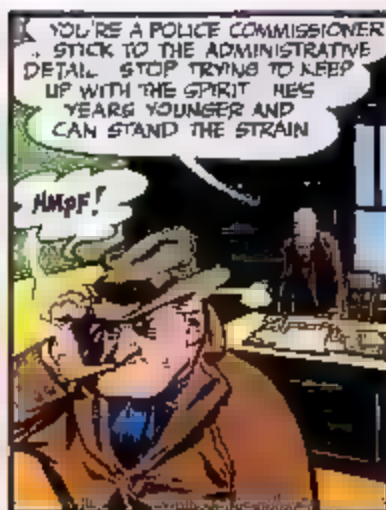
At 6:34 PM, Mr. Socrates Grime jay-walked against the lights and was killed. Very clearly, the motorist who ran him down was entirely without fault.

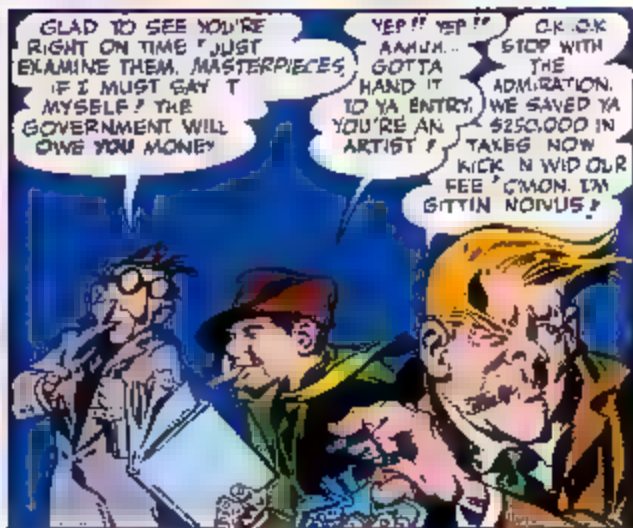
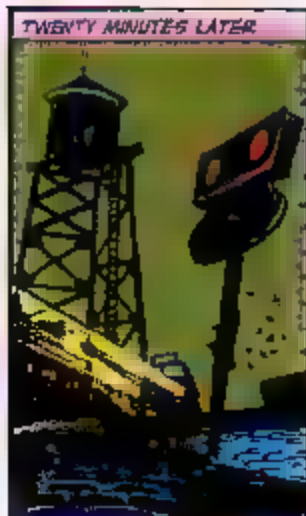


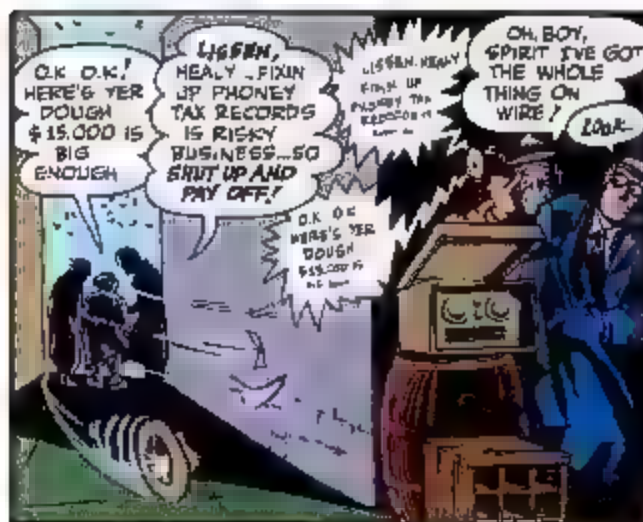
SO MUCH FOR THE FACTS IN THE CASE

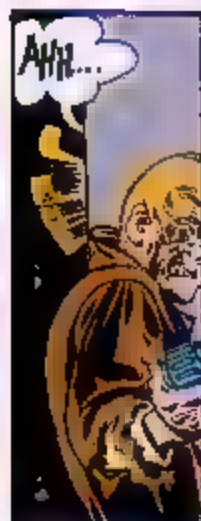
THE REST OF WHAT HAPPENED BEGAN AT THE MOMENT THE SOUL OF MR. GRIME HALTED IN ITS RISE TO THE GREAT BEYOND

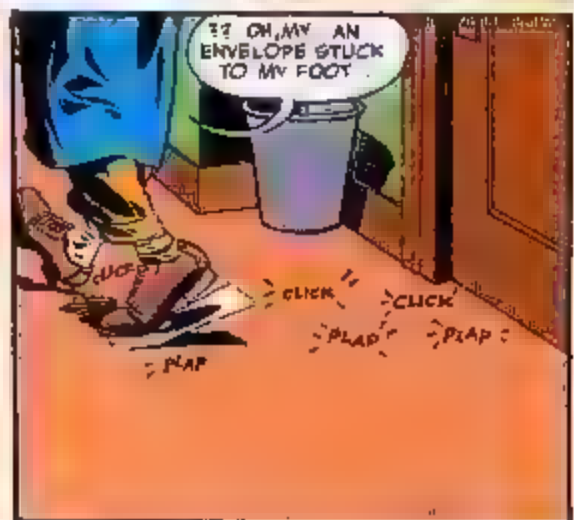
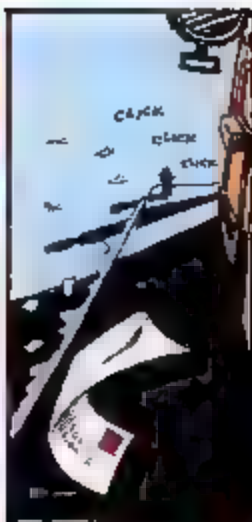














THE VERNAL EQUINOX

March 20, 1949

**ACTION
MYSTERY
ADVENTURE**



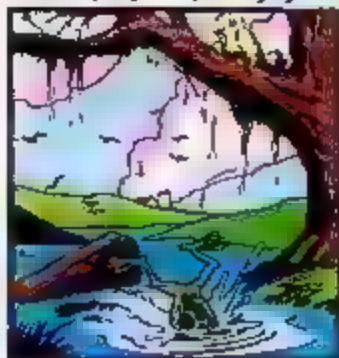
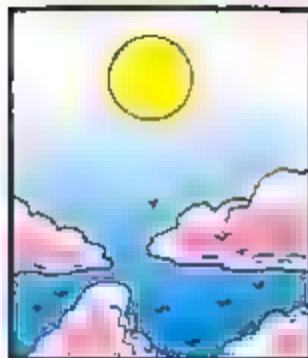
Each year around March 21* (in the north temperate zone) the sun enters the sign of Aries. At this period the position of the earth's axis is at a 90° angle to the direction of the sun, and day and night are equal the world over. This year, on Sunday, March 20, at 5:49 pm EST, the vernal equinox will begin.



From this point until the summer solstice, when the sun attains its greatest northern declination, the first of the four seasons occurs and it is called ... **SPRING**...



Now the cold crusted earth softens under the sun's gentle warmth, and things long asleep or yet unborn shake off the mantle of frost, and bestir themselves... until forest and field are one symphony of joyous movement

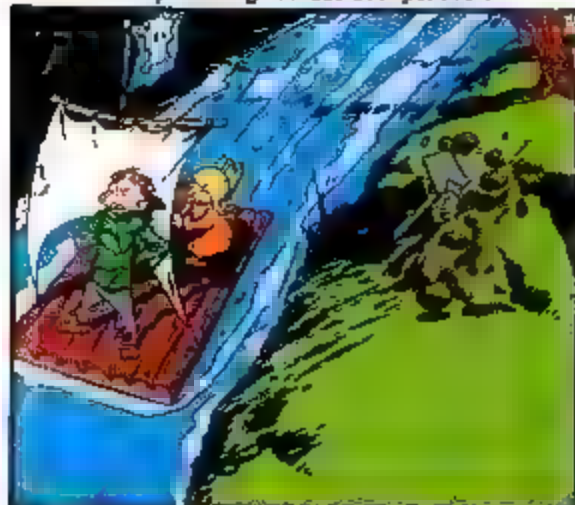


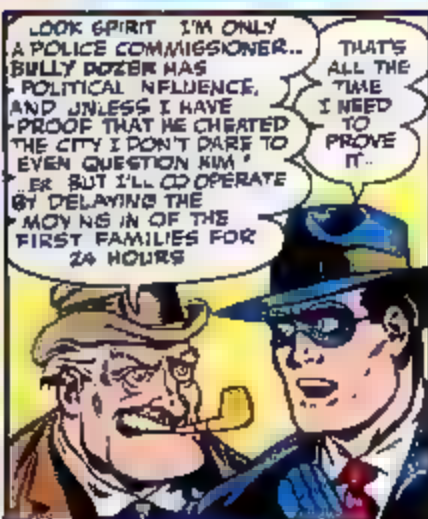
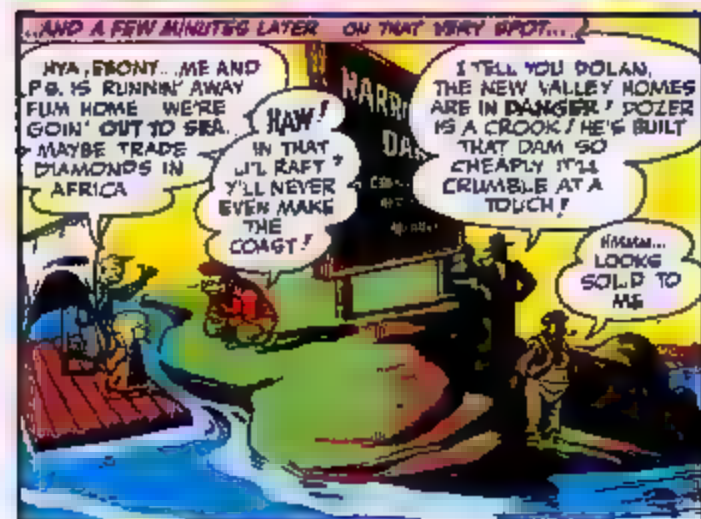
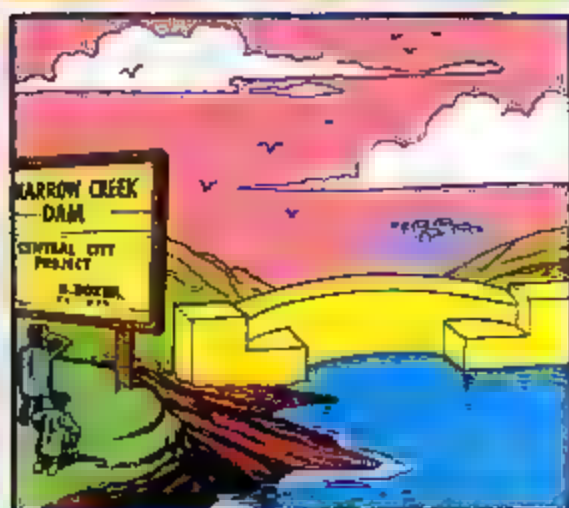
And in the air is a perfume so intoxicating that all manner of life rises from the deepest depths and the coldest caverns to but breathe its heady aroma. This is quite true of birds, bees, flowers, animals and men.

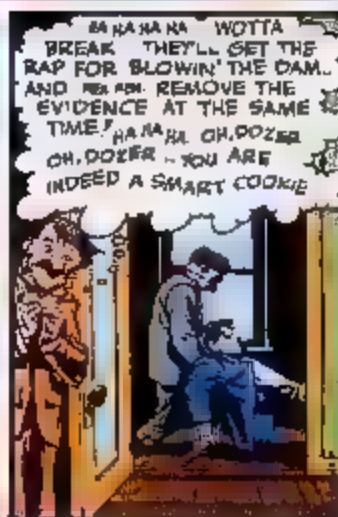
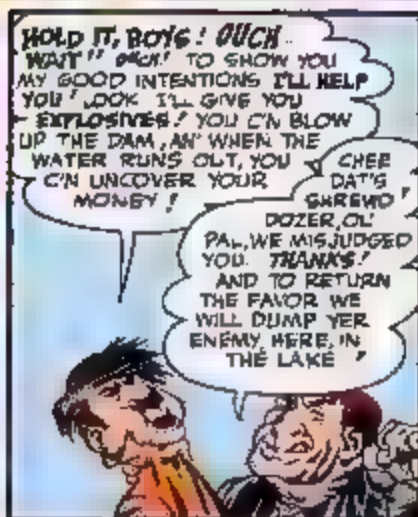
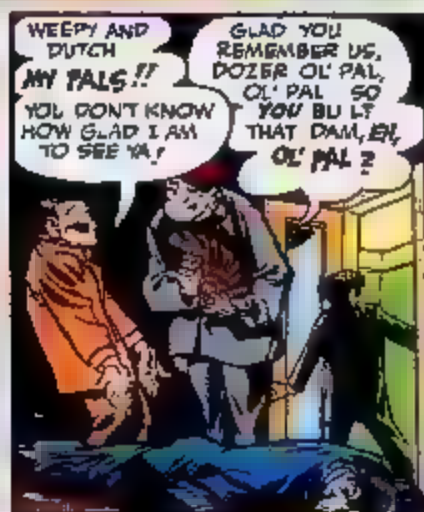
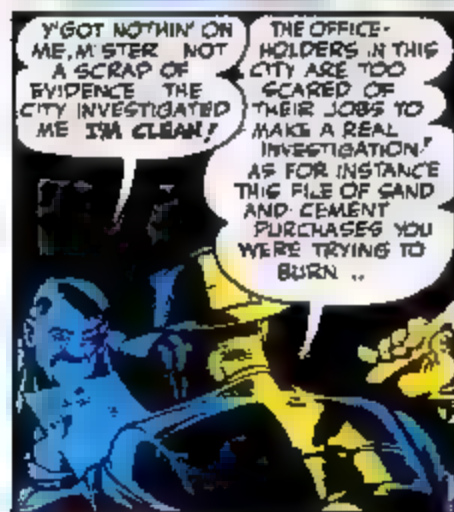


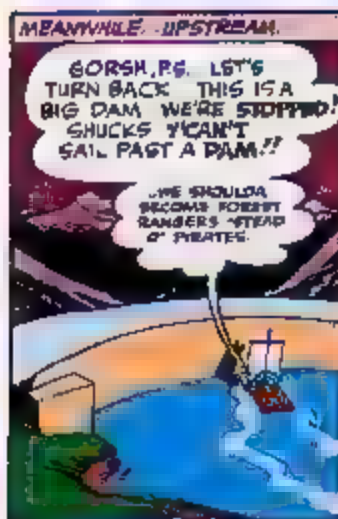
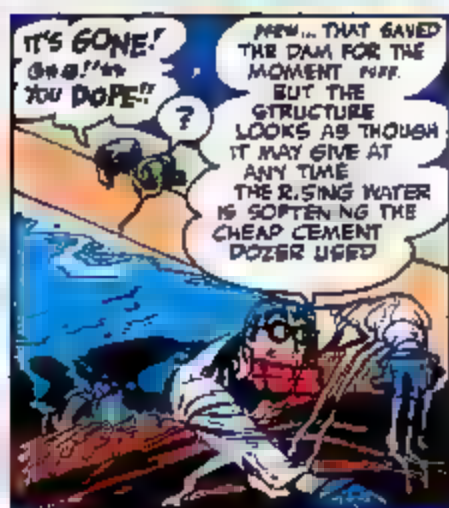
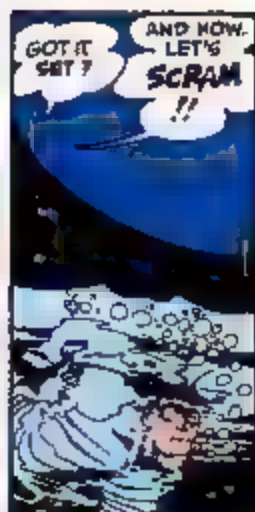
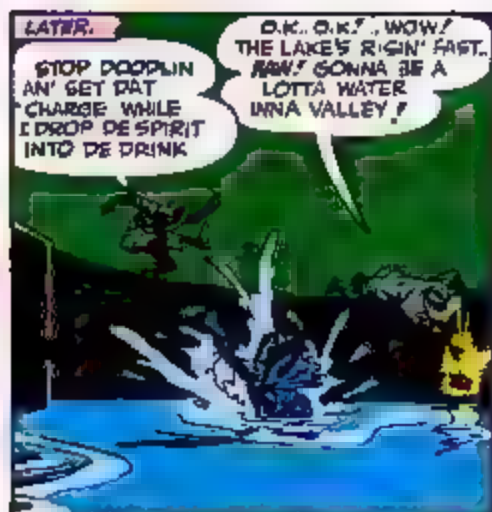
For in this season there comes upon men a restless yearning for far-off places.

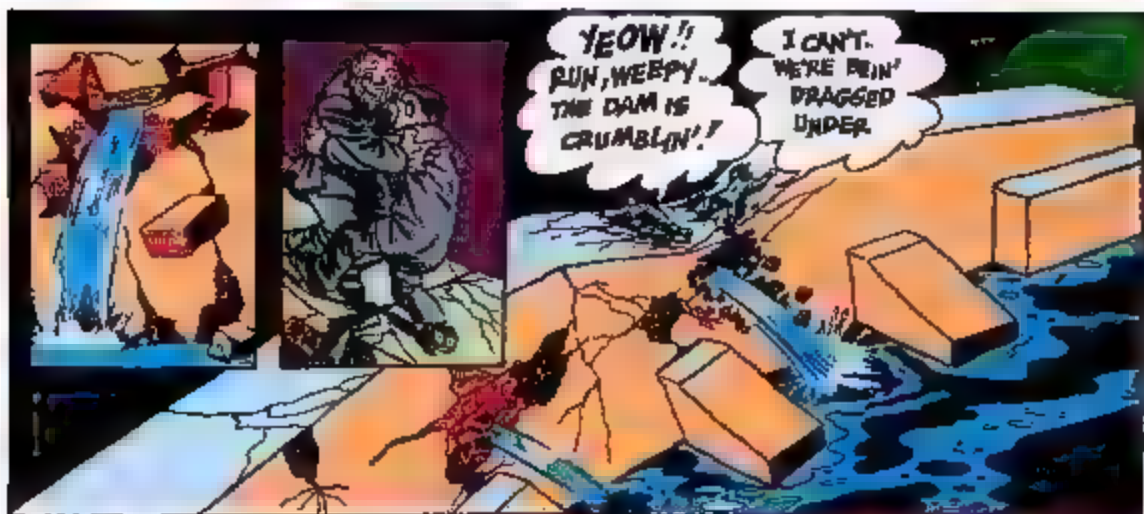
. And an urge for freedom that floods o'er all barriers like a great tide

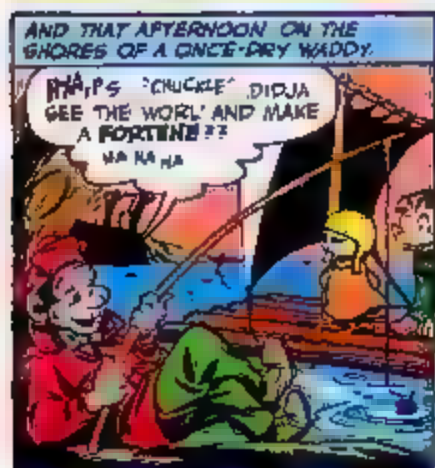
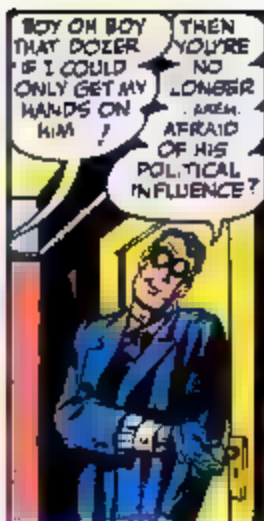
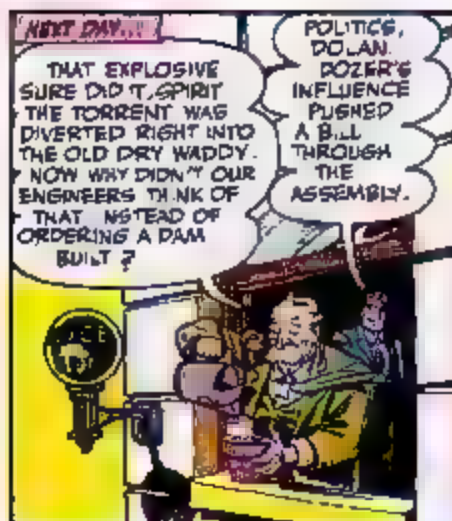












And now the snows upon the mountain peaks melt pour down the mountain sides filling the rivers fattening freshets which water the field for the plough

..AND SPRING BURSTS FORTH IN ITS FULL GLORY!!





FOUL PLAY

March 27, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
Adventure**

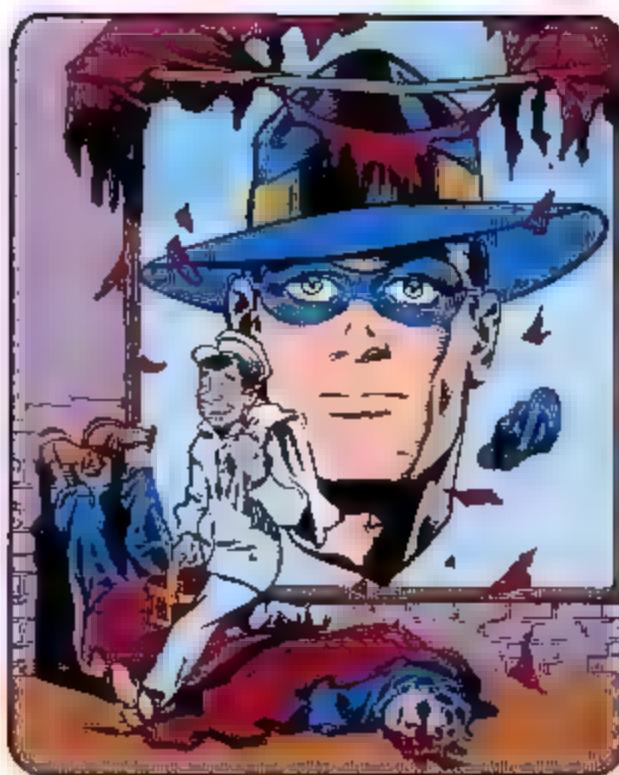
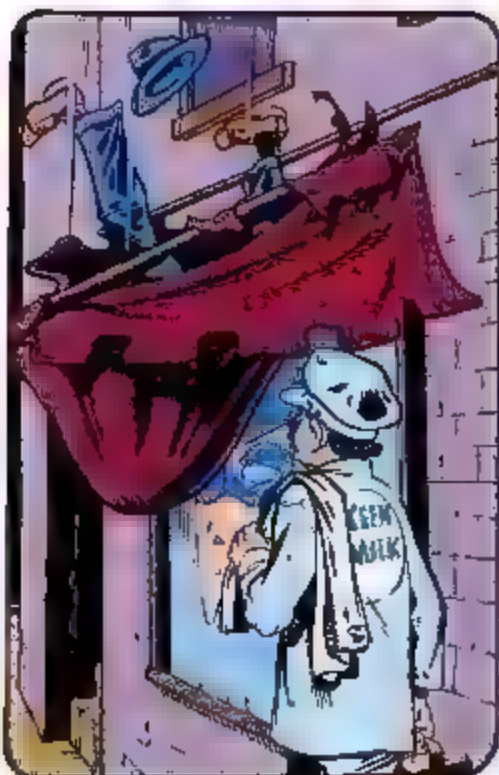


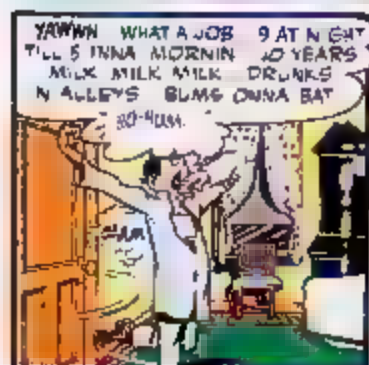
If you are a small town person, you will no doubt regard this as peculiar

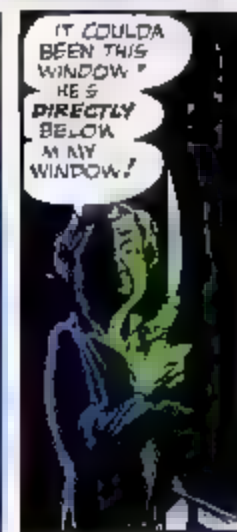
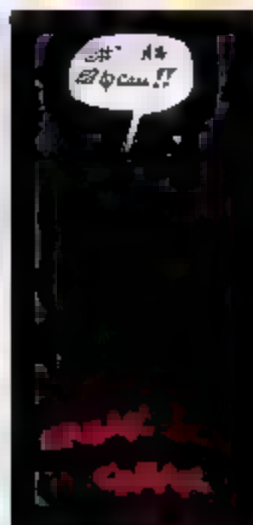
But the fact is that big city dwellers instinctively ignore the affairs of their neighbors

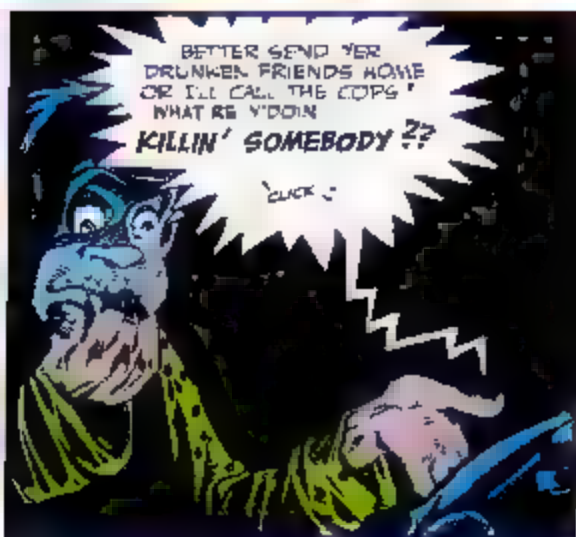


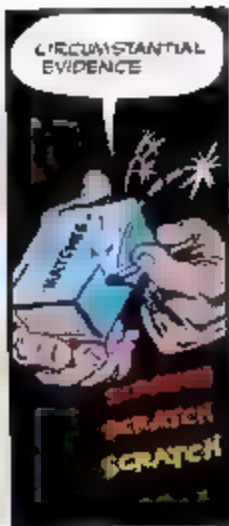
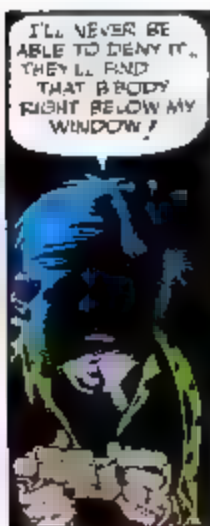
Indeed, nothing that might happen to his fellow citizen could sway the average city dweller from his code "I mind my own business"



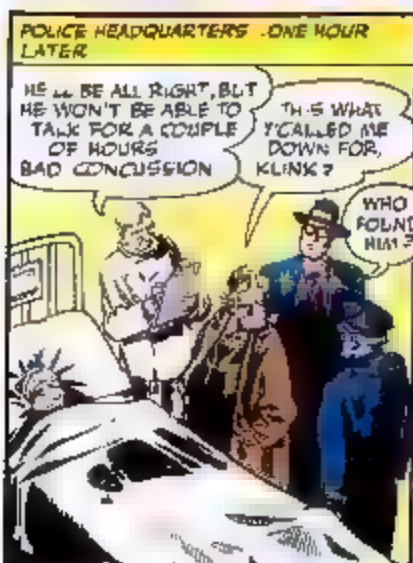
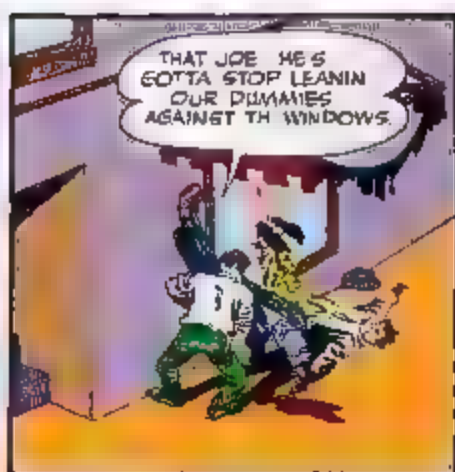














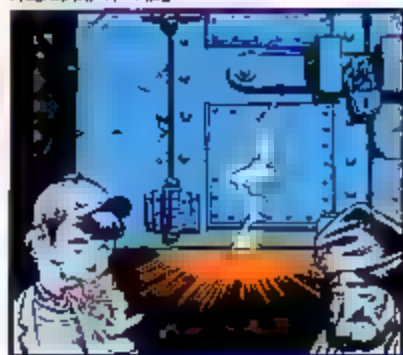
A POT OF GOLD

April 3, 1949

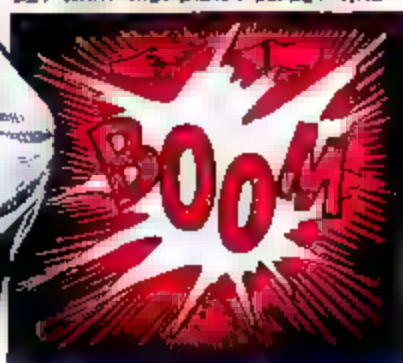
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

AN ANCIENT IRISH LEGEND HAS IT THAT IN 1690 PETER KERRIGAN PLANTED IN THE EARTH OF HIS VAST ESTATE, A POT OF GOLD. IN GRATITUDE TO THE LEPRECHAUN WHO HAD MADE HIM WEALTHY THROUGH THE CENTURIES, SO IT WAS TOLD, THE LEPRECHAUN HAS BEEN WATCHING OVER THE GOLD IN ITS LONG FORGOTTEN GRAVE, PROTECTING IT. OF COURSE, THIS WAS IN THE DAYS WHEN PEOPLE BELIEVED IN LEPRECHAUNS.

THEREFORE YOU CAN EASILY UNDERSTAND WHY SPIRIT, AL BEN, AND ROCKSALT (THREE GENTLEMEN OF CHANCE) EXPECTED TO FALL HEIR TO KERRIGAN'S GOLD WITHOUT ANY TROUBLE AT ALL.

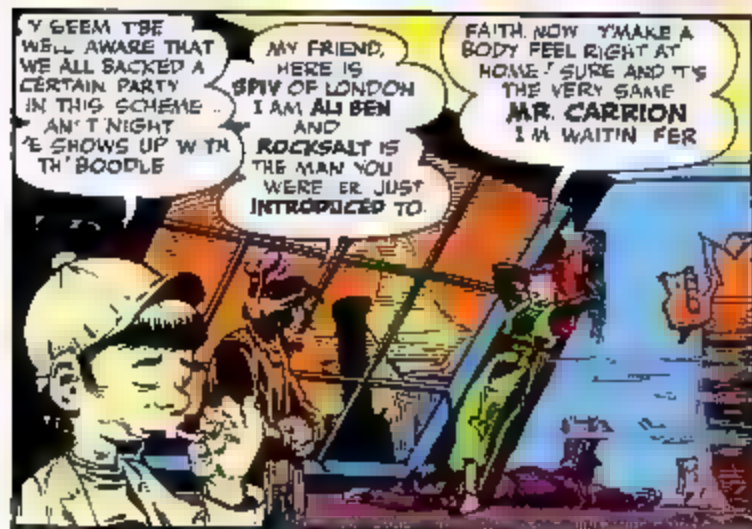


BUT WHAT THEY DIDN'T EXPECT WAS



AN "GOOD EVENIN' TO YEE"

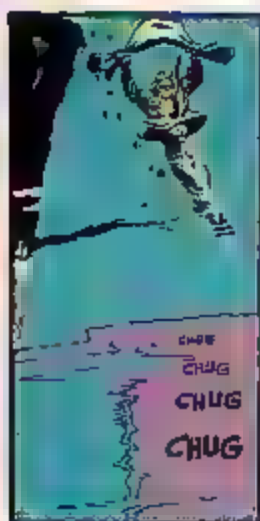






NOT FAR FROM WILDWOOD CEMETERY, ACROSS THE MARSH THAT LEADS TO THE OLD HARBOR LIES "OLD WHARF" ONCE A THRIVING COLONIAL PORT, IT NOW LIES ROTTED AND GUSTENING LIKE AN ANCIENT CEMETERY AT THE FOOT OF LIGHTHOUSE CLIFF

ON THE WET, MOSSY BROW OF THE CLIFF... A HALF HOUR LATER



MEANWHILE, LET US GROPE OUR WAY THROUGH THE FOG TO PIER 16, THE OLDEST OF THE ABANDONED WHARVES IN CENTRAL CITY'S LONG-UNUSED NORTH BAY.

A THUD. A THROTTLING OF ENGINES. AND A STRANGE MAN STEPS ASHORE.

MR. CARRION

SSK JULIA IF YOU AROUSE THE POLICE OUR LONG JOURNEY WILL HAVE BEEN IN VAIN.

CAW

MR. CARRION AT LAST!

ALLAH HAS SAILED ON OUR UNDERTAKING... YOU HAVE SUCCEEDED, MR. CARRION?

I AM HERE, GENTLEMEN, WITH OUR FORTUNE!

IT WAS A SIMPLE MATTER AND DON'T LET THE LEGEND FOOL YOU! IT SAYS THAT WHEN THE GOLD IS NOT IN THE PRESENCE OF A LEPRECHAUN, IT CHANGES TO DROSS. HA HA AT THE CURRENT RATE OF EXCHANGE OF \$35 AN OUNCE, WE'LL NET SOME \$30,000! WORTH AN OCEAN VOYAGE EH?

THE GOLD INDEED.

WAIT, WHO IS THE GIRL?

BE MY, DON'T YOU KNOW HER?? COO SHE SAID YOU'D MADE A DEAL WITH HER!

SO, MY DEAR WISP YOU ARE NOT MR. CARRION'S FRIEND?

BY MY BEARD I'LL

THE SPIRIT!

WHY LADY I'LL TAKE THAT!

AFTER HIM, FOOLS. GET HIM!

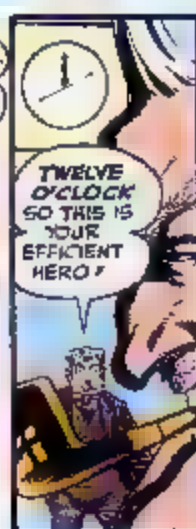
HERE NOW WHO'S GOIN' ON? YOU GAVE YOU THE RIGHT TO ORDER US ABOUT?

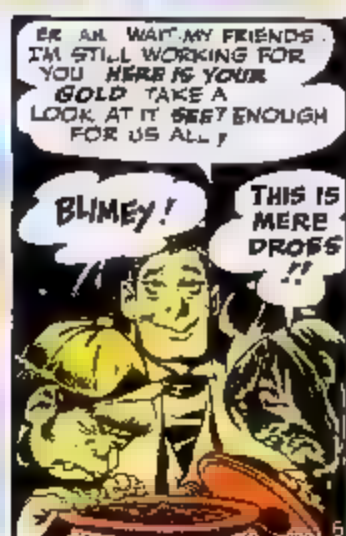
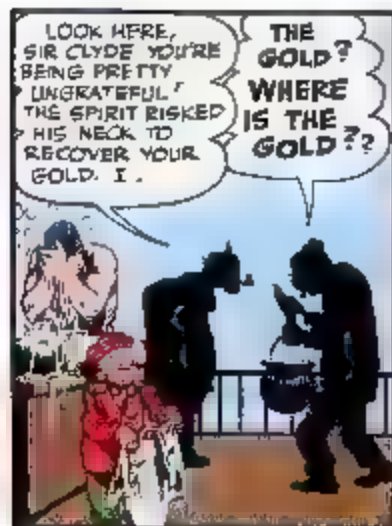
BY ALLAH IT IS NOW EVERY MAN FOR HIMSELF!

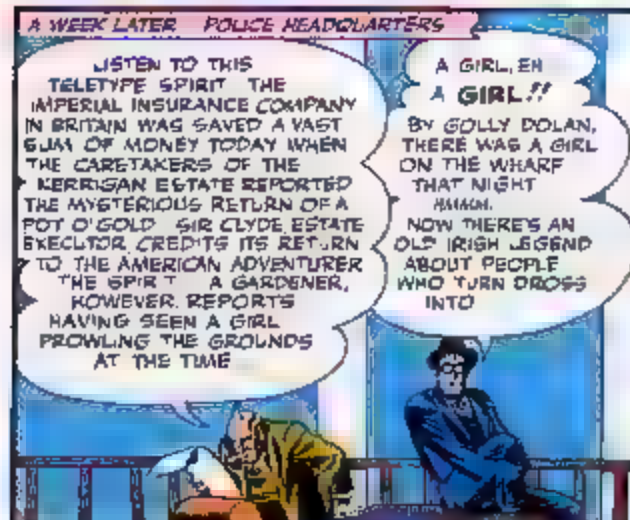
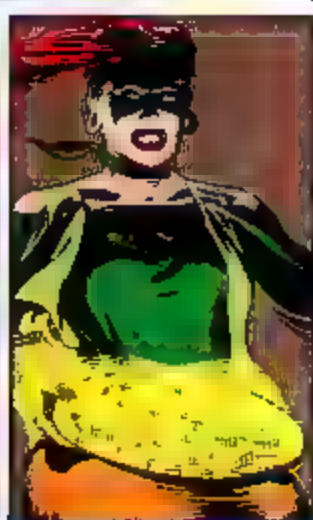
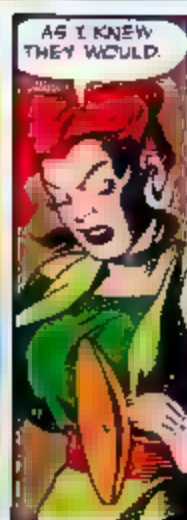
WHO GETS THE SPIRIT GETS THE GOLD!

AND AS THE CLOCK TOLL 11:20, A DEADLY GAME OF HUNTER AND HUNTED BEGINS. CLOAKED BY THE FOG AND LIMITED TO THE MURKY CONFINES OF THE EVENING MIST...

WELL, I'VE GOT JUST 30 MINUTES TO GET THIS GOLD TO HEADQUARTERS IF I'M NOT JUMPED...





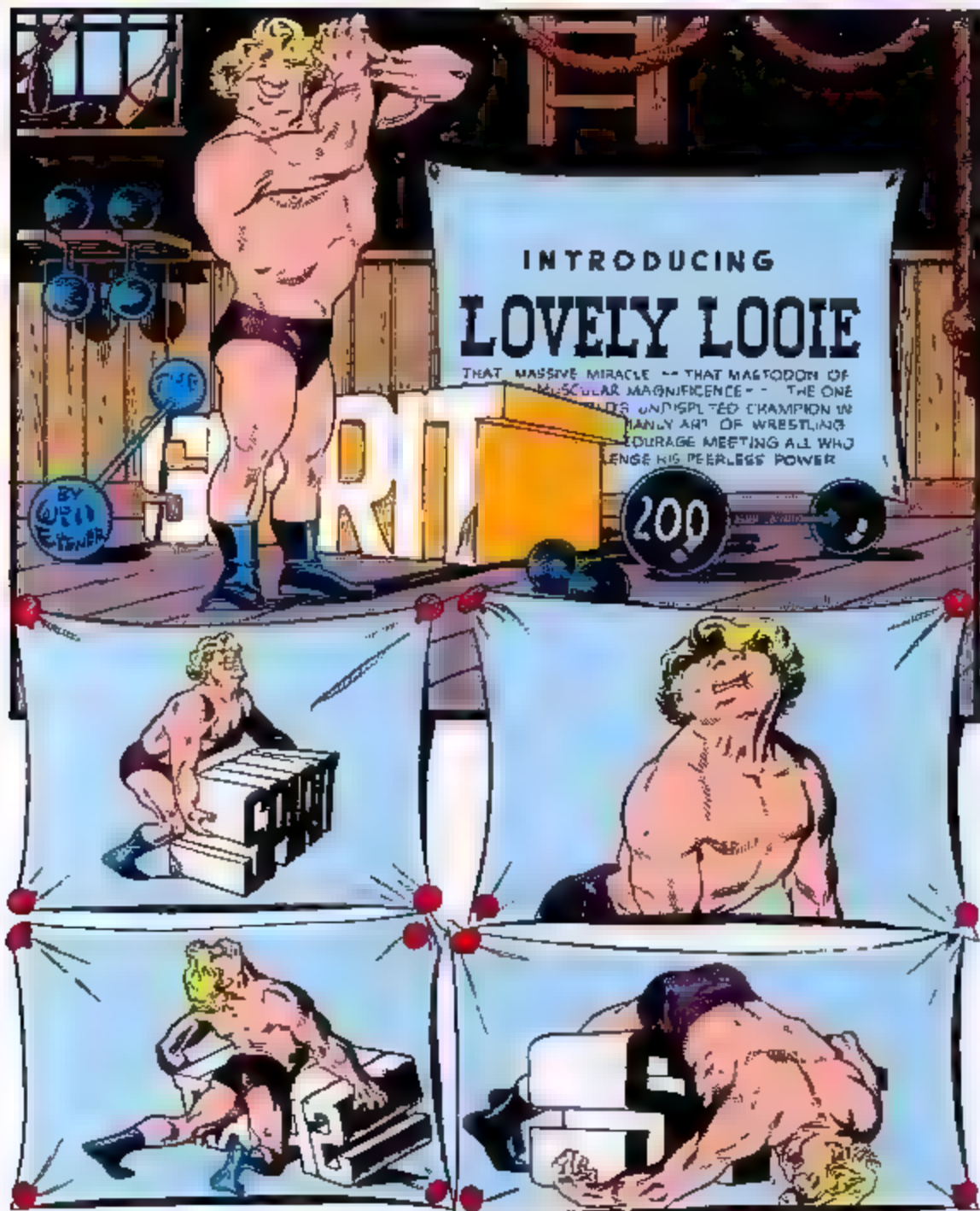


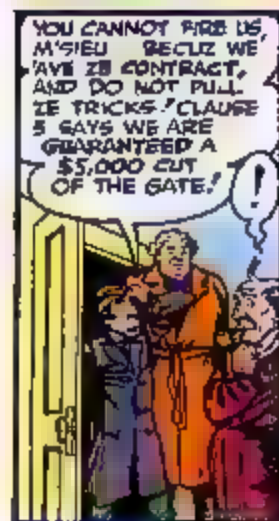
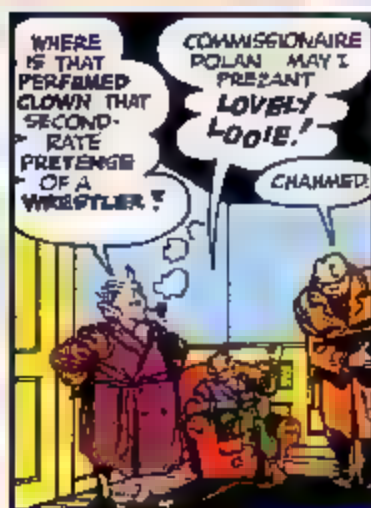
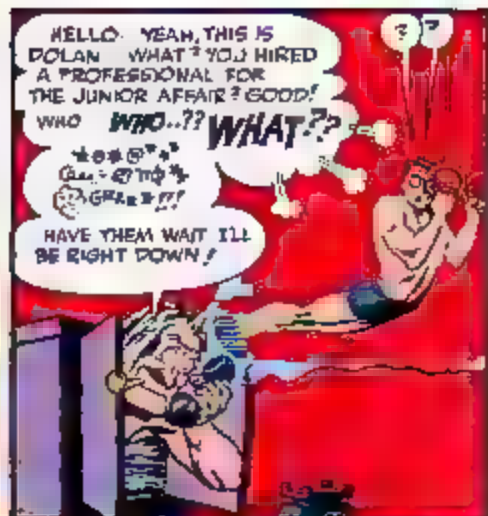
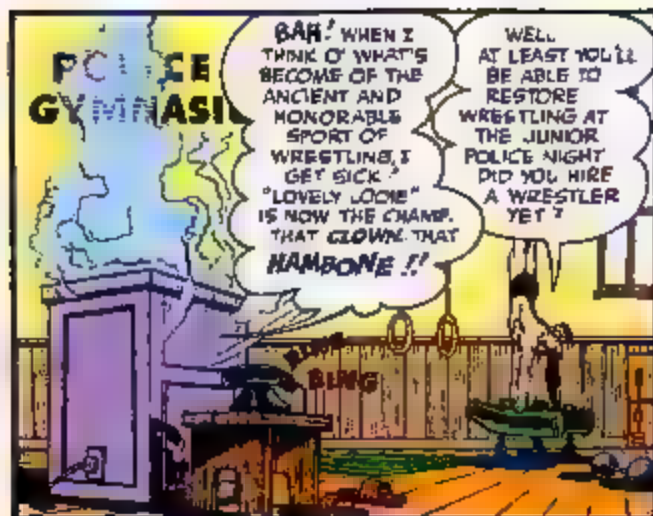


INTRODUCING LOVELY LOOIE

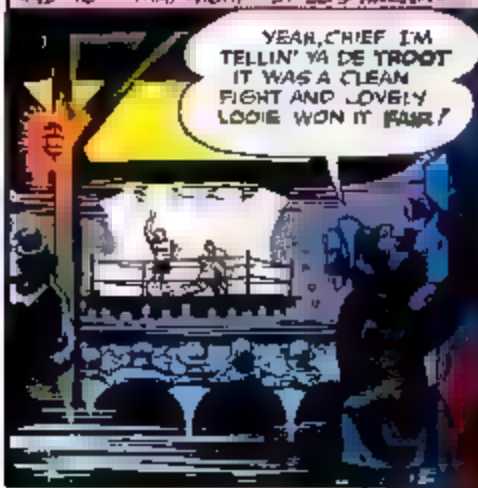
April 10, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



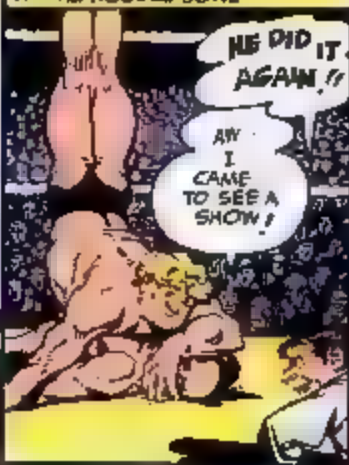


AND SO THAT NIGHT ST LO'S ARENA...



YEAR, CHIEF I'M
TELLIN' YA DE TROOT
IT WAS A CLEAN
FIGHT AND LOVELY
LODIE WON IT FAIR!

THE NEXT NIGHT
AT THE NOODLE BOWL



HE DID IT
AGAIN!!

AW
I
CAME TO SEE A
SHOW!



LODIE,
'AVE YOU GONE
CRAZZE??
WHAT ARE
YOU TRYING
TO DO.
RUIN ZE
GATE??

MY DEAR
PIERRE.. I'M NOW
AN
ARTIST I WRESTLE
TO FURTHER
THE SPORT
!!

CAN
WE
QUOTE
YOU?

THE FOLLOWING NIGHT IN A SMOKE
FILLED ROOM CENTRAL CITY...

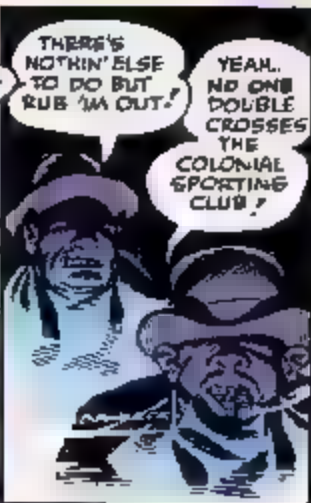


GENTLEMEN..
THIS IS THE
WORST THING
THAT'S HAPPENED
TO JS SINCE
PROHIBITION!

DISHONORABLE

HONEST
WRESTLING
JMF!

THE TRAITOR!
AFTER ALL WE'VE
DONE TO PROMOTE
HIM



THERE'S
NOTHIN' ELSE
TO DO BUT
RUB 'IM OUT!

YEAR.. NO ONE
DOUBT CROSSES
THE
COLONIAL
SPORTING CLUB?



WELL,
HEDLOK - G'VE
THE WORD.

QUIET
CAN'TCHA SEE
HE'S THINKIN'?

HHMM-



WE WILL NOT RUB HIM
OUT WE WILL
CAPITALIZE THE
RETURN OF REAL
WRESTLING MEANS
THE RETURN OF
BETTING - AND
THAT MEANS WE'RE
BACK IN THE
"FIX" BUSINESS.

JEAN!

GREAT

WOTTA
BRAIN!



FOR HE'S
A JOLLY
GOOD
FELLOW

SEE THAT HE
KEEPS ON
WINNING

HAPPY DAYS
ARE HERE
AGAIN

AND WOMAN
LOVELY
LODIE!!

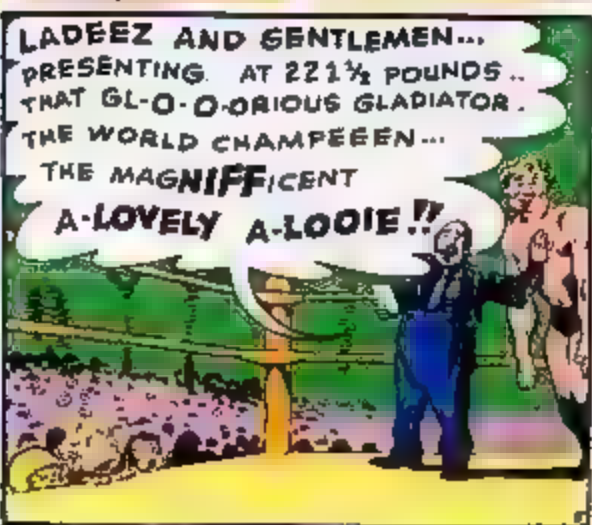
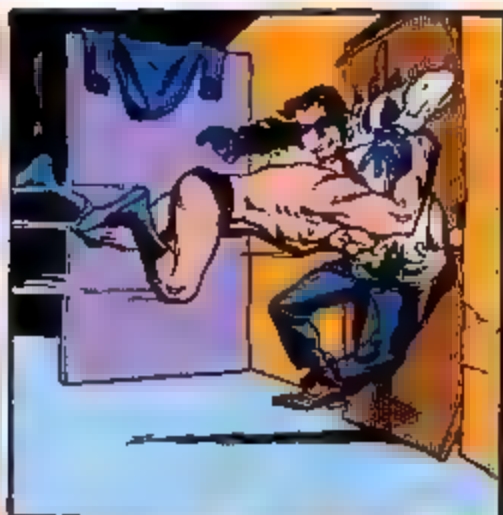


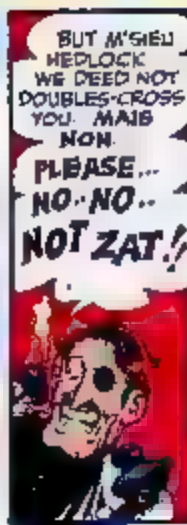
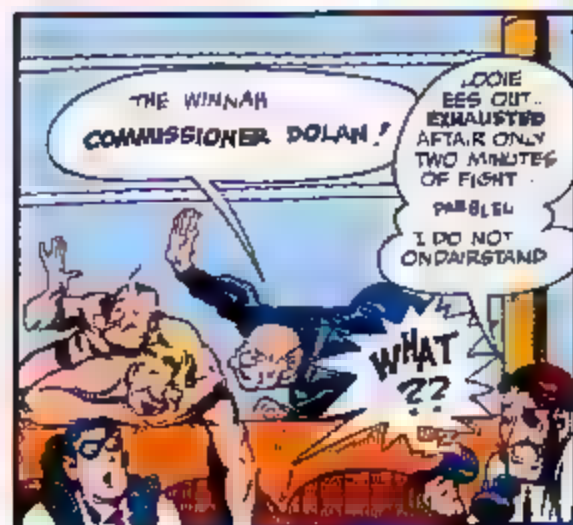
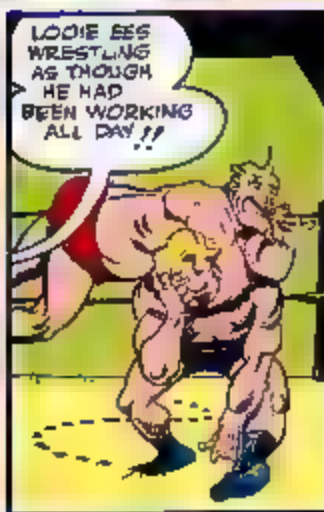
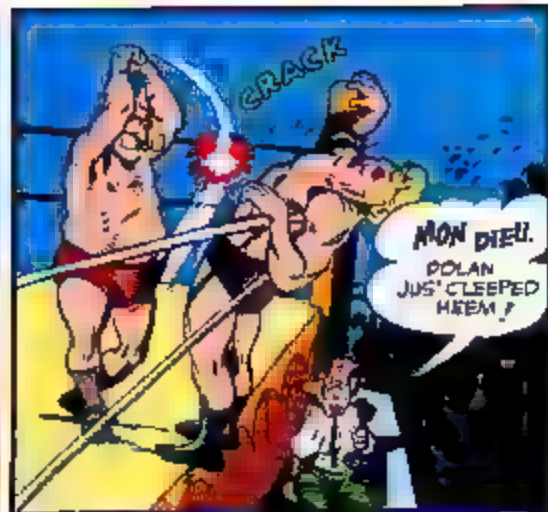
AND THAT NIGHT

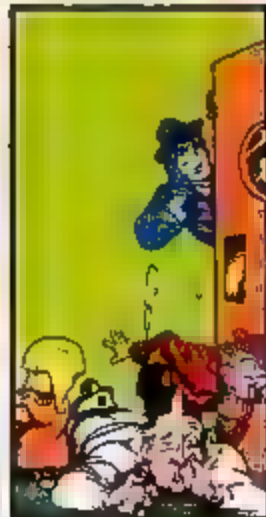
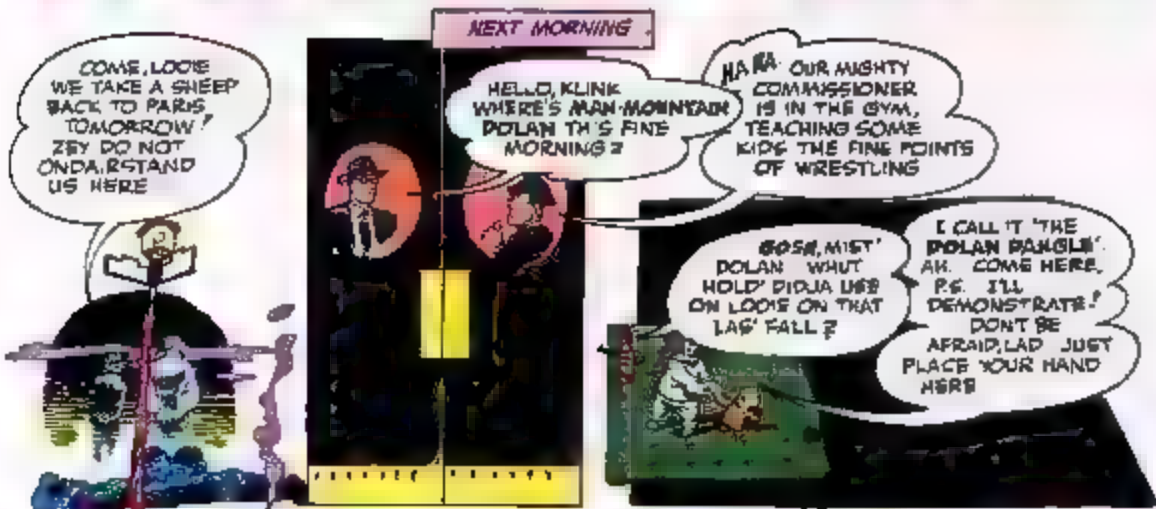
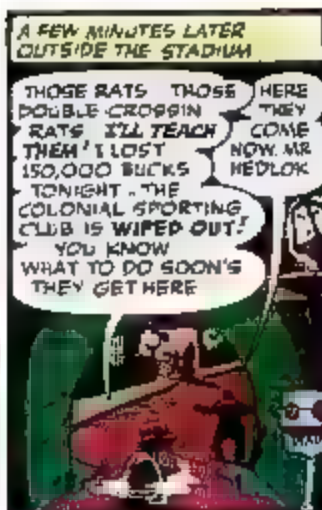
ZE COLONIAL
SPORTING CLUB
EES PUTTING
ZEIR MONEY
BEHIND YOU!
ZAT MEANS
YOU MUST KEEP
ON WINNING,
OR ZUT!

DONT
BOTHER ME
WITH SORDID
MONEY
MATTERS.









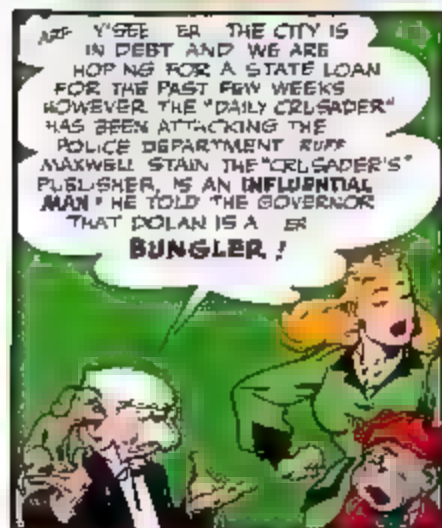
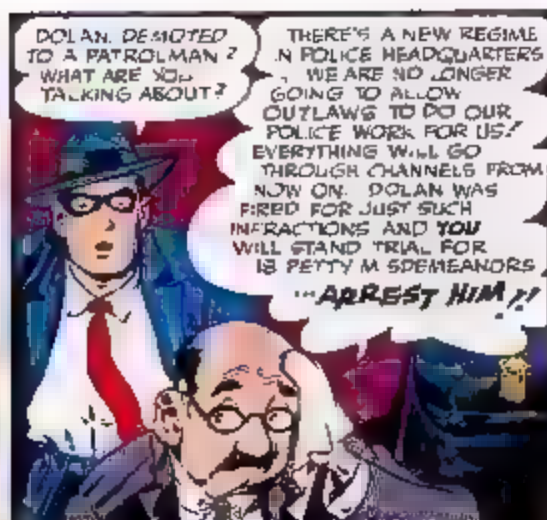
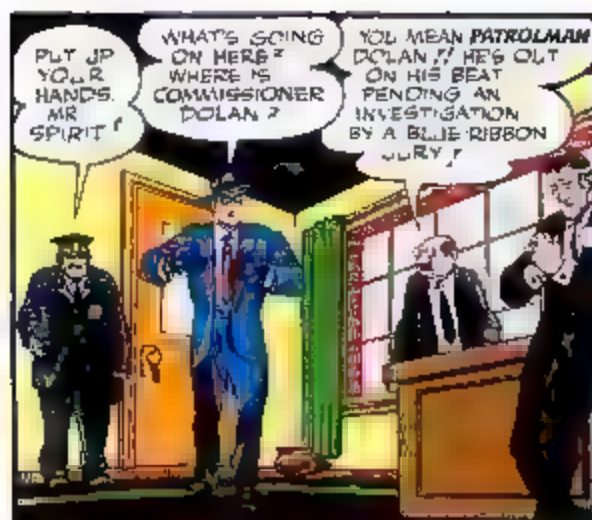


DOLAN WALKS A BEAT

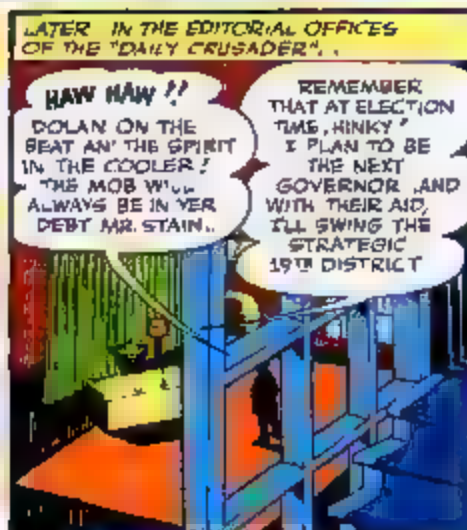
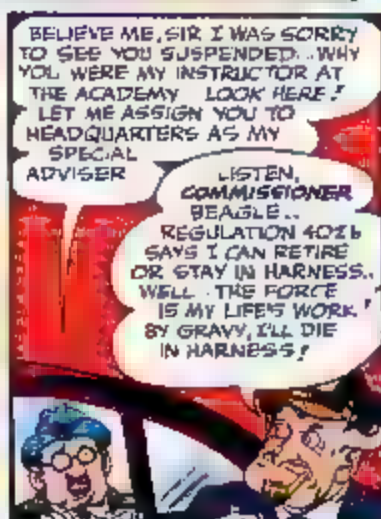
April 17, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**





MEANWHILE



AND SO CENTRAL CITY JAIL

Y'GOT A CELL-MATE,
SPIRIT HINKY
SNITCH

KULLO,
PALEY.

DON'T LOOK SO
GLUM KIDDO I
AINT ROOSTIN' HERE
LONG ' I'M MAKIN'
A BREAK T'NIGHT,
SPIRT AND
YOU'RE GOIN'
WITH ME!

IT'S OK
WITH ME HINKY
BUT IT'S R-HKY!
EITHER OF US
MIGHT GET
KILLED BY THE
GUARDS

YEAH..

IT COULD
BE ME AN
IT COULD BE
YOU..

MEANWHILE THE STATE
CAPITAL GOVERNOR'S
MANSION

I'M SORRY,
MISS DOLAN THE
GOVERNOR IS
DINING AND CAN'T
BE DISTURBED!

BUT
PLEASE..

EEK!

MISTER GOVERNOR.
MISTER GOVERNOR

PLEASE YOU
MUST LISTEN TO
ME.

TUT TUT
MY DEAR
LET'S HAVE
DINNER FIRST 'IT
ISN'T OFTEN JERVIS
ALLOWS ME SUCH
A CHARMING VISITOR!

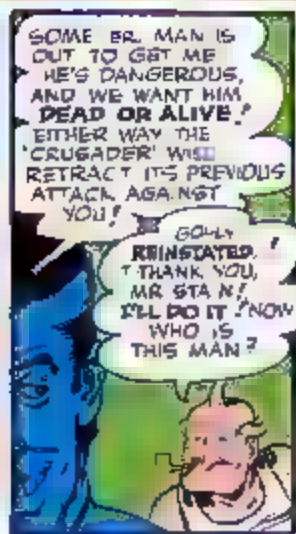
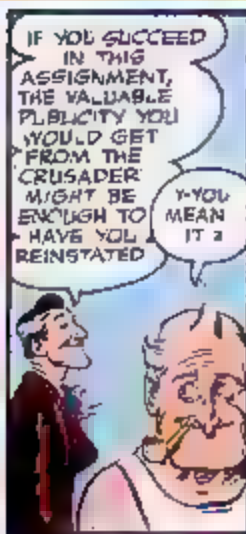
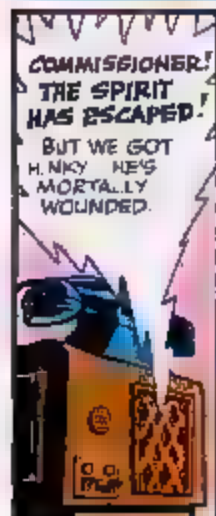
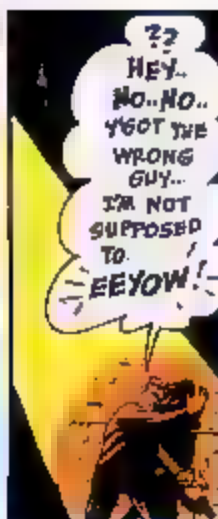
BACK IN CENTRAL CITY

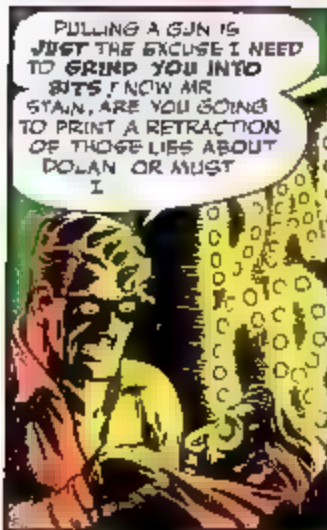
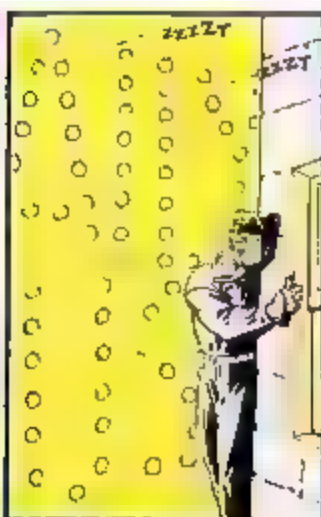
HE'S
DOZIN
IT'S 9PM.
NOWS
THE TIME
MAYBE STAN
SLIPPED UP.
MAYBE.

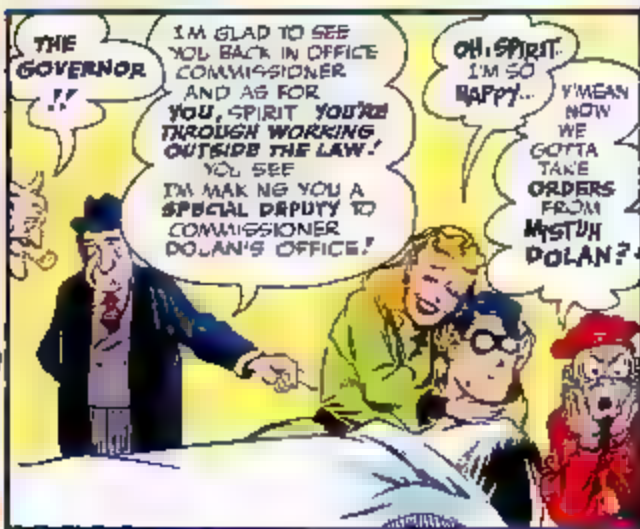
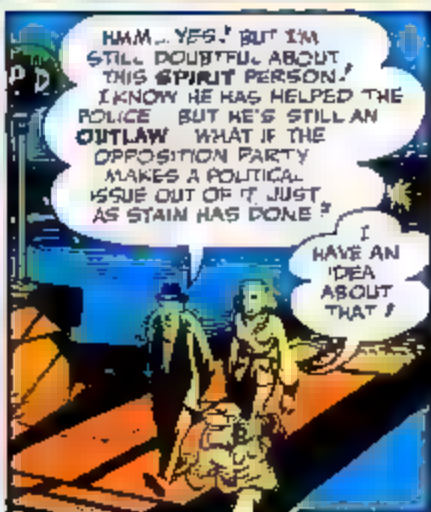
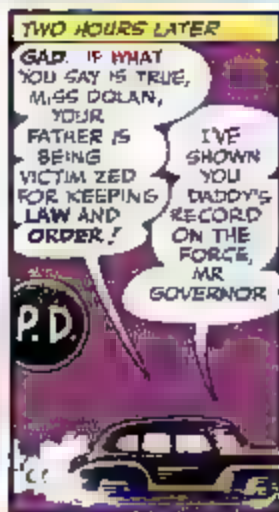
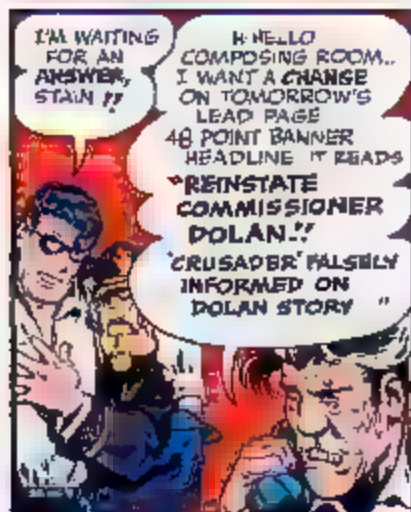
AAH. STAN'S
ON THE BALL
HE'S HAD PLENTY
O' TIME TO
TIP THE GUARDS
OFF..

BOOM

THIS IS IT, SPIRIT...
THIS IS THE BREAK...
C'MON.. YOU FIRST
!!









THE SPIRIT NOW DEPUTY

April 24, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

THE SPIRIT NOW DEPUTY

**FAMOUS CRIMEFIGHTER
ASSIGNED TO COMMISSIONER
DOLAN'S OFFICE**

By Will Eisner

The famous masked crimefighter, the Spirit, is today an official member of Central City's Police Department.

This makes official what has been a fact for some years now. Technically, the Spirit was an outlaw; but he had been actively cooperating with law enforcement authorities as a
(cont on page 12)

**OUTSTANDING LAW-
ENFORCEMENT RECORD
HELD BY SPIRIT**

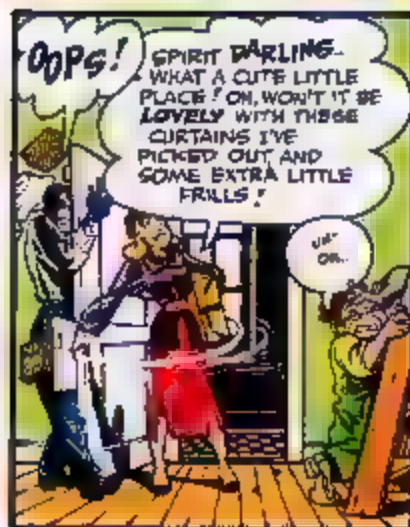
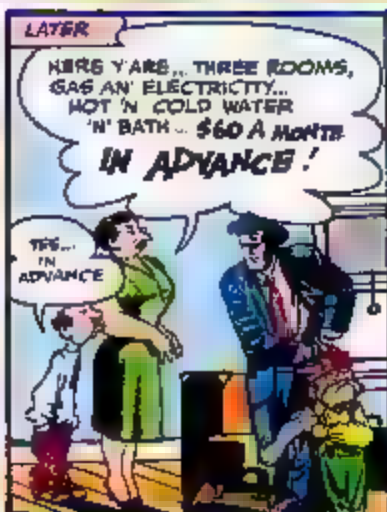
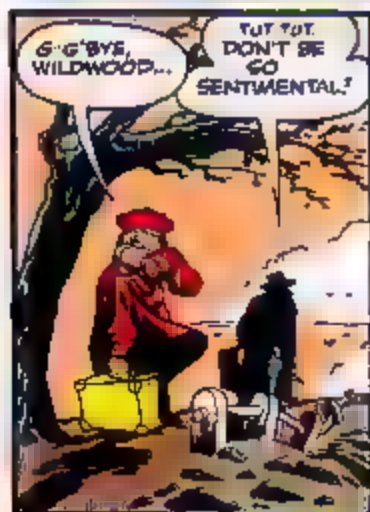
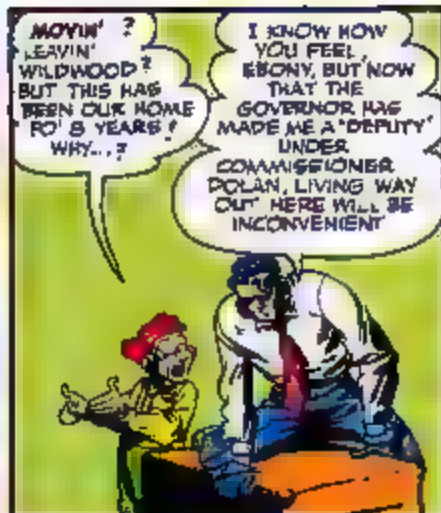
The name "The Spirit" has been a byword for justice since

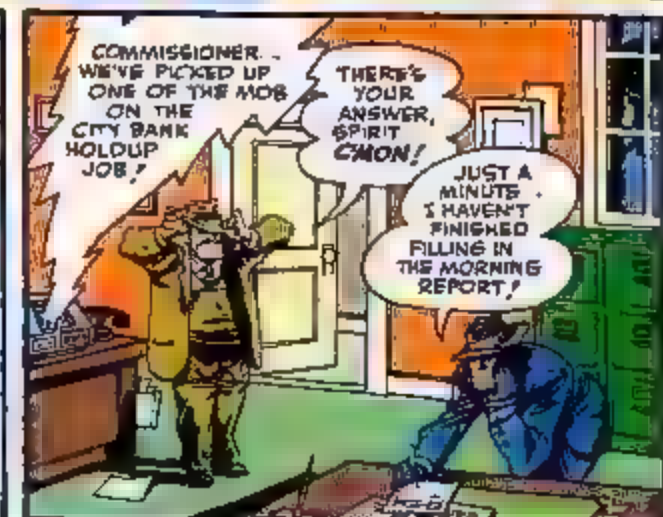
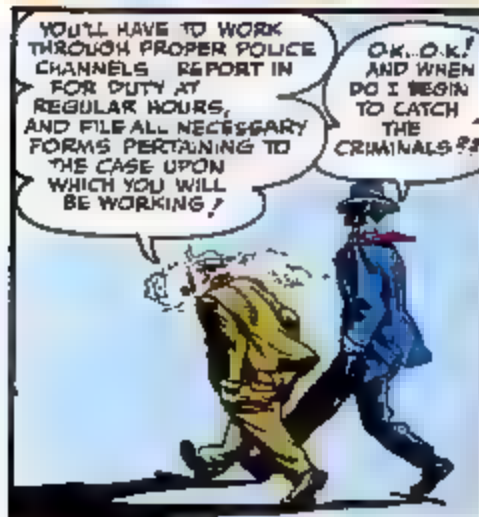
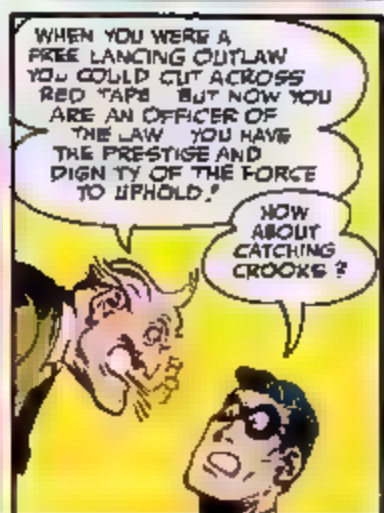
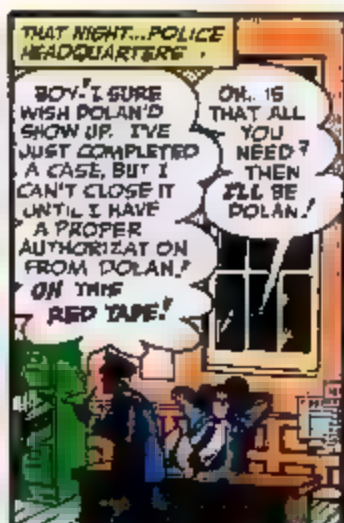
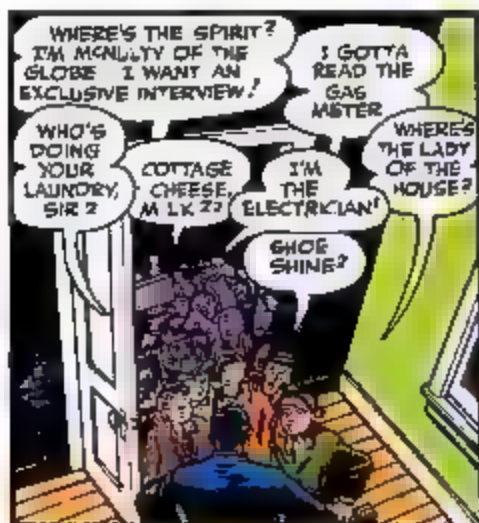


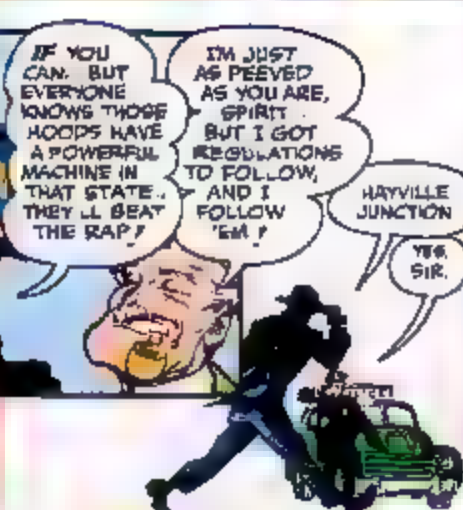
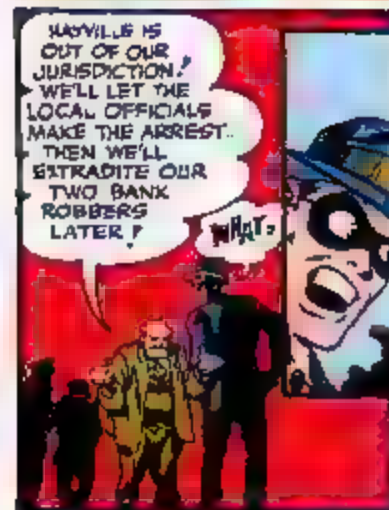
The Spirit and Ellen Dolan, daughter of the commissioner, leave restaurant. Will the Spirit marry the boss' daughter?

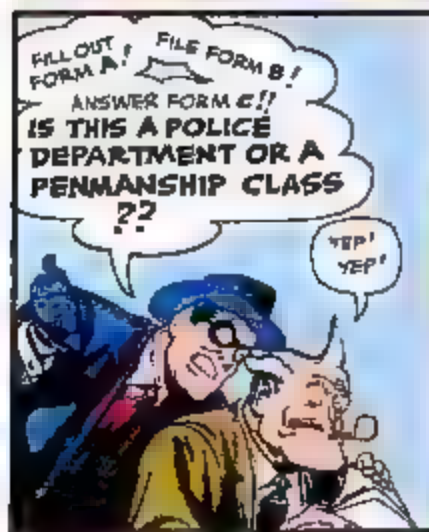
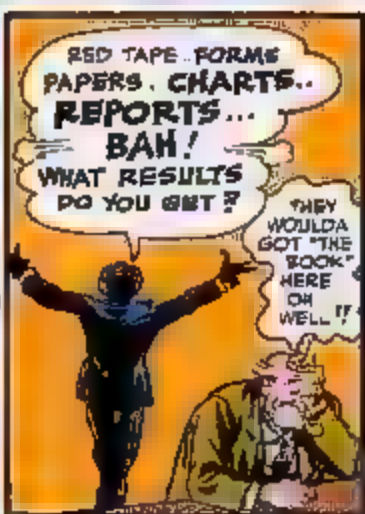
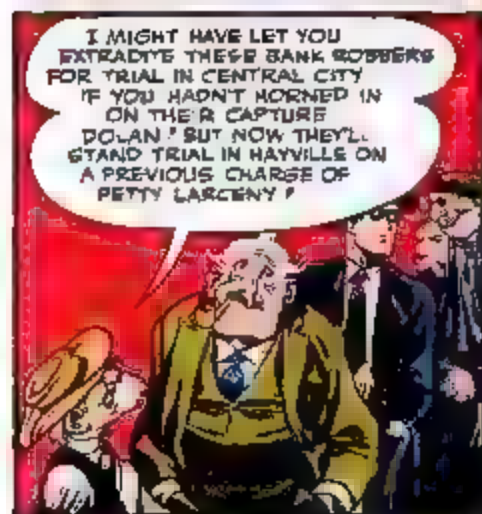
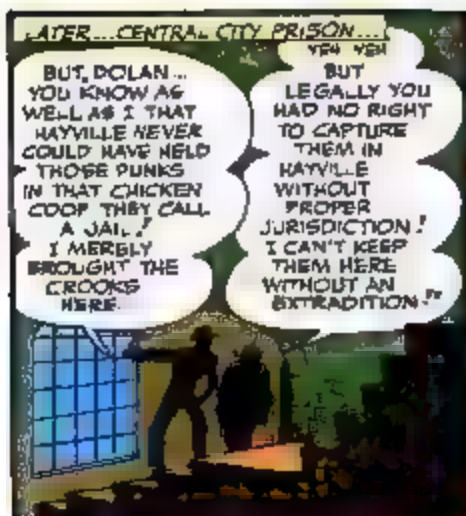
Commissioner Dolan shows famous crimefighter new tour of duty

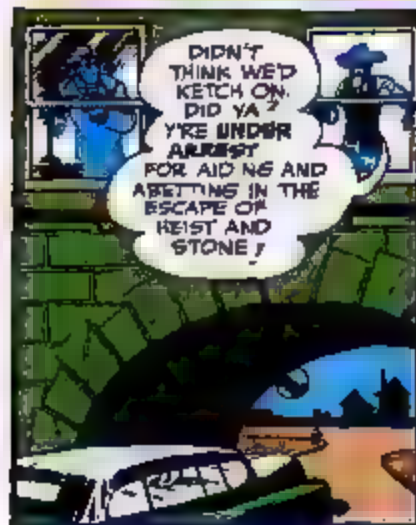
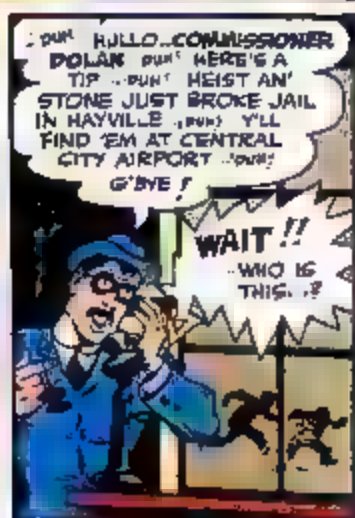
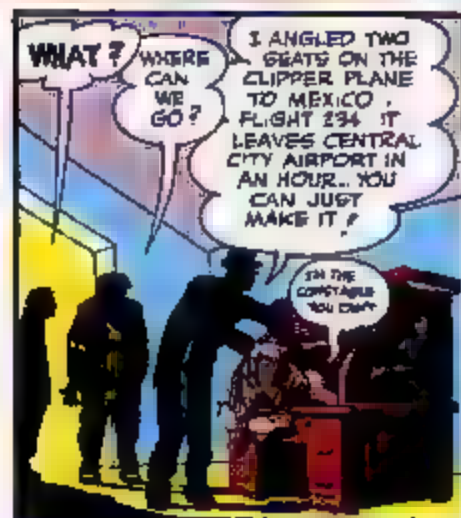
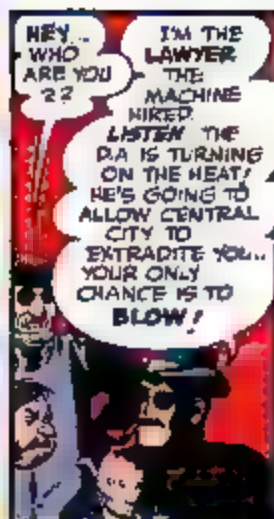
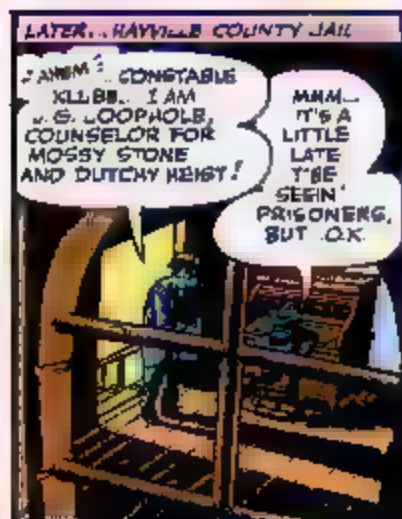
...appearing in June, 1940, the Spirit (the only name under which the masked man is known) has been responsible for the apprehension of some of the world's most dangerous criminals. Several authorities believe him to be the greatest criminologist Denny Colt,
(cont. on page 12)

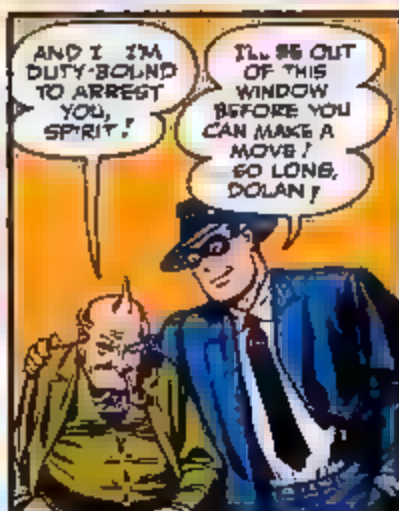
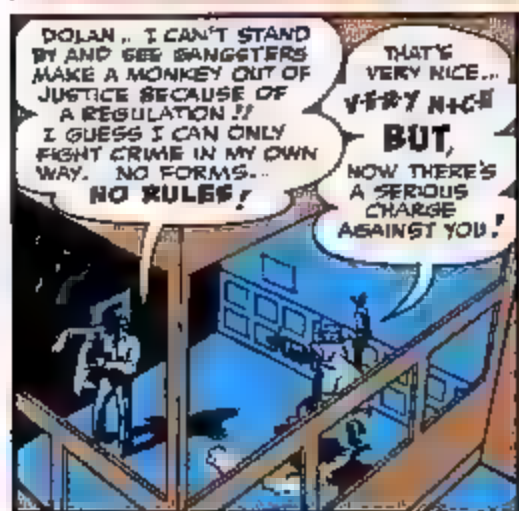
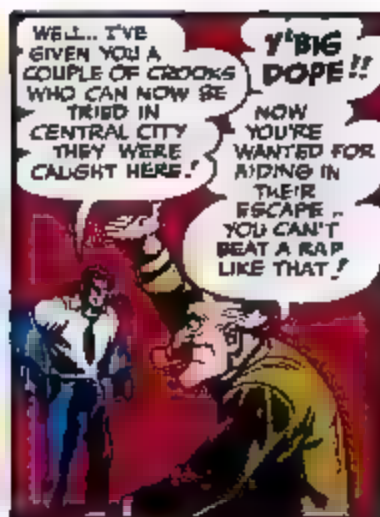












NEXT DAY

SPIRIT WANTED

MAYOR ALERTS POLICE!!

Commissioner Dolan silent as manhunt begins.

A ROBIN HOOD AGAIN?



BE ON LOOKOUT FOR THIS MAN!

A GENERAL DESCRIPTION FOLLOWS
HEIGHT - 6 ft. 1 in
WEIGHT - 200 lb
COLOR OF HAIR - BLACK
COLOR OF EYES - BLUE

The entire resources of the Central City Police Department are being utilized in the vast dragnet set out to capture the Spirit. Extra duty for all.

AND AT WILDWOOD CEMETERY

SEE? AH TOLD YO' LIVIN' IN TH CITY AN' WORKIN' REGULAR WAS NO GOOD! NOW LOOK WHAT IT GOT US! AH WISH SOMEONE AROUND HERE WOULD LISTEN TO ME! IF AH TOLD YO' ONCE, AH TOLD YO' A THOUSAN TIMES





THE HUNTED

May 1, 1949

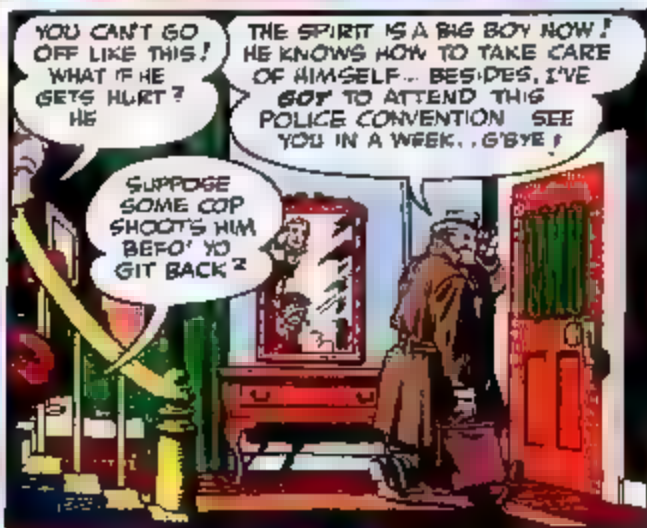
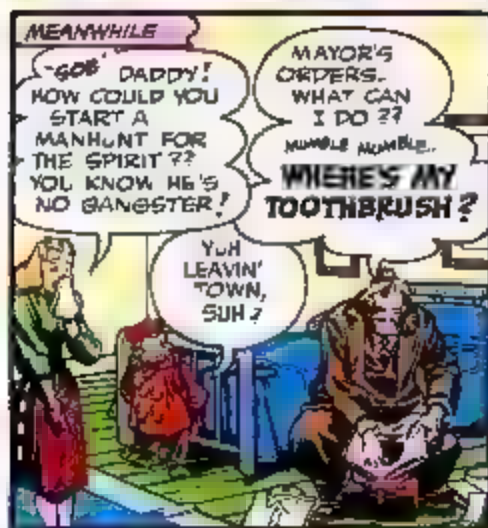


CALLING ALL CARS. CALLING ALL CARS -- BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR THE SPIRIT .THE SPIRIT--



HEIGHT SIX FEET ONE INCH WEIGHS 200 WEARING BLUE SUIT BLUE GLOVES. MASK WANTED FOR AIDING IN ESCAPE OF TWO CRIMINALS. HE MAY BE DANGEROUS !!







AND SO... NEXT DAY

HERE...
I BROUGHT
YOU SOME
BREAKFAST
MR LAMB!

OH, ELLEN. ER...
I MEAN,
MISS
DOLAN...
YOU'RE SO
GOOD TO
ME!

OH YOU
NEEDN'T BE SO
FORMAL
DO CALL ME
ELLEN...
PLEASE

ELLEN
OH, ELLEN...
I YOU'RE
SO SWEET
BUT, NO!
THIS MUST
STOP! I
FEEL THERE IS
GROWING
BETWEEN US
A BOND THAT
MAY ENGULF US!
I MUST MOVE
ON!

MOVE ON??
BUT WHERE
AND HOW??
HOW ABOUT
MONEY? YOU
CAN'T GO FAR
WITHOUT IT
LET ME
LEND YOU
SOME

No!! I STILL
HAVE MY PRIDE!
WAIT I HAVE
A WAY OF GETTING
SOME MONEY
I WILL REPAY YOU!
HEAR MY MOTHER'S
RING - PAWN IT!

NO EDWARD YOU
OWE ME NOTHING!
I I REALIZE
WHAT PAWNING
THIS HE RLOOM
MUST DO
TO YOU.

YES...
YES I...
IF YOU'D
PATRONIZE
THE EAGLE
PAWN SHOP
THEY HAVE
HELPED
ME BEFORE

OH... YOU POOR
BOY YOU
POOR, POOR
BOY,
SOB

AND SO LATER...THE
EAGLE PAWNSHOP.

\$2,500, MISS.
THAT'S THE VERY
BEST I CAN
DO \$2,500,
MISS

I HOPE YOU
REALLY DID YOUR
BEST IT'S FOR
A WORTHY
CAUSE

POLICE
CIRCULAR

GEMS
JEWELLERY
WATCHES
CLOCKWORK
ELECTRONICS
AND MORE
GOLD
SILVER
AND
PLATINUM
ITEMS
WANTED
FOR
CASH
PAID
ON
SPOT

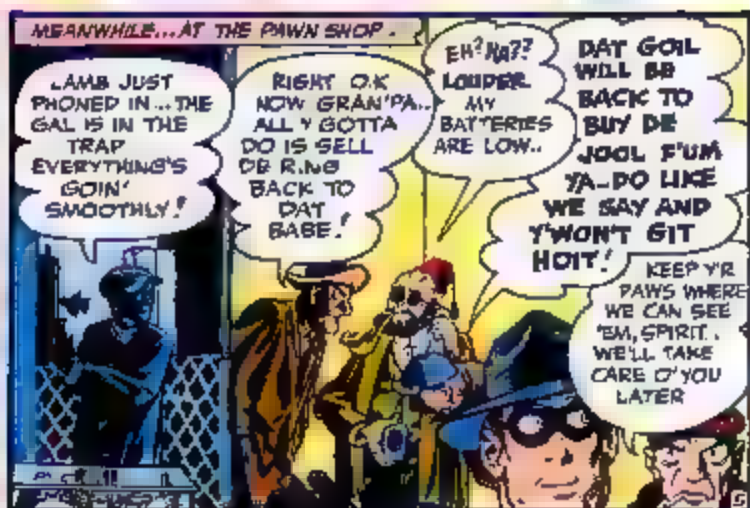
HELLO
GIVE ME
POLICE
HEADQUARTERS.
I WANT TO
REPORT A
STOLEN
GEM.

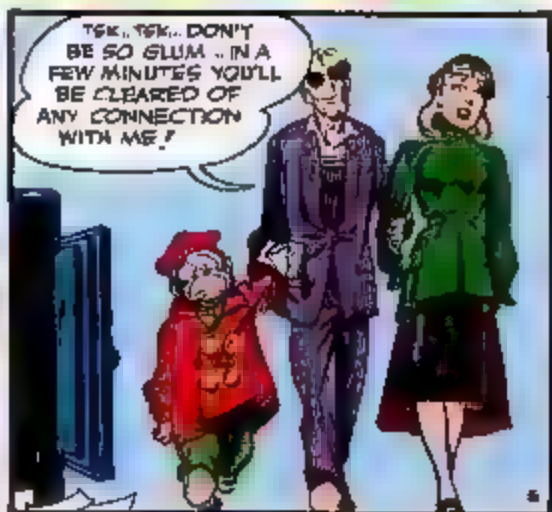
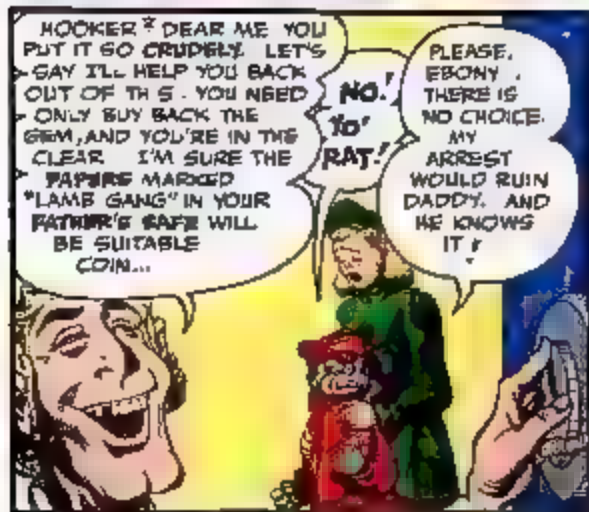
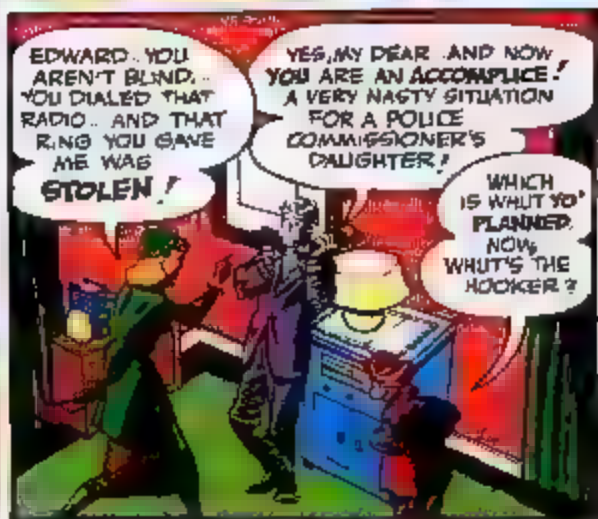
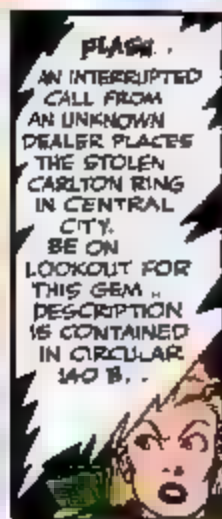
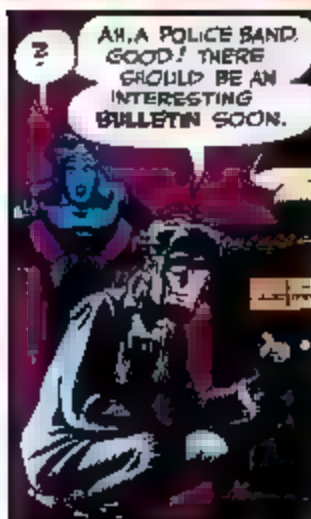
NO
YOU
DON'T!
I'LL
TAKE
THAT

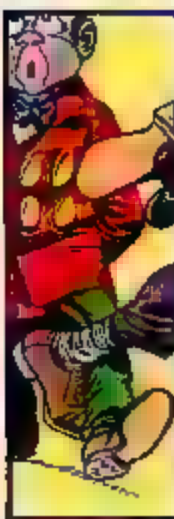
VERY SLIPPERY, SPIRIT?
TRYIN' TO MESS UP OUR 'FY, EN,
WISE GUY? GET BACK IN DAT
SHOP YO'DN'T THINK
WE FEEL FR DAT FALL-OUT
Y'HAD WID DE
COPS!

HALP.
POLICE
I BEEN
ROBBED!

WELL
I SORT OF
HOPED





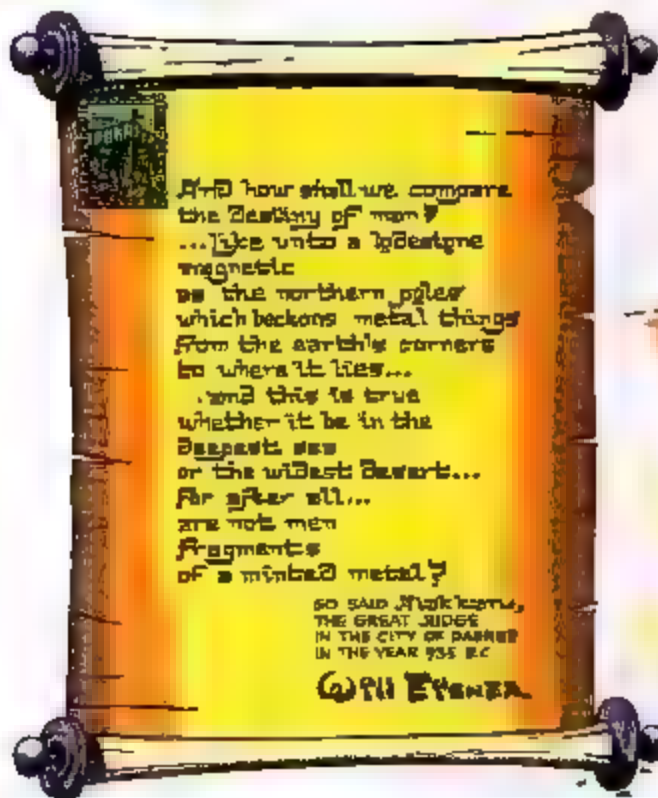




HAMID JEBRU

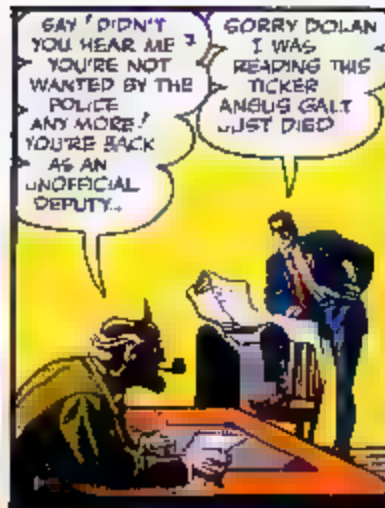
May 8, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

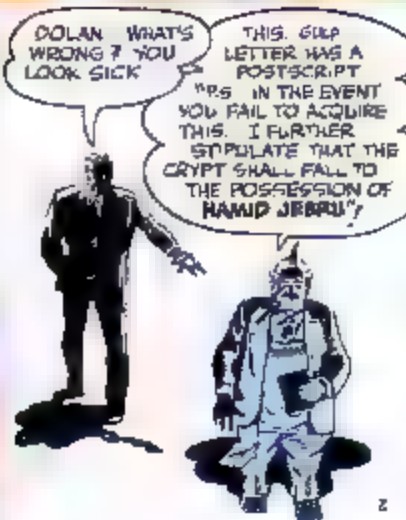
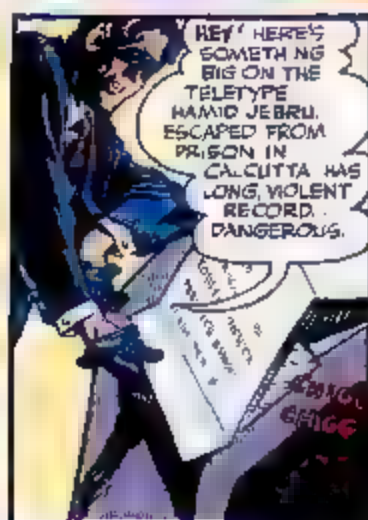


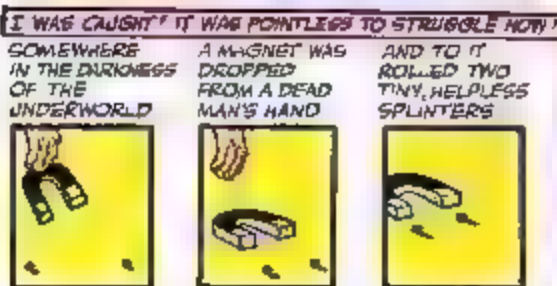
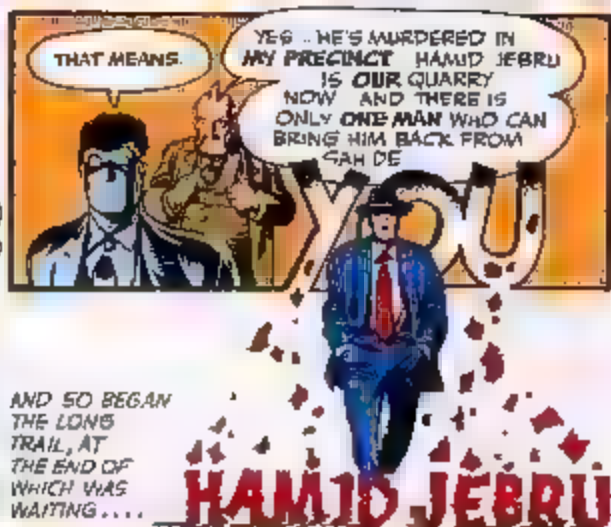
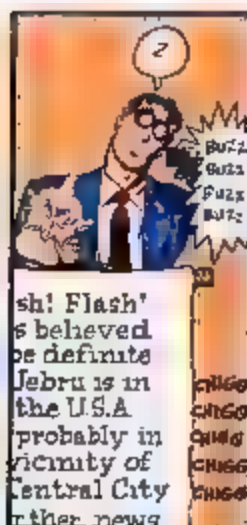
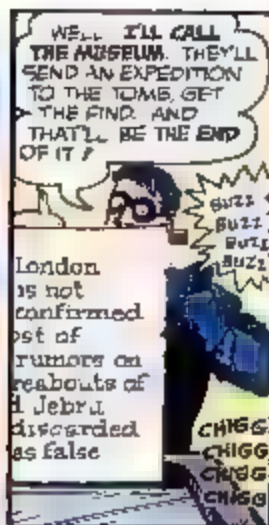
UP UNTIL A MONTH AGO, I HAD NEVER
HEARD OF HAMID JEBRU

GOOD NEWS, SPIRIT!
HAYVILLE COUNTY HAS JUST
DROPPED ALL CHARGES
AGAINST YOU!
ISN'T THAT GREAT?

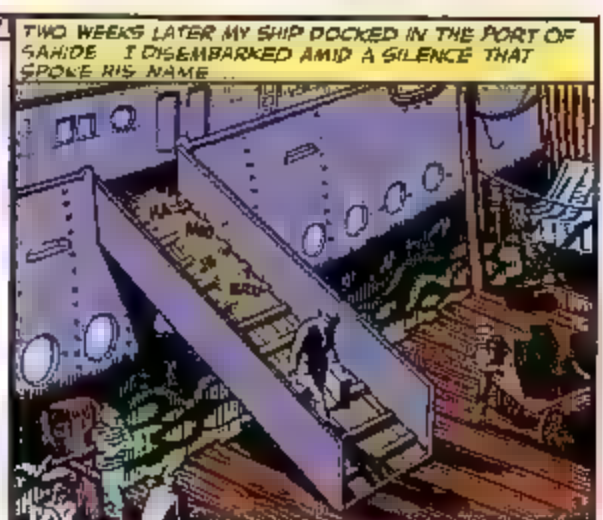


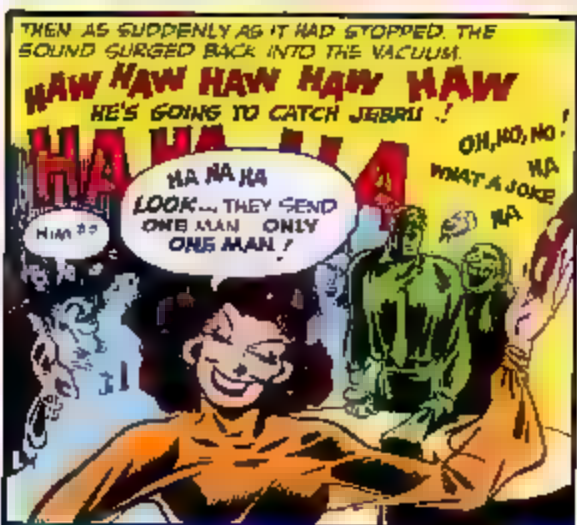
.. AND THAT'S HOW IT ALL BEGAN...
QUIETLY, BUT FIRMLY WITH THE
FORCE OF GRAVITY THAT GRIPS
YOU AS YOU LEAP FROM A
GREAT HEIGHT

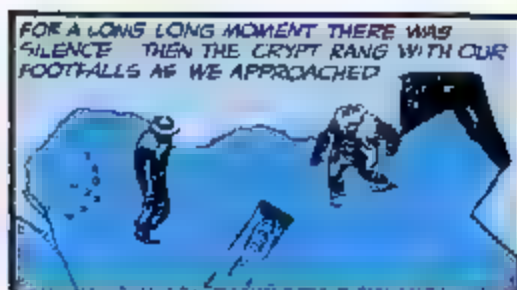


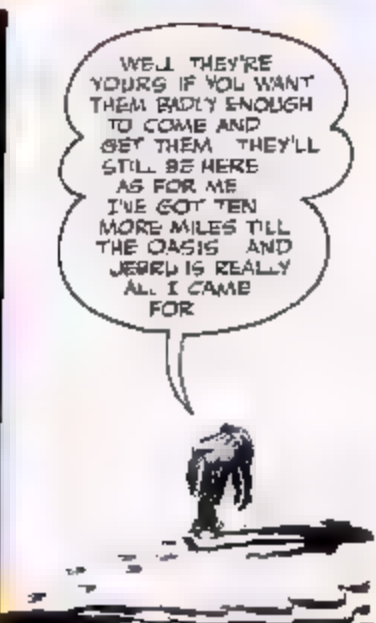
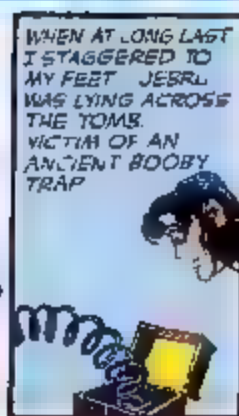
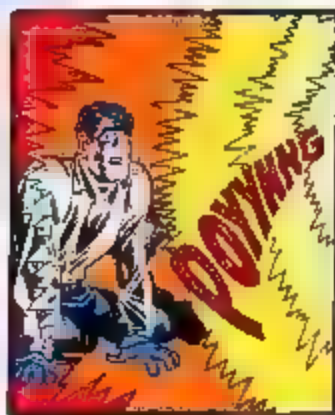
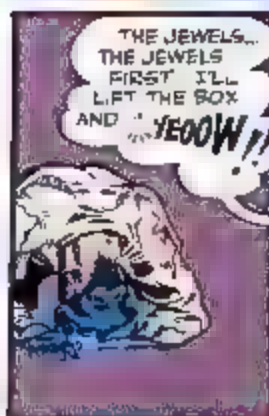
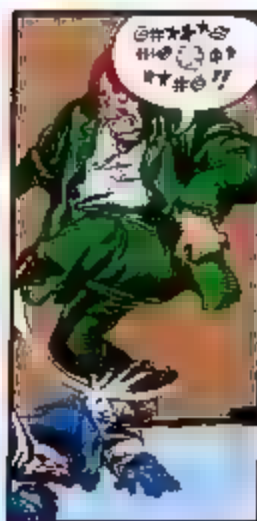


MYSELF ... AND HAMID JEBRU.











THE CRIME OF PASSION

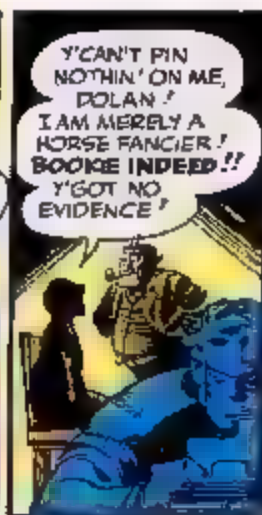
May 15, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

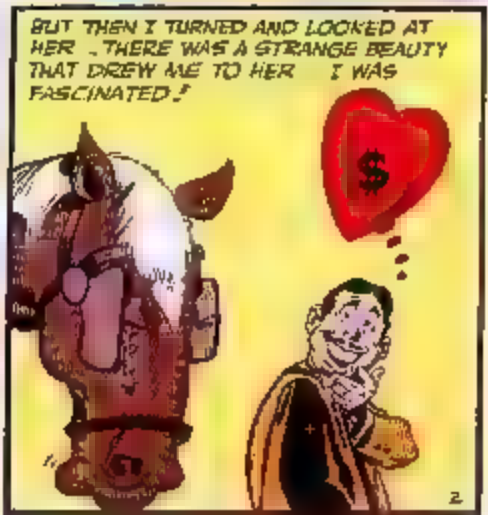
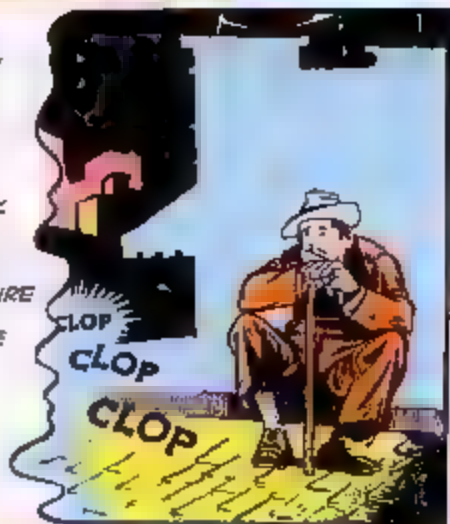


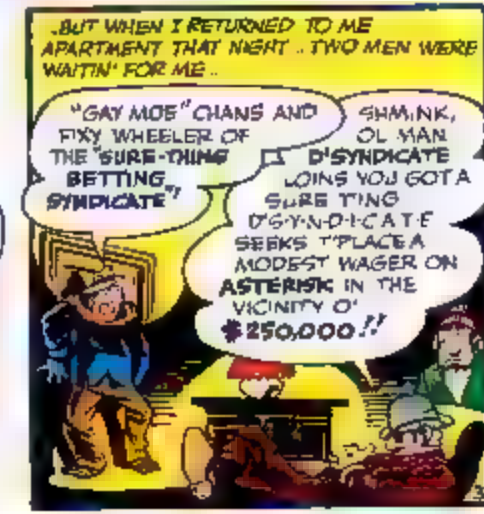
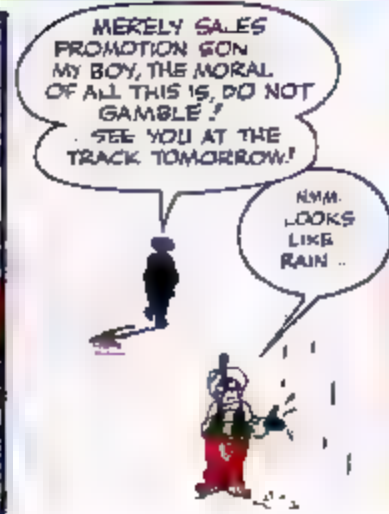
or upon his victim who kindled this deadly passion?

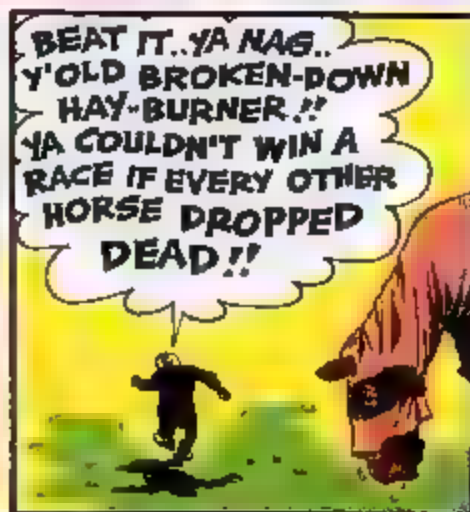
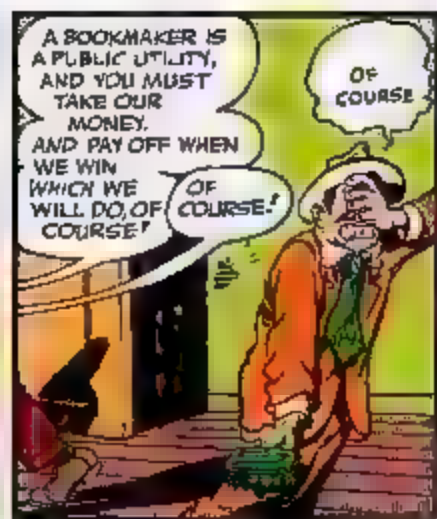
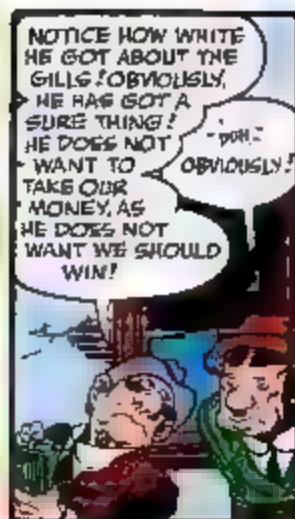


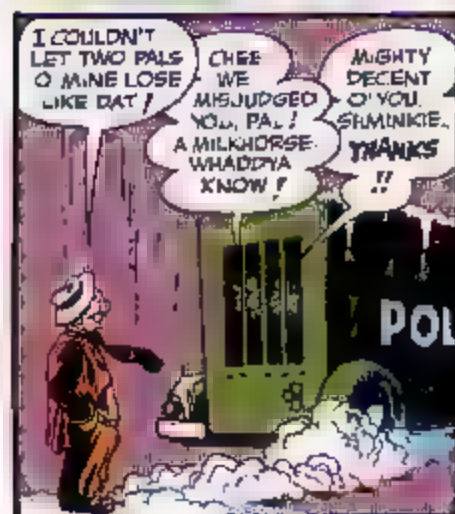
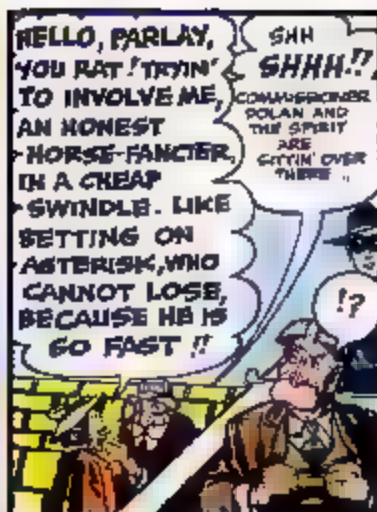


FOR ALL ME NONCHALANCE, I WAS HIPPIED TO THE FACT THAT THINGS WAS GETTIN' TOUGH TEN MINUTES LATER, SHMINK ENTERPRISES WAS PARKED ON THE CURB. TRYIN' TO FIGURE A WAY TO COPE WITH THE TREND. WHEN SHE CAME INTO ME LIFE!!



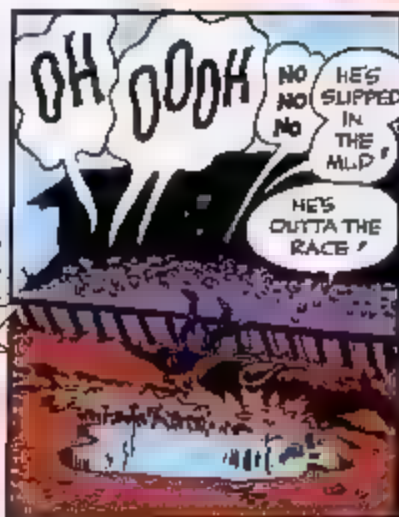
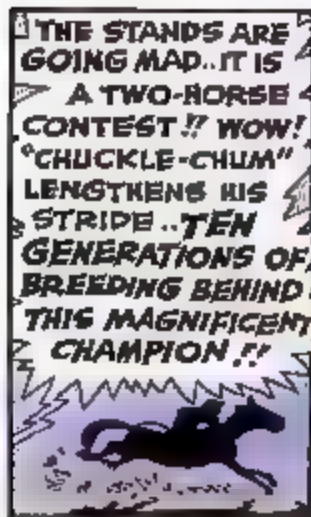
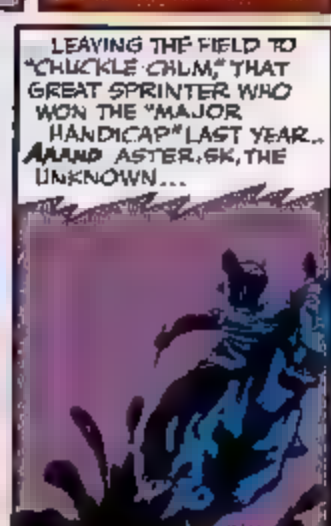
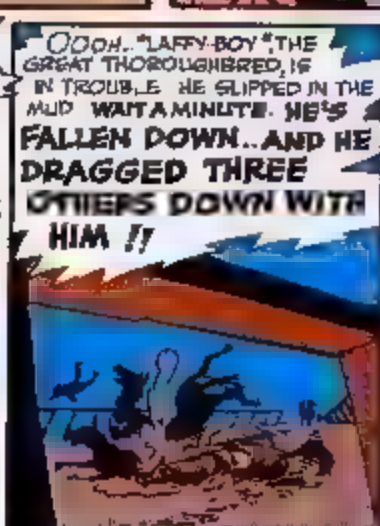






AND AS THEY PULLED OUTTA SIGHT, A SHOUT WENT UP IN THE TRACK





MEANWHILE: LET ME RETURN YOUR THOUGHTS TO MY PROBLEM. BY DINT OF MY POLITICAL INFLUENCE AND A \$500 BAIL BOND, I SECURED THE RELEASE OF THE TWO SYNDICATE MEN..

AND NOW TO SHOW THE SYNDICATE I WAS ONNA LEVEL WITH 'EM. HA HA EVERYTHING IS WORKIN' OUT FINE



WYA FELLERS... TURN ON THAT RADIO AND GET THE RESULTS!



SEE? I TOLD YOU ASTERISK WAS NOTHIN' BUT A SURE-FOOTED PRAY HORSE!



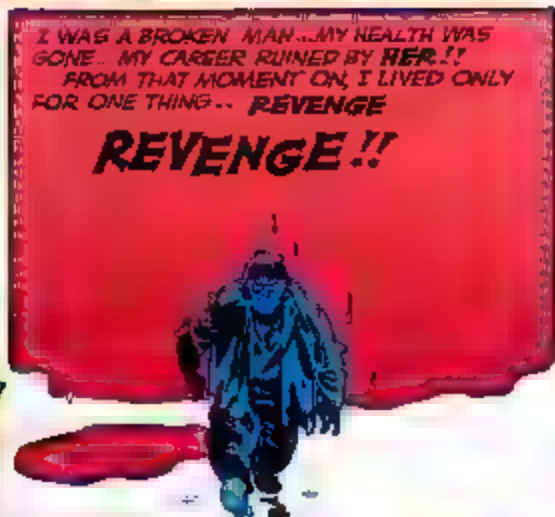
WHY, IF I'DA LET YA BET ON HIM, Y'DA LOST YER SHIT!!



AAAAAND IT'S ASTERISK BY 40 LENGTHS!! WHAT A RACE, FOLKS



SLAM OUCH! CRASH HEY YIP NO! KRP! BIFF RUNCN



I WAS A BROKEN MAN...MY HEALTH WAS GONE.. MY CAREER RUINED BY HER!! FROM THAT MOMENT ON, I LIVED ONLY FOR ONE THING.. REVENGE

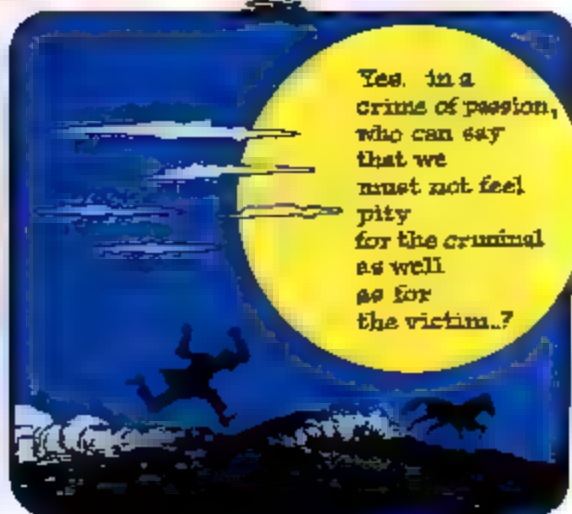
REVENGE!!



IF ONLY SHE HAD SHOWN SOME SIGN THAT SHE COULD RUN ON A MUDDY TRACK..



WELL, WHY DIDN'T YOU ASK ME?



Yes. in a crime of passion, who can say that we must not feel pity for the criminal as well as for the victim..?



THE SPACE SNIPER

May 22, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

THE

IN SEPTEMBER OF 1946
ARTEMUS PEAP, IN AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE
THE POLICE, SOUGHT REFUGE IN A
ROCKET SHIP CONSTRUCTED BY
PROFESSOR ADOLPHE LINK.
THERE WAS AN EXPLOSION... AND NEITHER
MAN WAS EVER HEARD FROM AGAIN.

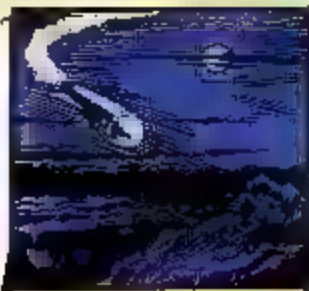
ARMY INTELLIGENCE DISCOVERS SECRET NAZI SPACE PLANS

Recent finds in
the ruins of the
former Nazi army
headquarters
indicate beyond
all doubt that the
Nazis were planning
to park rocket ma-
chines out in space.
(Recall to earth and

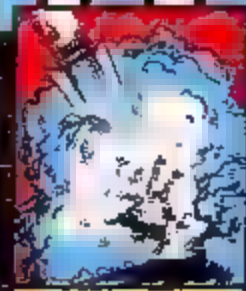
target point would
be controlled ex-
actly by radio
G.I. has not re-
vealed whether or
not this plan was
ever put into ac-
tion.

It has no effect

SEVERAL DAYS AGO, AT
YELLOW SANDS ORDNANCE PROVING GROUNDS,
TWELVE ROCKETS CONTAINING AUTOMATIC CAMERAS
WERE SHOT INTO SPACE TO PHOTOGRAPH
DATA FROM BEYOND THE EARTH'S ATMOSPHERE!
ONE DAY LATER, THE ROCKETS RETURNED! BUT
THIS TIME
THERE WERE
THIRTEEN!



AND WHEN THE LAST ROCKET

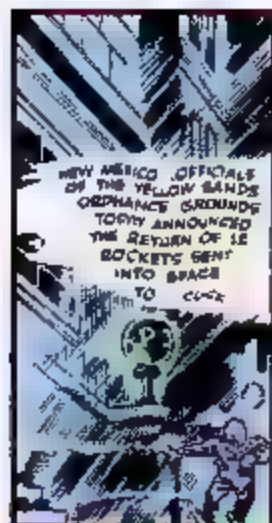


LANDED.



A MAN EMERGED

BY WILL EISNER

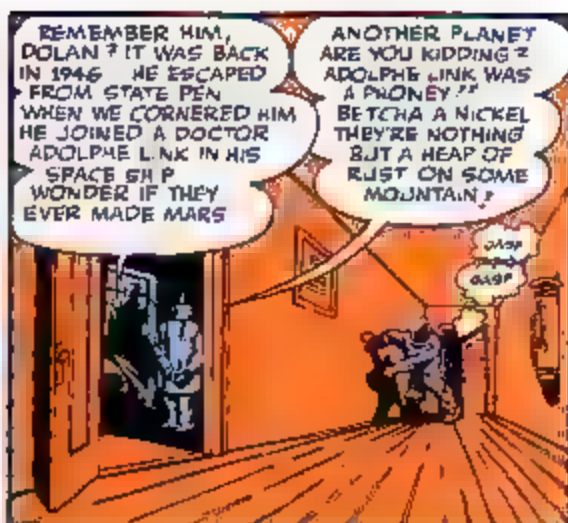


NEW MEXICO OFFICIALS OF THE YELLOW SANDS ORDNANCE GROUNDS TODAY ANNOUNCED THE RETURN OF 12 ROCKETS SENT INTO SPACE TO CLUCK



ROCKET SHIPS HMPH! NEVER THOUGHT I'D SEE 'EM IN MY TIME... FEEL LIKE I'M GETTING OLD, SPIRIT!

HMMM... SOMEHOW ALL THESE INTERPLANETARY ATTEMPTS MAKE ME THINK OF ARTEMUS PEAP.



REMEMBER HIM, DOLAN? IT WAS BACK IN 1946 HE ESCAPED FROM STATE PEN WHEN WE CORNERED HIM. HE JOINED A DOCTOR ADOLPHE LINK IN HIS SPACE SHIP. WONDER IF THEY EVER MADE MARS.

ANOTHER PLANET? ARE YOU KIDDING? ADOLPHE LINK WAS A PRONEY? BETCHA A NICKEL THEY'RE NOTHING BUT A HEAP OF RUST ON SOME MOUNTAIN.

GASP
GASP



ER??

I... GASP... I...
I AM...
ADOLPHE...
LINK

HEY... THIS MAN'S BEEN SHOT IN THE BACK!



GASP LISTEN CLOSELY AND TRY TO BELIEVE WHAT I SAY. I KNOW IT WILL SOUND FANTASTIC, BUT DO NOT INTERRUPT.
THERE IS NO... TIME



IN 1945 DURING THE LATE WAR THE NAZIS, IN A LAST DESPERATE ATTEMPT, SENT FOUR ROCKET STATIONS INTO OUTER SPACE. FROM THERE THEY MEANT TO PROPEL V-2 ROCKETS ONTO THE UNITED STATES! HOWEVER, THEIR AGENTS LOST ALL CONTACT WITH EARTH, AND NEVER RECEIVED THE GO-ALREADY SIGNAL!

AND SO THEY REMAINED... A MASS OF V-2 BOMBS AND FOUR ROCKET STATIONS FROM WHICH TO LAUNCH THEM FLOATING ENDLESSLY IN UNEXPLORED SPACE 20,000 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH



OF THE FOUR ROCKET STATIONS, TWO WERE HIT BY PLANETIDS AND DESTROYED WHILE ONE UNIT DRIFTED INTO THE EARTH'S GRAVITY PULL AND CRASHED SOMEWHERE IN THE ATLANTIC OCEAN

AND SO, IN THE VAST EMPTINESS BEYOND THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF THE EARTH, THERE REMAINED FLOATING AIMLESSLY AMID FRAGMENTS OF ASTEROIDS THE LAST OF THE MAN-MADE OBJECTS... UNTIL ARTEMUS PEAP AND I CAME ALONG

WE ARE HERE, MR PEAP!

YEAH?? WHERE?

HMPF! AFTER THREE YEARS OF TRAVELIN'!! WHAT KIND OF GOOFY TRIP DID YOU TALK ME INTO?

WE ARE 20,000 MILES ABOVE THE EARTH PEAP THE FIRST MEN EVER TO TRAVEL THIS FAR!

I AM SURE YOU PREFER BEING HERE, RATHER THAN IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE OR THE SPIRIT BACK ON EARTH

YEAH... YEAH... O.K. NOW WHAT? DO WE GO FIGHT-SEEING?

I'M AFRAID THERE IS NOT MUCH TO SEE! THERE IS NO LIGHT! NO SOUND! NO AIR! WE ARE IN A VACUUM ABOVE THE WORLD!!

WAIT! DON'T GO OUT THERE... YOU'LL FALL!!

THERE IS NO PLACE TO FALL, PEAP! NO "DOWN", NO "UP"! FOLLOW ME FOR YEARS I HAVE WAITED FOR THIS MOMENT!

YOU CAN NOT KNOW HOW I FELT AT THAT MOMENT! AFTER YEARS OF CAREFULLY CONSTRUCTING THE SPACE SHIP AND PLANNING THE PRESSURIZED SUITS WE WORE, MY DREAM HAD BEEN ACHIEVED!

AND THEN WE HEARD THE FIRST OUTSIDE SOUND SINCE LEAVING THE EARTH'S SURFACE... AND THE THOUGHT OF WHAT WE HEARD STILL CHILLS ME!

CAN YOU IMAGINE? THERE IS NO FRICTION HERE! LIMITLESS SPEED IS POSSIBLE!

NOBODY UP HERE!! JUST YOU AND ME... IT BEGINS TO GIVE ME A FEELIN' OF POWER...

HEIL HITLER! AT LAST YOU HAVE ARRIVED!

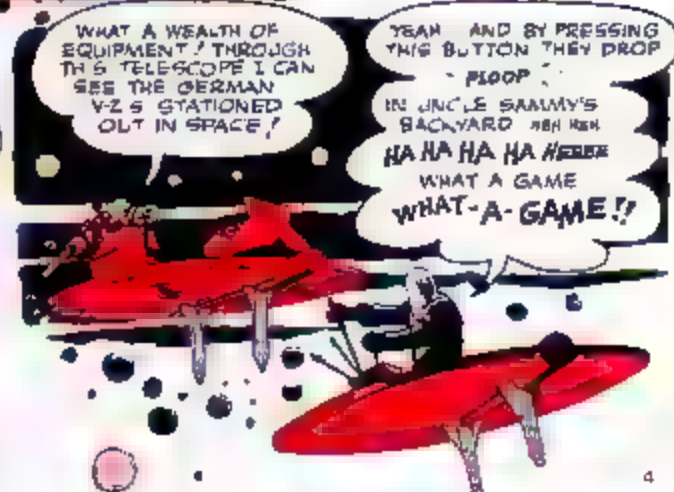
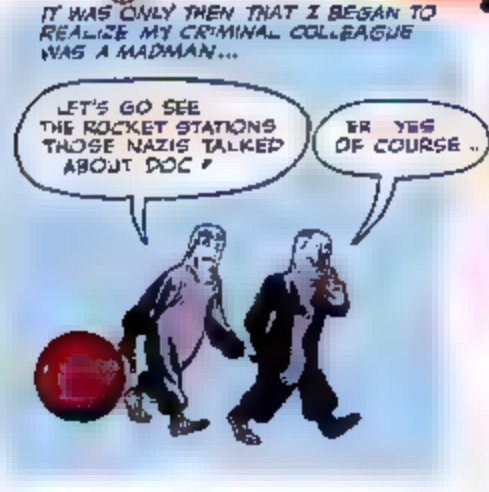


FIGURE IT, PROFESSOR
ME ARTEMUS PEAP
HAVING ALL THIS POWER
IN MY HANDS!! ANY
TIME I'M IN THE
MOOD WHENEVER THE
FEELING HITS ME
I CAN WIPE OUT
ANY SPOT ON THE EARTH!
GOT ANY PLACE YA
WANT BOMBED,
PALLEY??
HA HA HA HA HA

NOW,
PEAP
TAKE
IT
EASY

HAW!

SCARED YA,
HUN? DON'T WORRY
I AIN'T GOIN' TO DO
IT NOT YET,
ANYHOW!

HAW HAW HAW

HE WENT ON LAUGHING, LEAPING
AND DOWN IN THE VACUUMED SPACE

ARTEMUS PEAP
INTERPLANETARY EXPLORER
HA HA. THAT'S ME!!!
I'LL GO TO THE MOON
MAYBE MARS
HA HA!

C'MON PROF GET
INTO YOUR BUGGY
AN START US OFF!
THIS IS ONLY
THE BEGINNING!!

YOU'RE
MAD!
WE DON'T
HAVE THE
NECESSARY
EQUIPMENT.

HEY...WHAT'S
THAT??

SUDDENLY 12 ROCKETS
BURST INTO VIEW

ROCKETS!

COPS IT MUST
BE COPS THEY
FOLLOWED ME
YOU MUSTA
SENT 'EM!!

NO,
PEAP.
NO!

YES...YOU RADIOED
BACK THAT'S WHAT
YOU DID I WARNED
YOU ABOUT
DOUBLE CROSSIN'
ME, DOC!

BANG



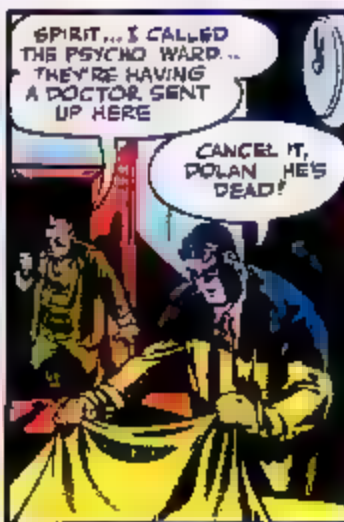
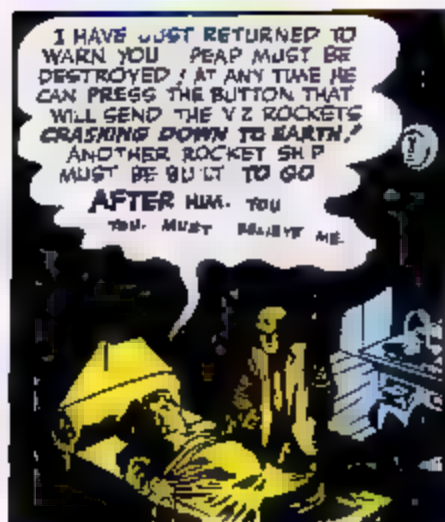
HE RAN OUT OF BULLETS,
WHICH GAVE ME A FEW
PRECIOUS SECONDS



JUST ENOUGH TIME TO GET
ABOARD MY SHIP... SLAM THE
DOOR SHUT... AND



AND THE LAST I SAW OF ARTEMUS PEAP WAS A LONELY LITTLE MAN
RUNNING MADLY AFTER MY SHIP. HE IS THERE STILL,
AND SO ARE THE V-2 BOMBS!!

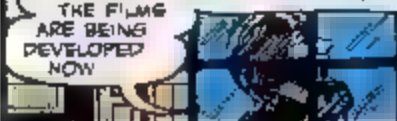


CANCEL IT,
DOLAN. HE'S
DEAD!



HELLO OPERATOR
I'D LIKE TO MAKE A
LONG DISTANCE
CALL TO YELLOW
SANDS...

YES THIS IS PROFESSOR GREY AT YELLOW SANDS PROVING GROUNDS. WHAT? MAN RETURNED FROM OUTER SPACE? HE SAID WHAT?? RIDICULOUS. SPIRIT? THE MAN WAS OBVIOUSLY A FRAUD! YEE! ALL THE ROCKETS WE SHOT UP HAVE RETURNED. THE FILMS ARE BEING DEVELOPED NOW.



"CRACKLE." MAN IN OUTER SPACE. SURE. SILLY. SCIENCE IS JUST ADVANCING TOO FAST FOR THE AVERAGE MAN. WE'LL BE GETTING CRANK CALLS REGULARLY NOW THAT WE



HAMMER



WOW!!



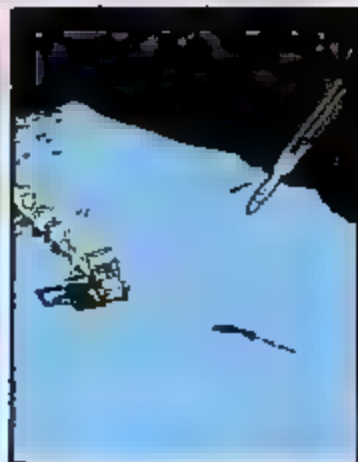
CALL THE SPIRIT CENTRAL CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS. HURRY. FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE!!



HELLO SPIRIT. WAIT WHERE YOU ARE!! I HAVE SOMETHING ASTOUNDING TO SHOW YOU!



(PUFF PUFF) THERE IS NOT A MOMENT TO LOSE



Y'VEEN THERE ALL RIGHT SPIRIT. NO USE WAITIN' ANY LONGER! THAT GUY'LL NEVER SHOW UP. MUST'VE BEEN PULLING YOUR LEGS





YOUNG DR. EBONY

May 29, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

THE SPIRIT

by **WILL EISNER**

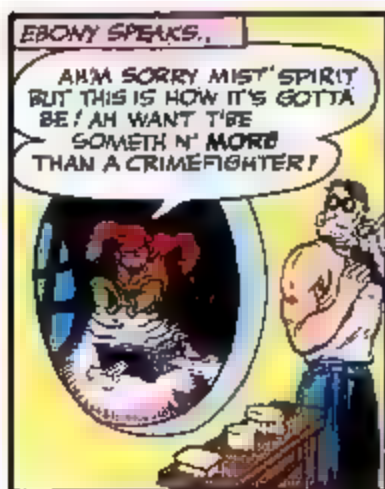
We regret to announce that Mr. Eisner is sick this week. So, at great expense, we have obtained the services of Alonzo Hack for the writing of this story. Mr. Hack, as you all know, is the well-known writer of radio daytime serials.



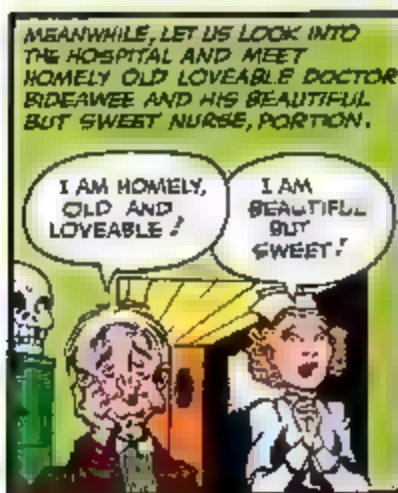
YOUNG DR. EBONY

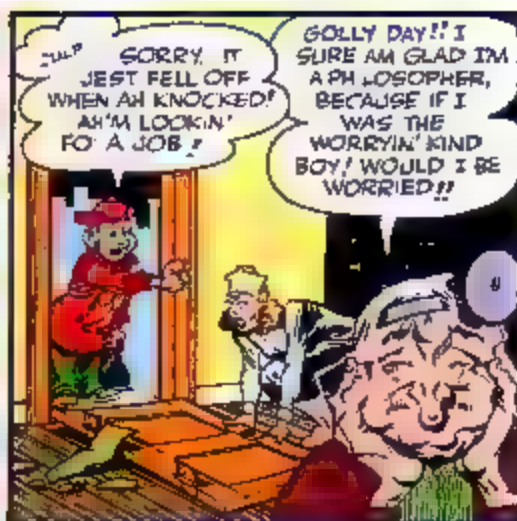
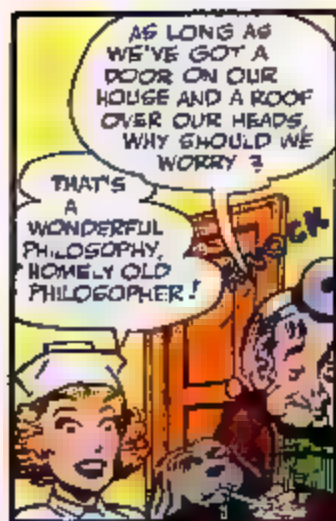
THE STORY OF A YOUNG MAN'S STRUGGLE THROUGH LIFE
THAT ASKS THE QUESTION
"CAN A YOUNG MAN STRUGGLE THROUGH LIFE?"

WHEN LAST WE MET YOUNG EBONY HE HAD DECIDED TO GIVE UP HIS CAREER AS THE SPIRIT'S ASSISTANT, AND ENTER THE MEDICAL PROFESSION. AS OUR SCENE OPENS, EBONY IS PACKING...



AND SO, WITH HEART BEATING PROUDLY, YOUNG DR WHITE STARTS OUT ON HIS CAREER





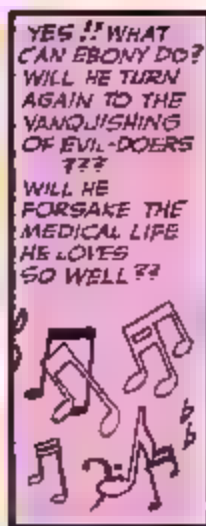
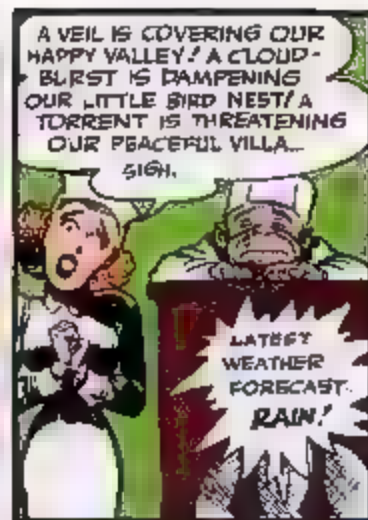
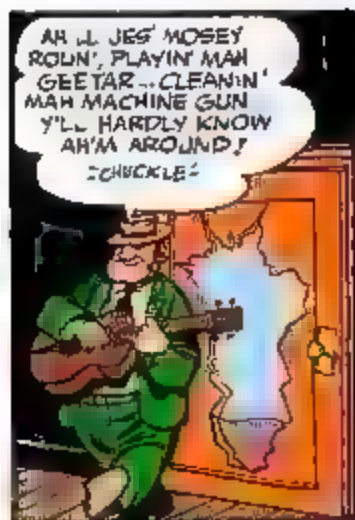
BUT WHILE YOUNG DOCTOR WHITE NOBLY FULFILLS HIS DREAMS, LITTLE DOES HE KNOW OF THE EVIL FORCES THAT SPEED EVER CLOSER TO HIM...



SOUND EFFECT

♪♪♪

ORGAN MUSIC



BUT EVEN AS HE PONDERES HIS PROBLEM,
DARK EVENTS LOOM ON THE HORIZON...





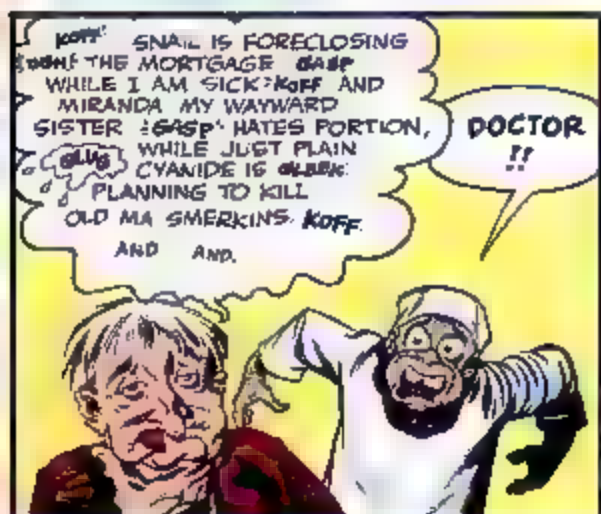
A BRIEF INTERLUDE FOR FRED BALGAM AND HIS POEMS THAT CLUTCH THE HEART

*Oh, I can't forget those dinners
That we et at Grandma's place.
When we'd sit for seven hours
Shovin' stuffin' in our face*

*Oh, the dumplin's went down smoothly,
And the huckleberry tart,
But that forty-second meatball
Keeps a-clutchin' at my heart...*

AND NOW... BACK TO HOMELY OLD PHILOSOPHER

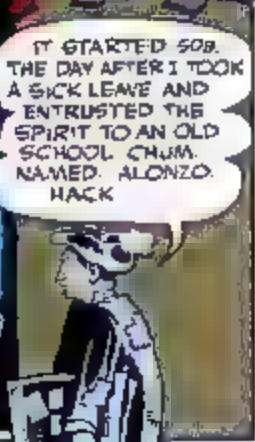
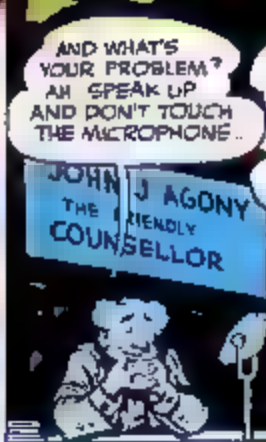
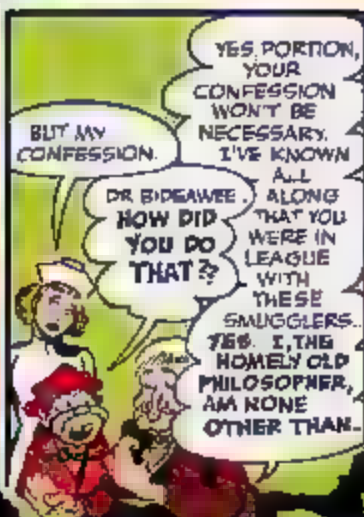
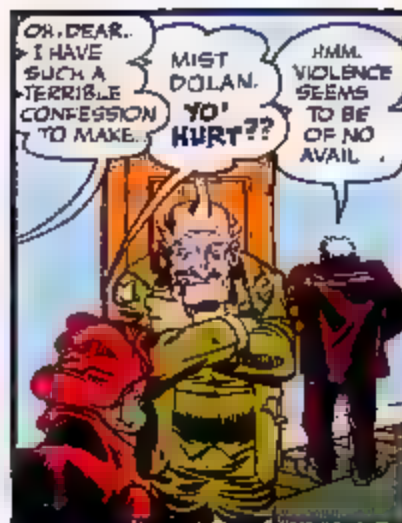
YOU'LL REMEMBER THAT JUST PLAIN CYANIDE AND MIRANDA OF ALCATRAZ HILL INVADED THE BIDEAWEE HOME FOR DOGS TO USE IT AS A RECEIVING DEPOT FOR SMUGGLED DIAMONDS. NOW..





AND SO WHEN WE NEXT SEE YOUNG DOCTOR EBONY, HE IS WITH HARD BUT HONEST COMMISSIONER DOLAN AS THEY TRY TO BRING A LITTLE LAW INTO THE LIVES OF JUST PLAIN CYANIDE AND MIRANDA OF ALCATRAZ HILL..







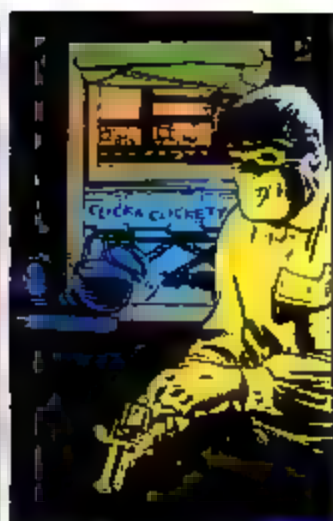
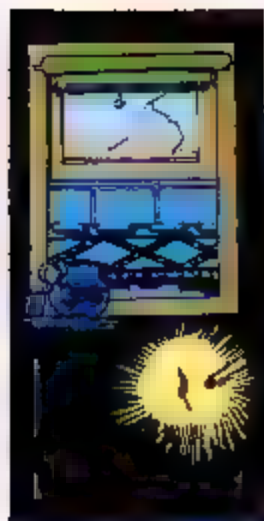
BLACK ALLEY

June 5, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



The farthest point north in Central City is a section called "Black Alley". Daytime, it is a bustling, busy warehouse and factory district filled with smoke and steam. Evenings, it becomes a noisy community of pitiful humanity swarming about the seedy tenements between the factories. But after midnight and until dawn, only shadows move in the silence... silence that is sometimes broken by a scream.



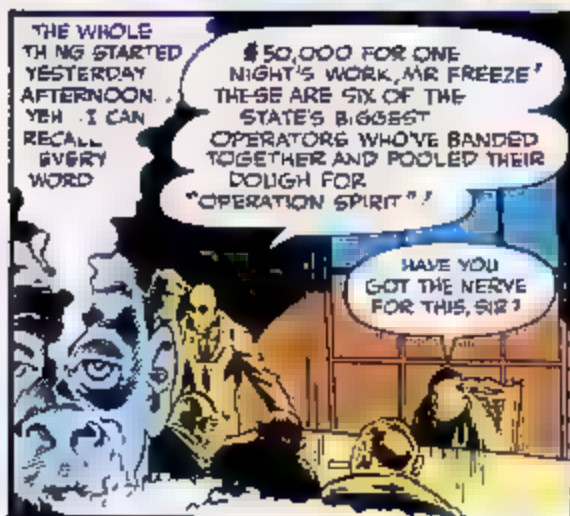
THE LAST TRAIN IT'S TWO A.M.
NOW THERE WON'T BE ANOTHER
ONE FOR AN HOUR...



BRR HOW QUIET IT'S
BECOME I MUST
NOT START THINKING
NOW. GOT A BIG JOB
AHEAD YES SIR.



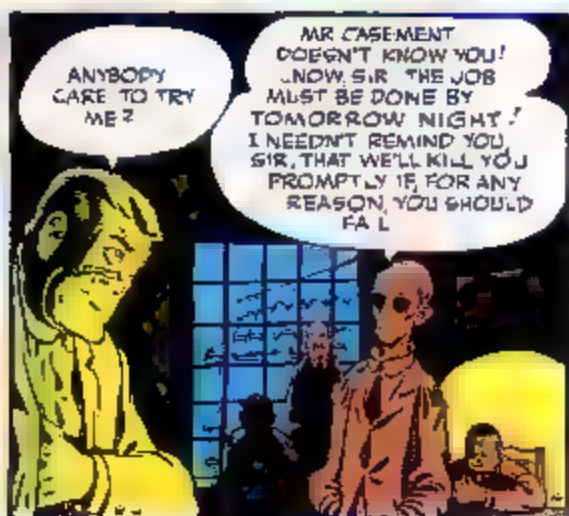
YES SIR...
**TONIGHT I KILL
THE SPIRIT!**
...AND THAT'S A
MIGHTY BIG JOB...



THE WHOLE
THING STARTED
YESTERDAY
AFTERNOON...
YEH I CAN
RECALL
EVERY
WORD

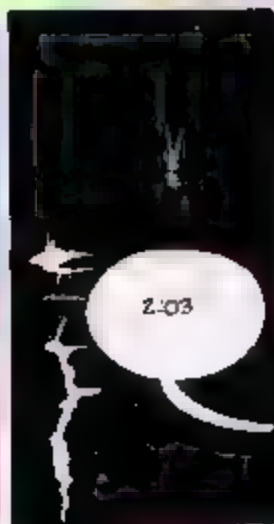
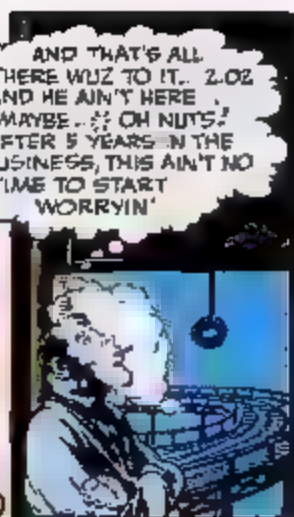
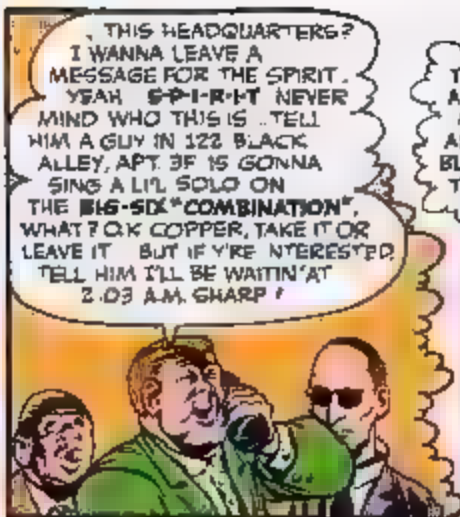
\$50,000 FOR ONE
NIGHT'S WORK, MR FREEZE?
THESE ARE SIX OF THE
STATE'S BIGGEST
OPERATORS WHO'VE Banded
TOGETHER AND POOLED THEIR
DOUGH FOR
"OPERATION SPIRIT"?

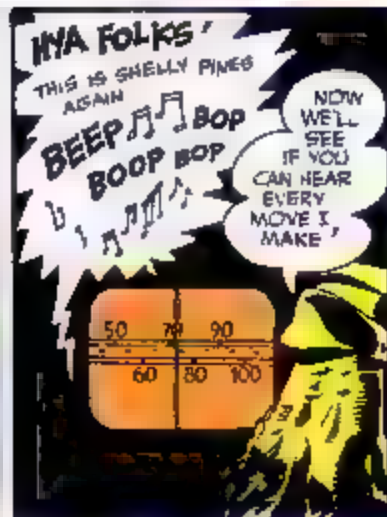
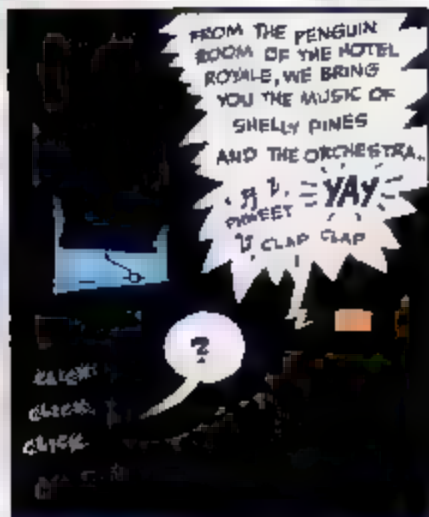
HAVE YOU
GOT THE NERVE
FOR THIS, SIR?

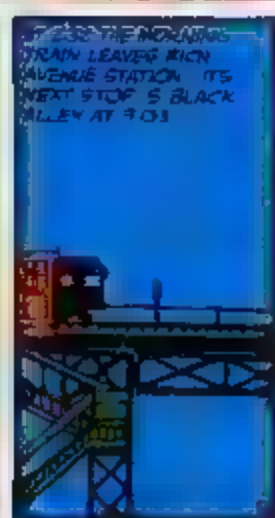
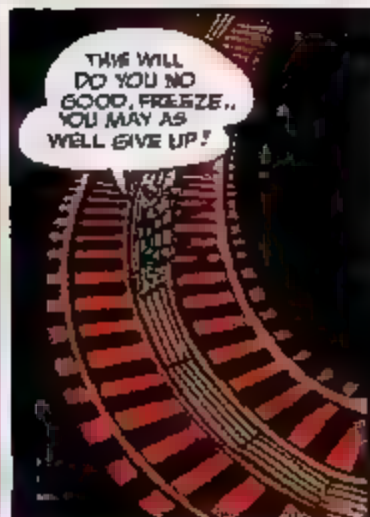


ANYBODY
CARE TO TRY
ME?

MR CASEMENT
DOESN'T KNOW YOU!
NOW, SIR THE JOB
MUST BE DONE BY
TOMORROW NIGHT!
I NEEDN'T REMIND YOU
SIR, THAT WE'LL KILL YOU
PROMPTLY IF, FOR ANY
REASON, YOU SHOULD
FALL

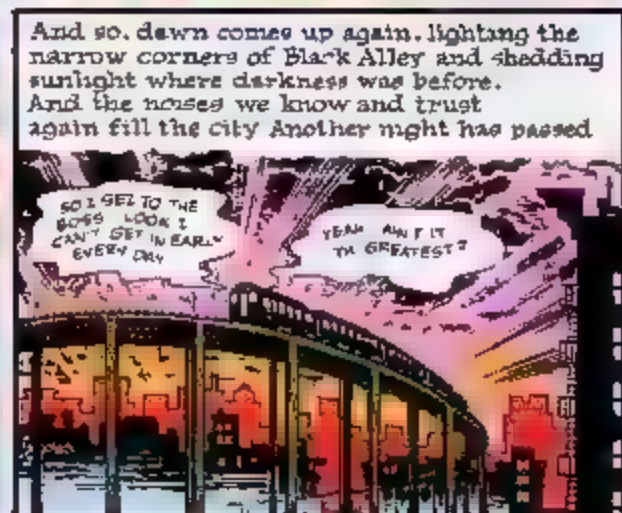






Yes in daytime Black Alley is a bustling warehouse district filled with smoke and steam, evenings, it is a noisy community of pitiful humanity swarming about the seedy tenements.





Satin



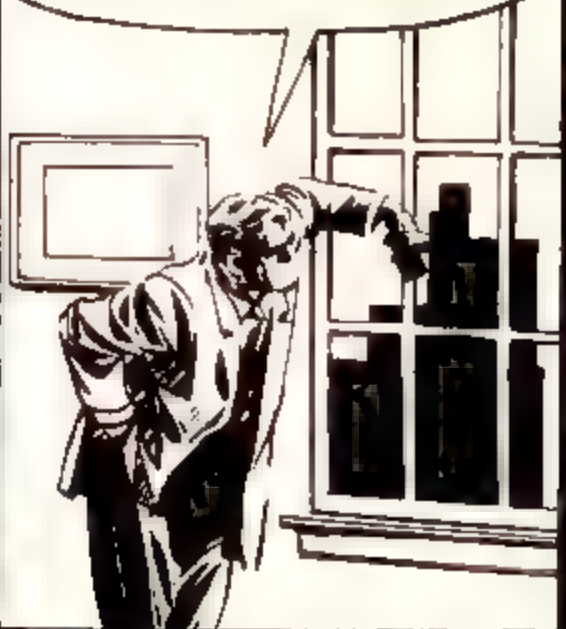
THE ISLAND OF PUERTO QUE IS ONE OF THOSE COUNTLESS PLEASURE-SPOTS THAT LITTER THE SEA SURROUNDING THE FAMOUS BARBADOS.



BARBADOS, YOU'LL REMEMBER, WAS A FAVORITE SPOT FOR BUCCANEERS OF OLD... TODAY, MODERN BUCCANEERS OF COMMERCE TAKE THEIR PLEASURE HERE IN COMFORTABLE MANSIONS.



IT'S SAFE..IN FOREIGN TERRITORY... AND PRYING TOURISTS ARE KEPT AWAY BY THE HURRICANES!



NO...I WAS NOT THINKING OF A VACATION...NOR WAS THERE ANY CHANCE I'D SEE A HURRICANE..UNTIL THE DOOR TO DOLAN'S OFFICE SWUNG OPEN...



...AND SHE STEPPED IN..WINDBLOWN AND BEAUTIFUL..WITH AN AGELESSNESS THAT MADE ME THINK OF SORCERY...

SATIN!



AN INSTANT LATER...

SPIRIT.. DARLING.. IT'S BEEN SUCH A LONG TIME...

EASY, EASY...IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME, I'LL ADMIT...BUT BY THE RING ON YOUR LEFT HAND, YOU SHOULDN'T BE THROWING YOUR ARMS AROUND JUST ANY MAN!

I'M MARRIED NOW...TO KURT VAN BRECK..HE'S AN IMPORTER..WE MET IN SCOTLAND..LAST YEAR WE MOVED TO PUERTO QUE IN THE BARBADOS. YOU'D LIKE KURT. HE'S BEEN A WONDERFUL STEP-FATHER TO MY DAUGHTER HILDIE.

SATIN MARRIED.. SIGH... WHEN YOUR FIRST HUSBAND DIED, I THOUGHT... OH, WELL.. I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY...

I WAS HAPPY, SPIRIT... UNTIL A MONTH AGO, WHEN A MAN ON OUR ISLAND WAS BRUTALLY MURDERED!

HOW DOES THAT AFFECT YOU?

NEXT WEEK, MY HUSBAND KURT WILL BE TRIED FOR THAT MURDER...AND I NEED YOUR HELP... TO PROVE HIM INNOCENT !!

Y-YOU'LL COME, WON'T YOU? I MEAN, EVEN THOUGH HE'S MY HUSBAND..

YOU KNEW I WOULD, SATIN...

THE FLIGHT FROM CENTRAL CITY TO PUERTO QUE IS USUALLY PEACEFUL.. BUT TODAY A HEAVY CONCENTRATION OF CLOUDS PILED UP ON THE HORIZON LIKE A GATHERING HORDE BEFORE AN ATTACK...I WAS TRYING TO PIECE THE STORY TOGETHER...

THE VICTIM'S NAME WAS SIR CLIVEDON PERCH. HE WAS A BRITISH DIPLOMAT... WHEN HIS BODY WAS WASHED ASHORE, KURT WAS ARRESTED !

...MOTIVE ?

THERE'S REALLY NO MOTIVE ! THE WHOLE AFFAIR IS RIDICULOUS !

DO YOU REALLY THINK KURT IS INNOCENT, SATIN ?

IT DOESN'T MATTER WHAT I THINK ! I HAVE A DAUGHTER ! HILDIE MUST NOT GROW UP BRANDED A MURDERER'S DAUGHTER ! KURT MUST BE PROVED INNOCENT !

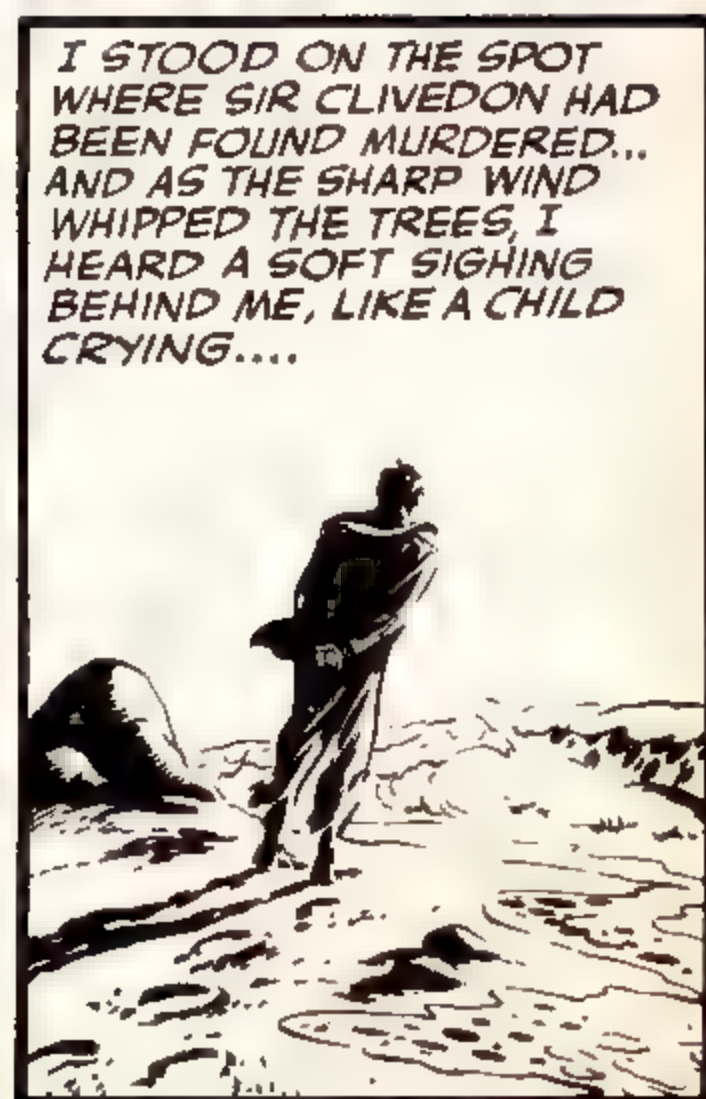
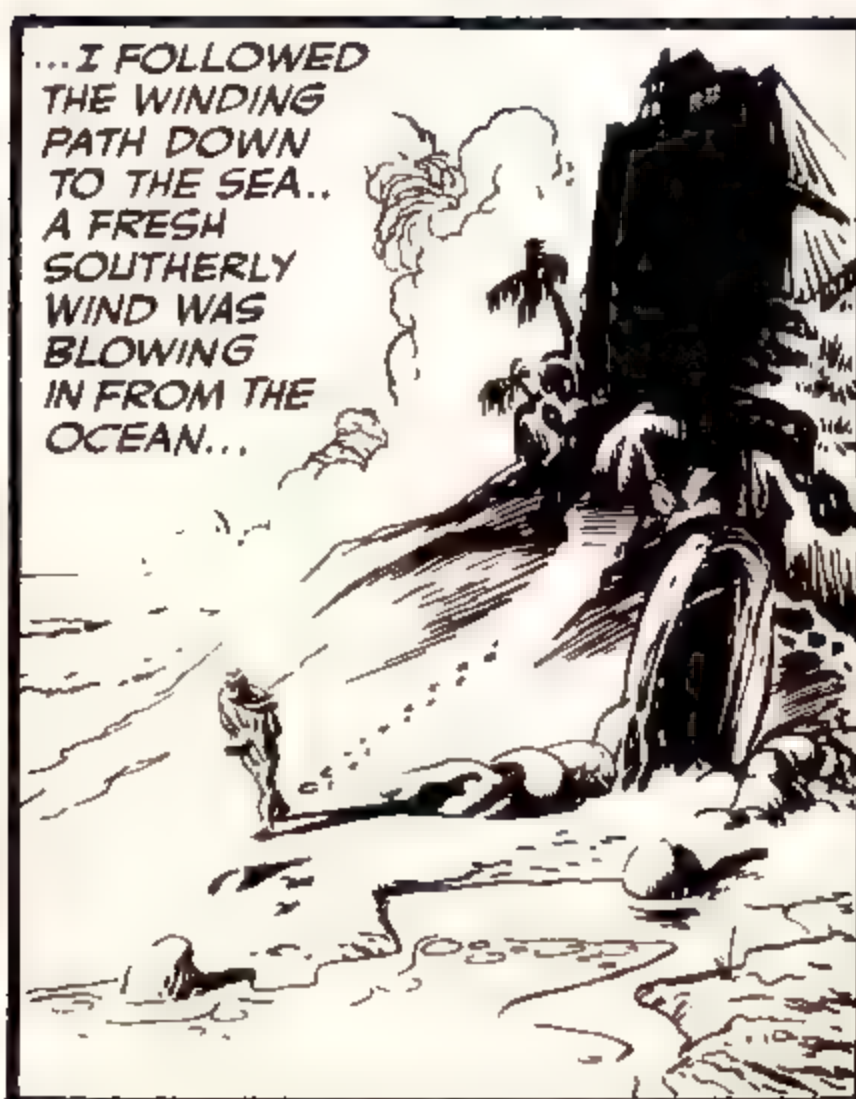
FASTEN YOUR SAFETY BELTS ! WE'RE COMING IN TO PUERTO QUE !

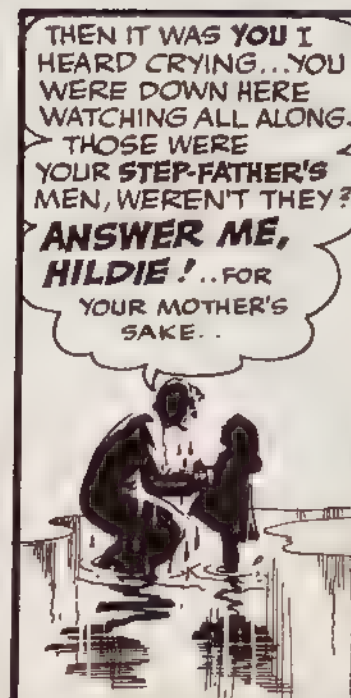
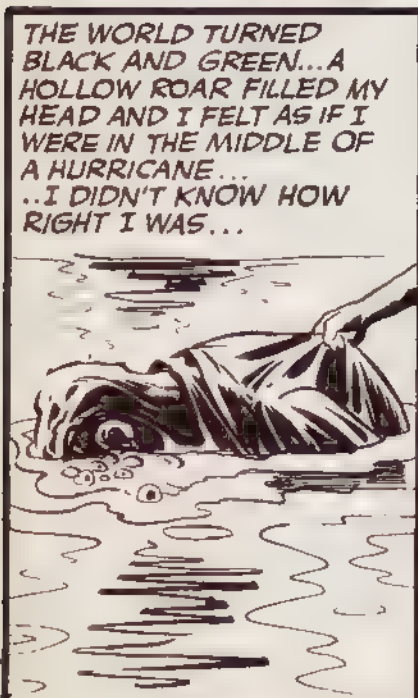
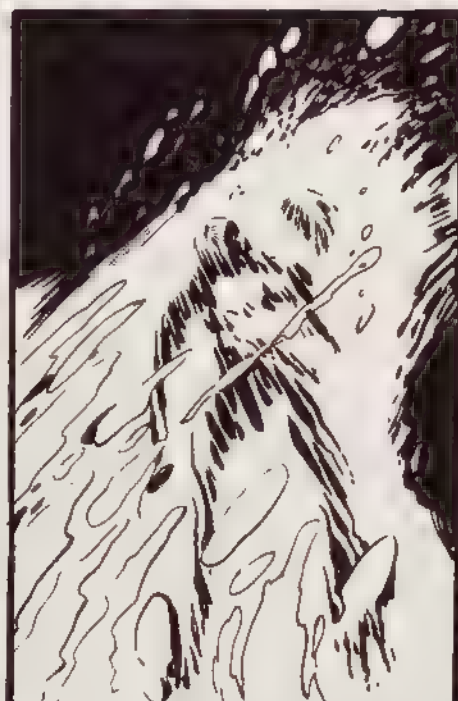
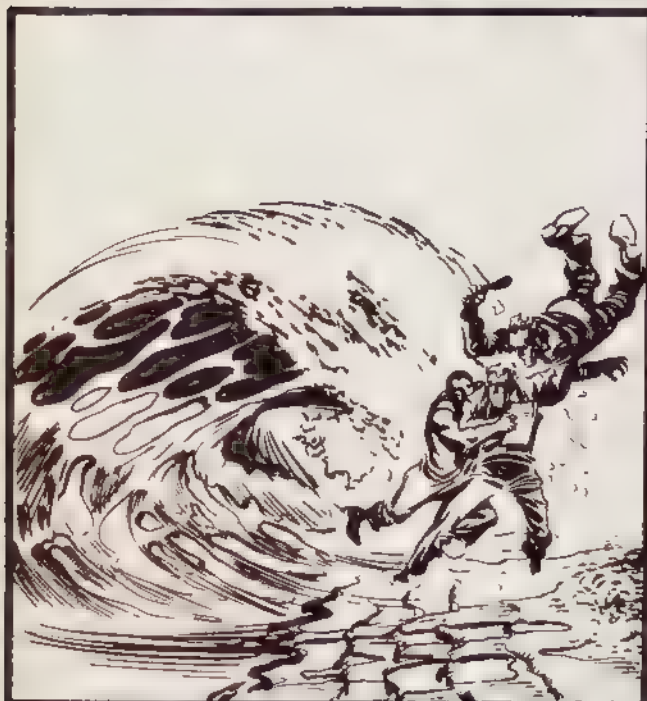
AS THE PLANE LANDED DEEP IN THE INTERIOR, I COULD SEE THE LIGHTS ON ONE OF THE PLANTATIONS ILLUMINATING THE BLACK JUNGLE THAT COVERED PUERTO QUE.

MUSIC..?

A PARTY. KURT LOVES PARTIES.

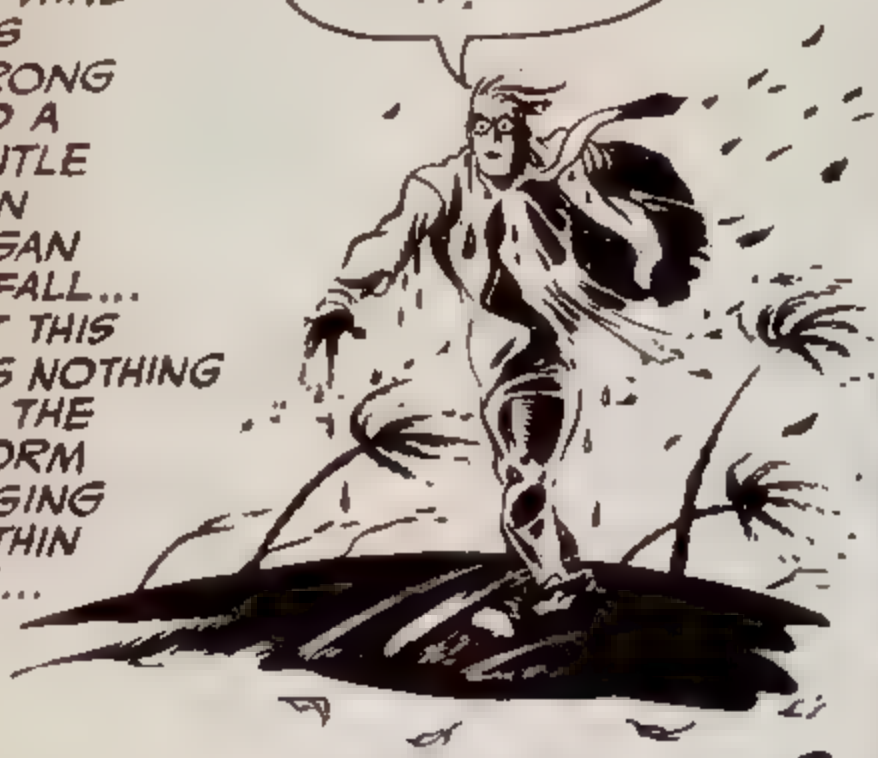
UH-OH..A PLANE HAS JUST LANDED ! WE'D BETTER GO BACK TO THE HOUSE, KURT !





I HEADED
BACK UP
THE
WINDING
ROAD...
THE WIND
WAS
STRONG
AND A
GENTLE
RAIN
BEGAN
TO FALL...
BUT THIS
WAS NOTHING
TO THE
STORM
RAGING
WITHIN
ME...

KURT WANTED THAT
BRIEF CASE PRETTY
BADLY... PERHAPS
BADLY ENOUGH
TO KILL FOR
IT!



AS I REACHED THE
PORTICO, I HEARD LOUD
SHOUTING...

SATIN... YOU
FOOL... YOU
BUMBLING
FOOL...
WHY DID YOU
BRING HIM?

KURT...
PLEASE...
NOT SO
LOUD...



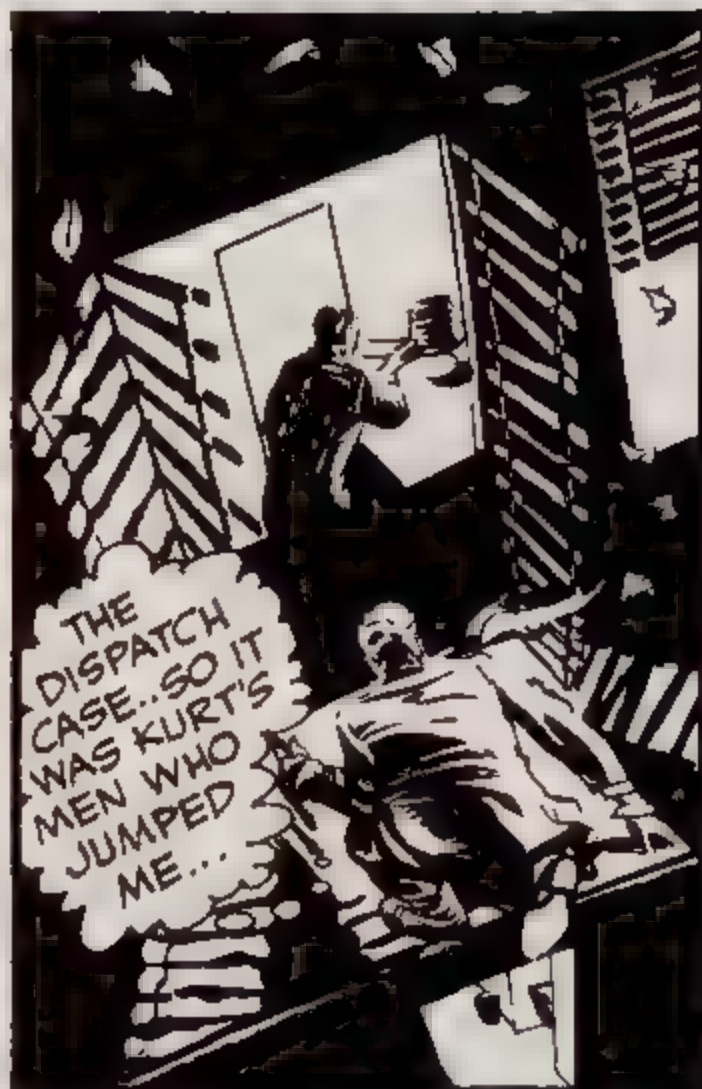
I WAS CERTAIN
TO BE ACQUITTED!!
... NOW THAT MASKED
MEDDLER WILL RUIN
EVERYTHING...
GOOD NIGHT!



...BETTER
LOOK IN ON
KURT...



THE
DISPATCH
CASE... SO IT
WAS KURT'S
MEN WHO
JUMPED
ME...



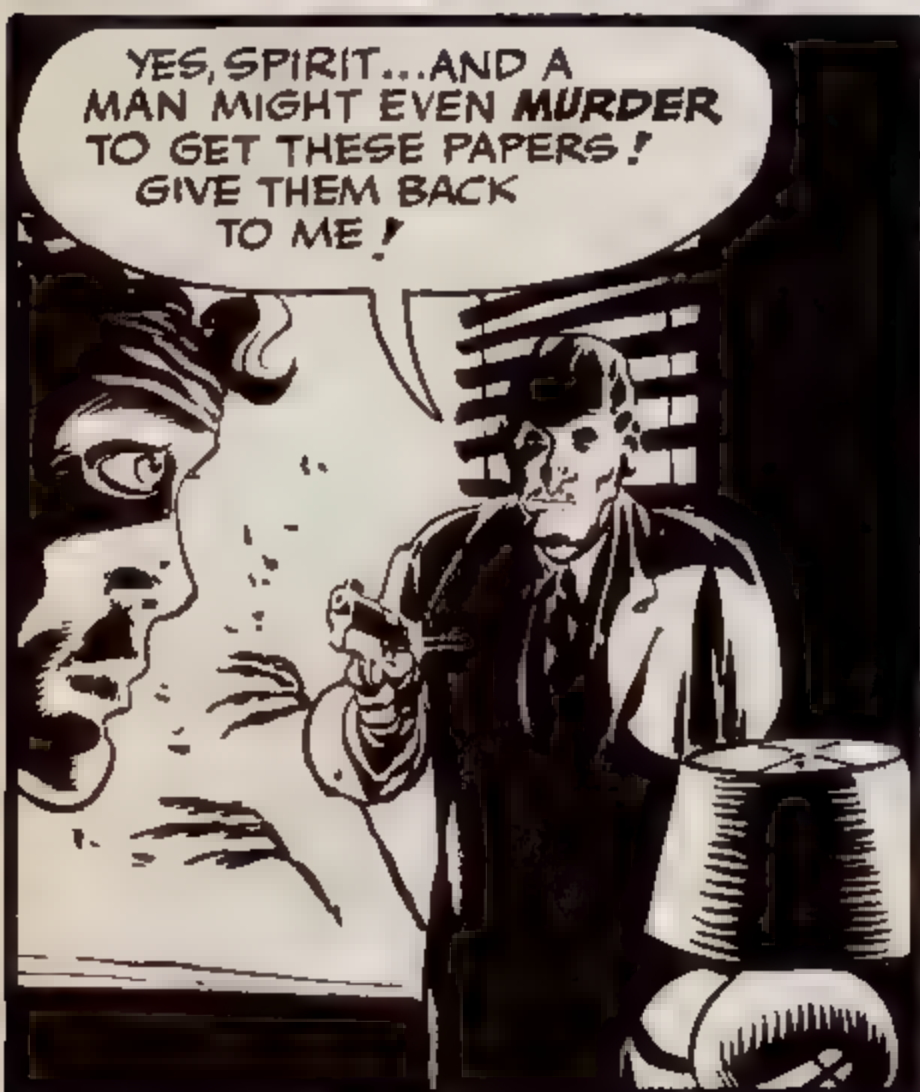
WELL, WELL...
TESTIMONY BY SIR
CLIVEDON... HMM...
SEEMS THAT KURT
VAN BRECK WAS
USING HIS IMPORTING
FIRM TO SMUGGLE
CONTRABAND
FROM SOUTH
ASIA!



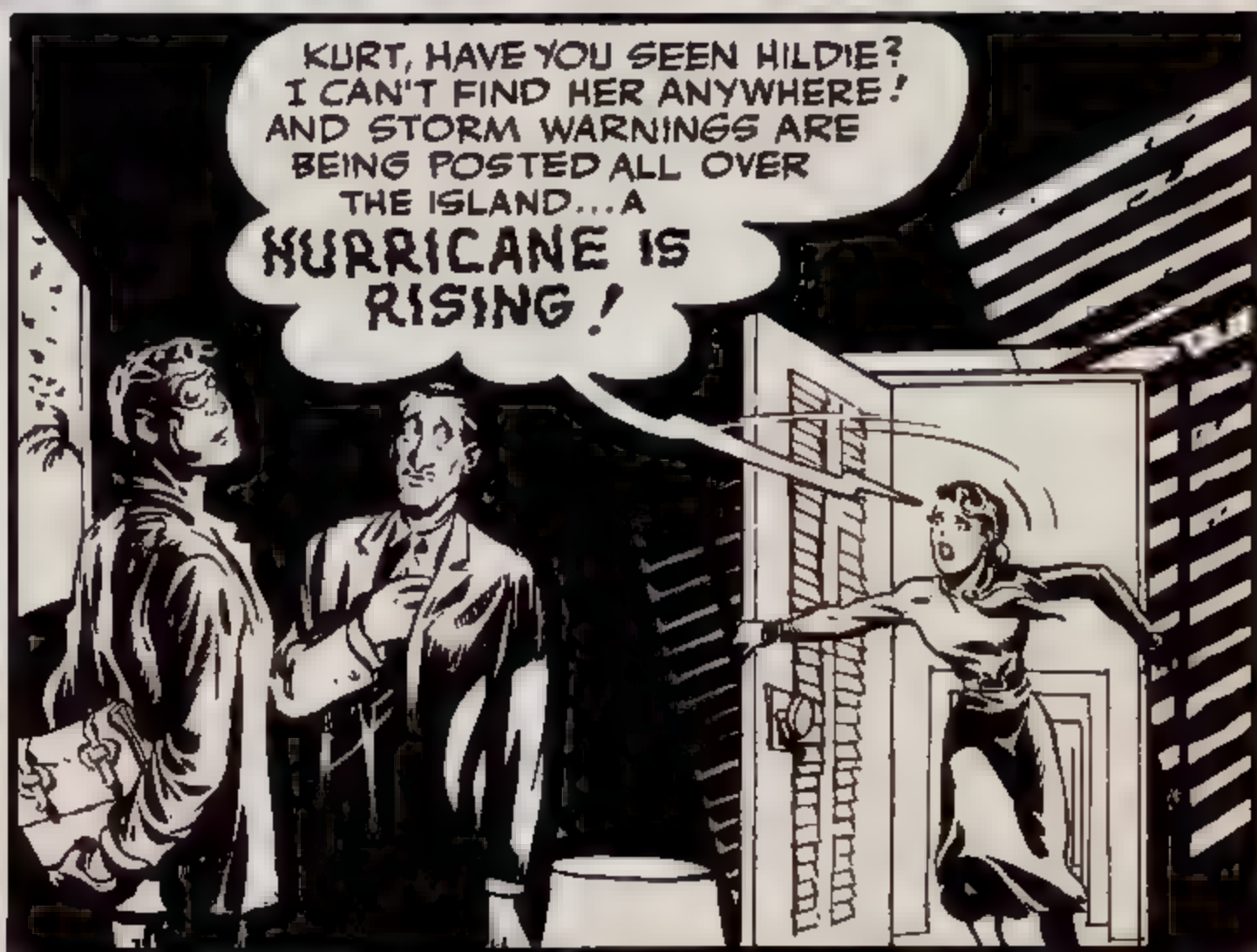
...IF THESE
PAPERS GOT
AROUND, THEY
MIGHT PROVE
DAMAGING...
MIGHTN'T THEY,
KURT?

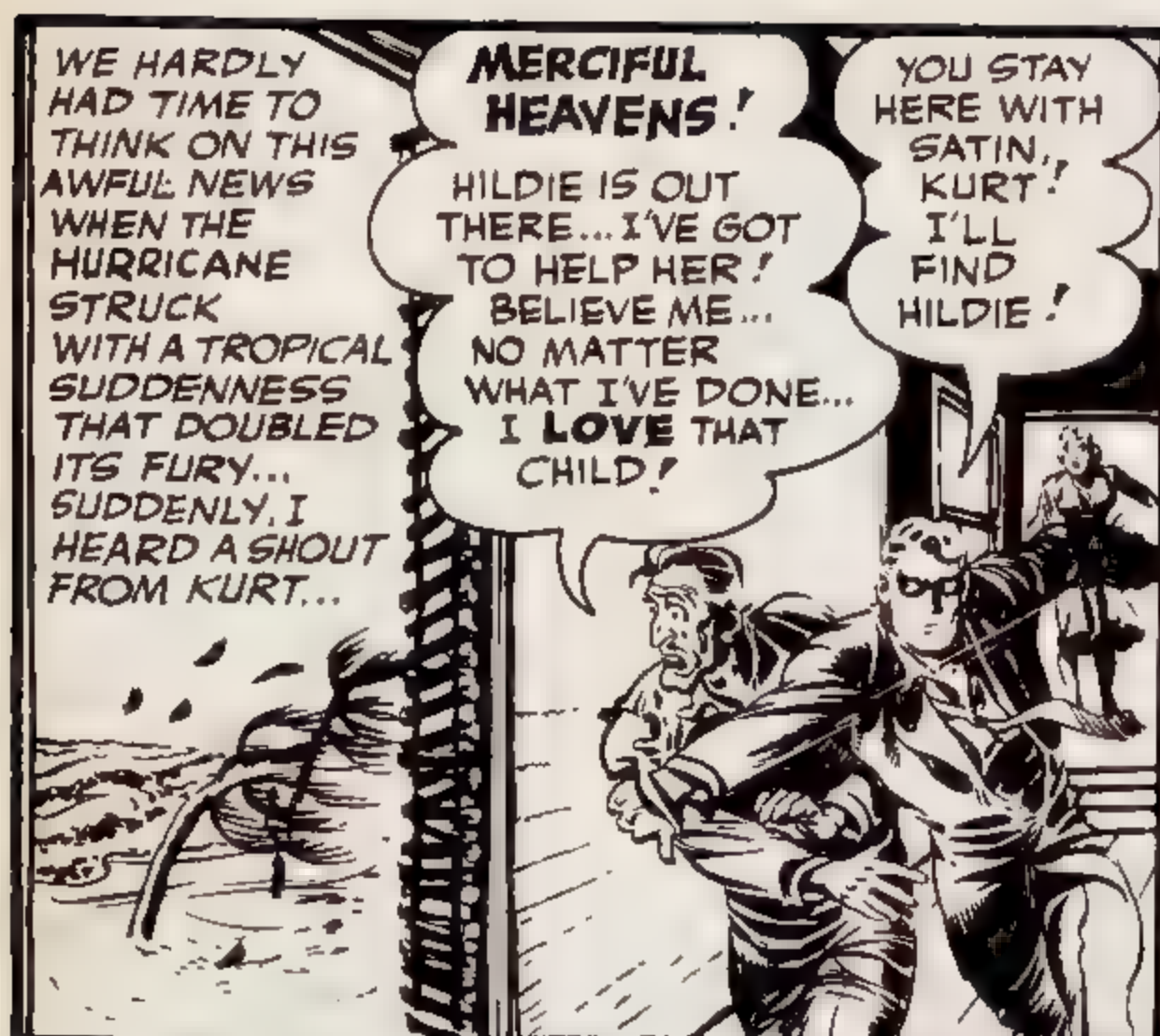


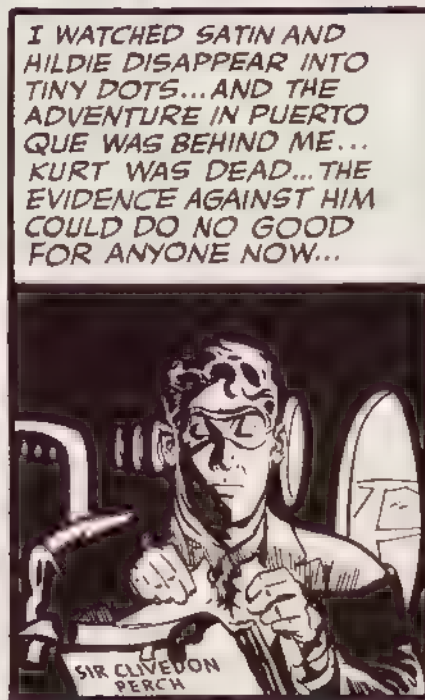
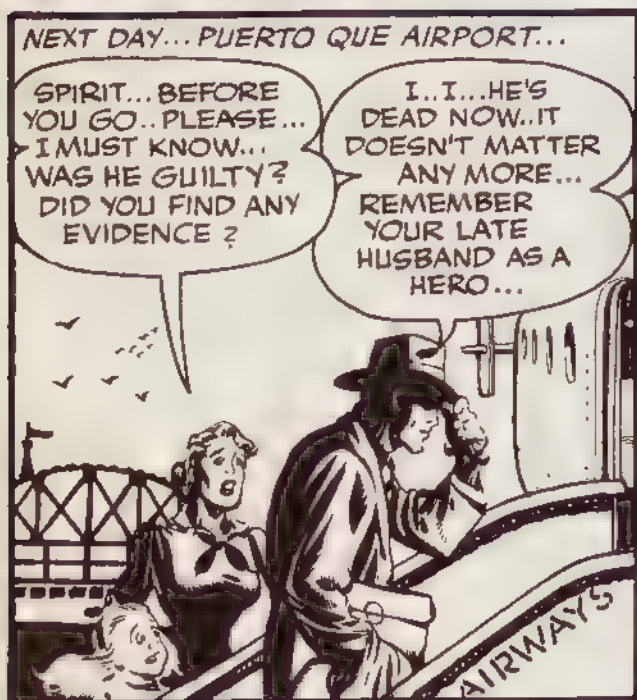
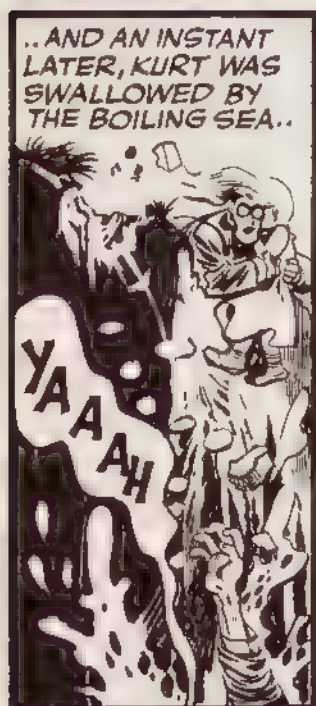
YES, SPIRIT... AND A
MAN MIGHT EVEN MURDER
TO GET THESE PAPERS!
GIVE THEM BACK
TO ME!



KURT, HAVE YOU SEEN HILDIE?
I CAN'T FIND HER ANYWHERE!
AND STORM WARNINGS ARE
BEING POSTED ALL OVER
THE ISLAND... A
**HURRICANE IS
RISING!**





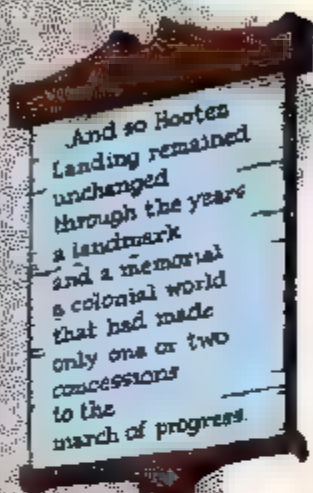
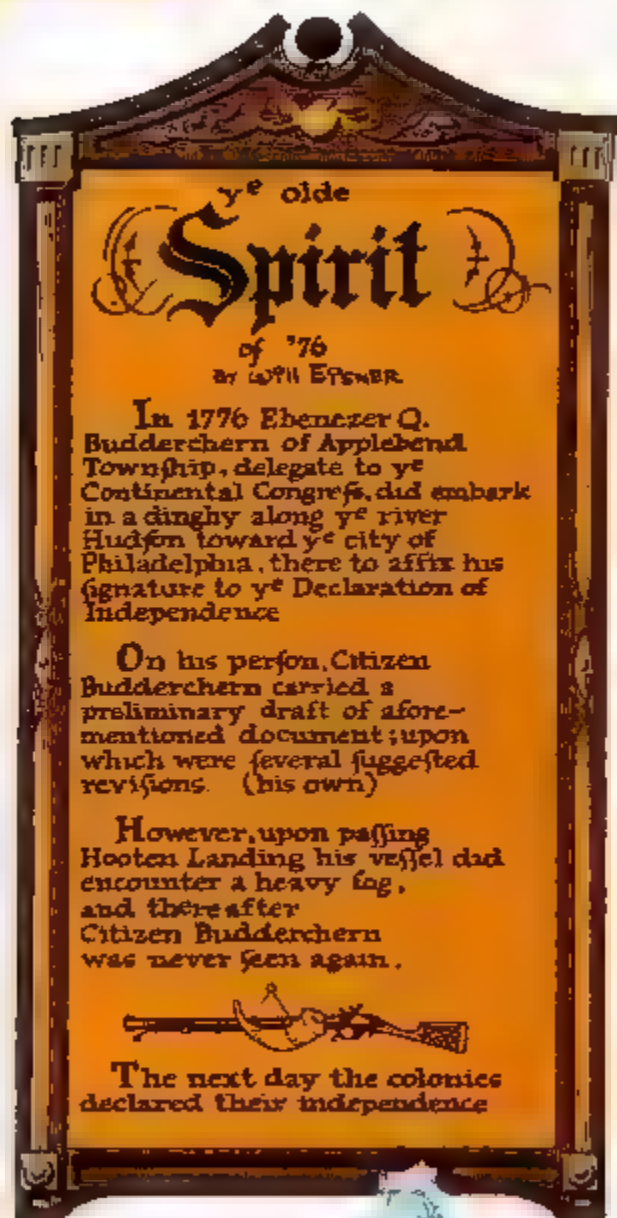


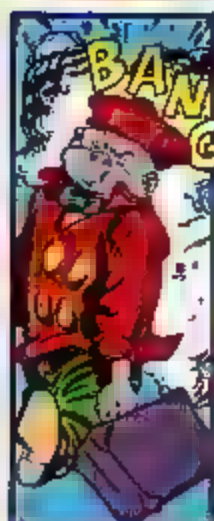
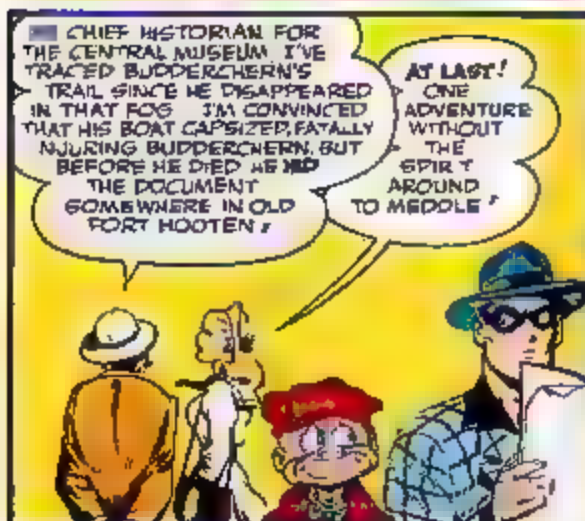
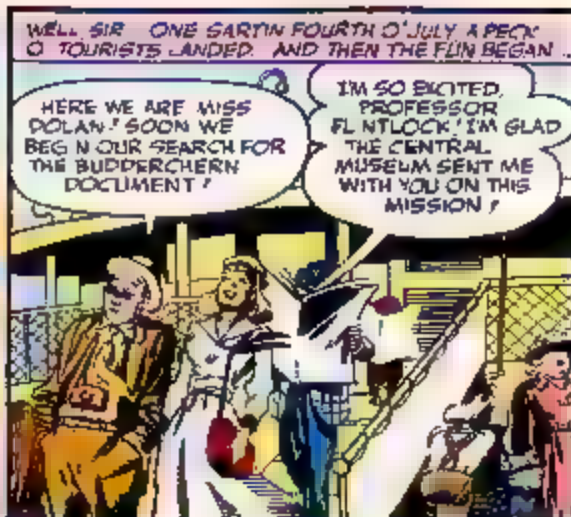
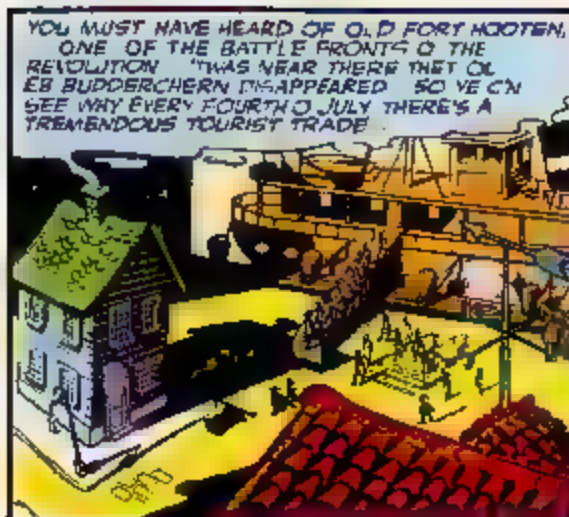


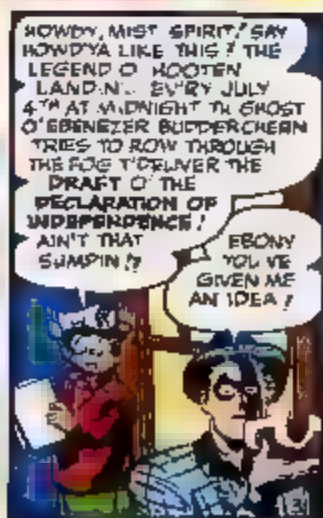
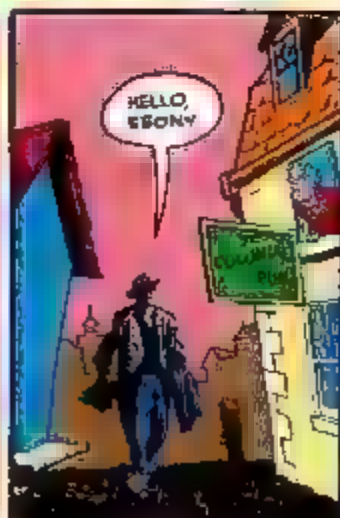
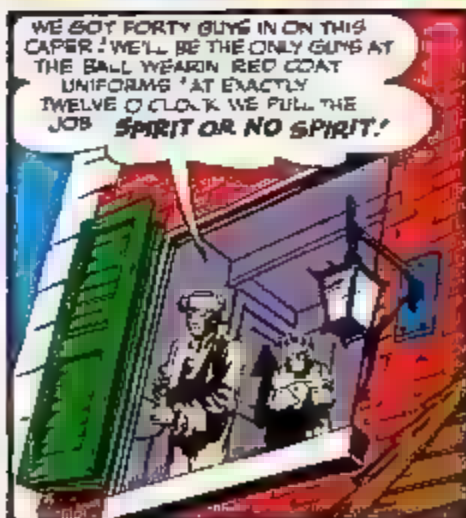
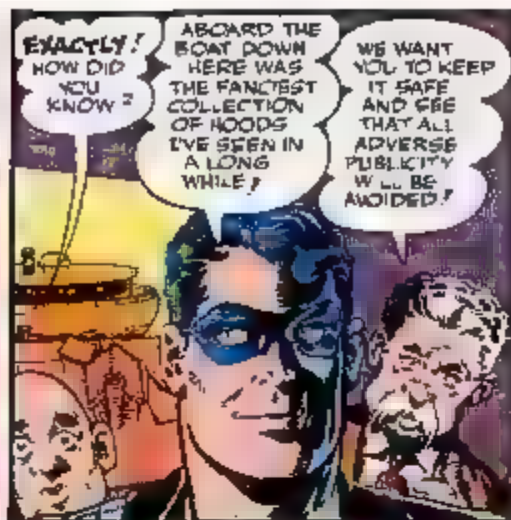
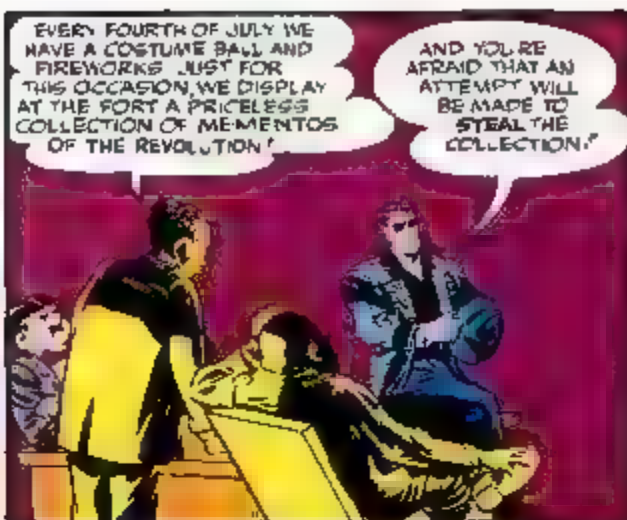
YE OLDE SPIRIT OF '76

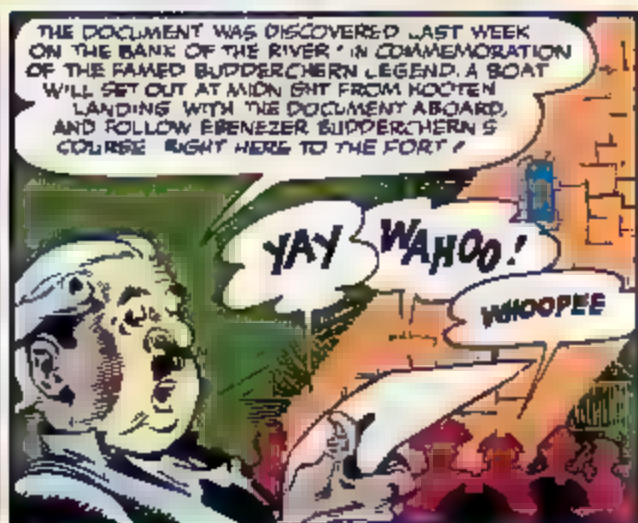
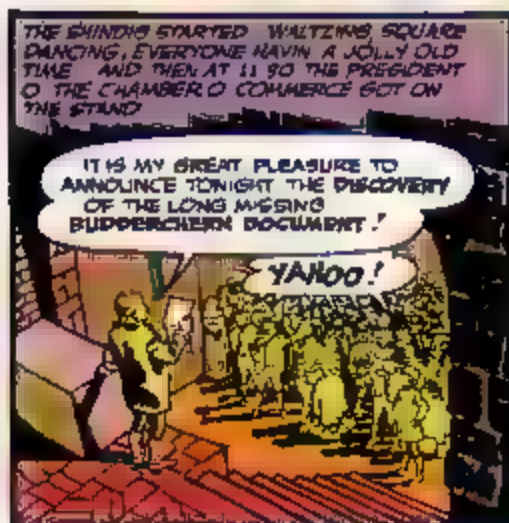
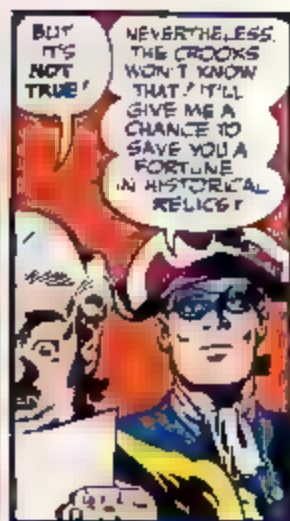
July 3, 1949

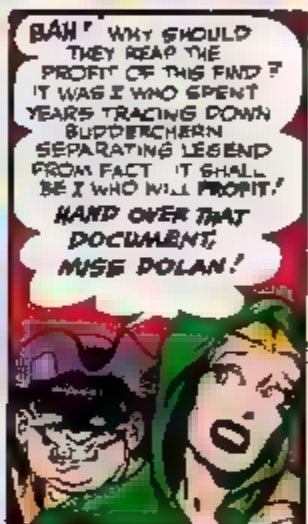
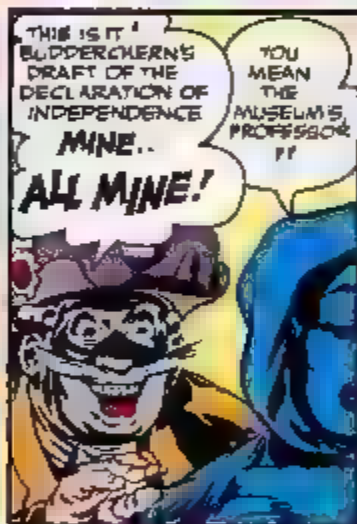
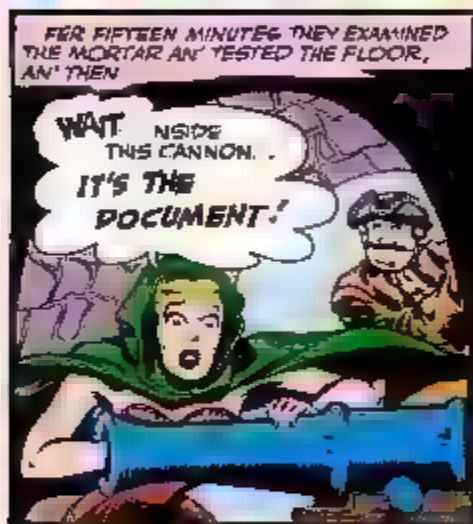
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

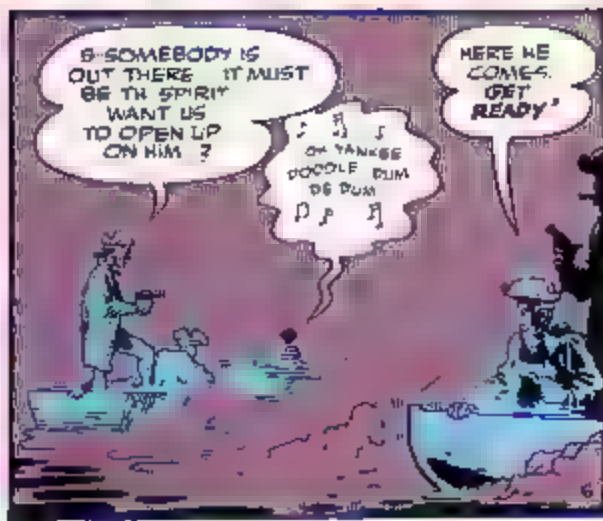
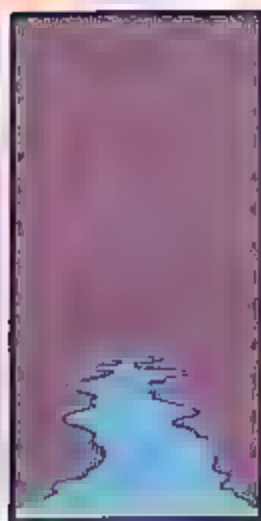
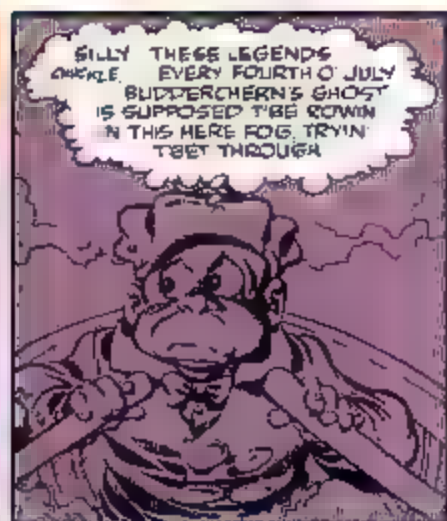
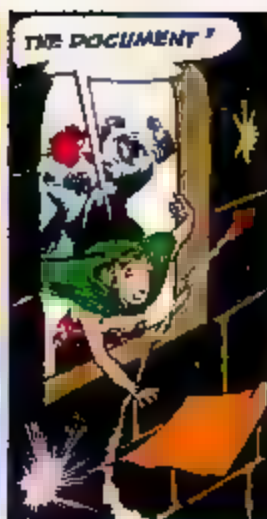


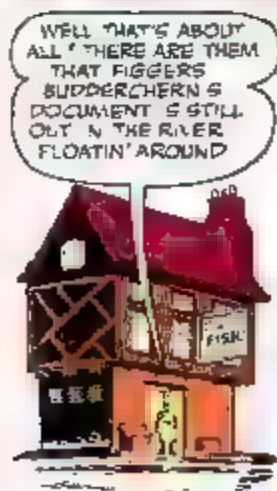
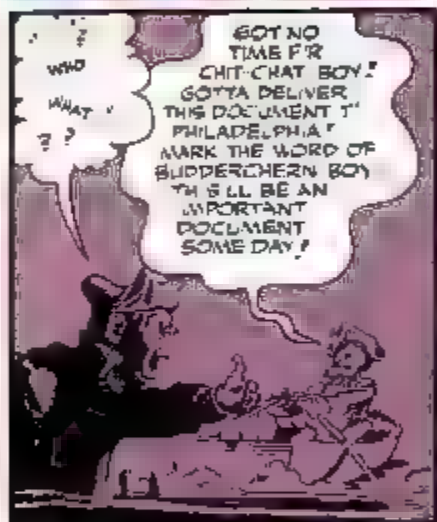
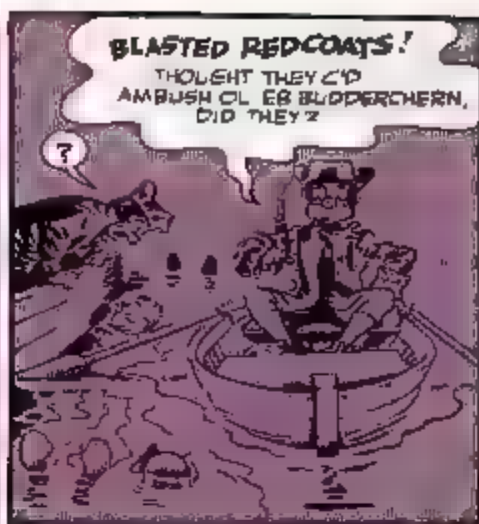














LILLY LOTUS

July 10, 1949



THIS HOT AND MOLDY ROOM
 FAR FROM CENTRAL CITY
 A NEW WORLD FUNNY HOW
 MY REASONS FOR COMING
 HERE SEEM ALMOST
 SILLY NOW

FUNNY... A CHANGE OF
 SCENERY AND POOF!
 MEMORY FADES
 TRY TO THINK NOW
 WHY DID I LEAVE?
 HOW DID I START?



BLAST THESE
 @#X!!@!
 FLIES!!



Oh, @#X!! EVERYTHING
 HAPPENS IN THIS WEATHER!
 JUDGE GAVEL DISAPPEARS
 JUST AS HE'S ABOUT TO PASS
 SENTENCE IN THE 'BUTCHER'
 YADD'S MURDER TRIAL
 AND NOW THE MAYOR
 IS ON MY TAIL FOR NOT
 FINDING HIM!



HE SAYS THE ONLY
 CAPABLE COP IN CENTRAL
 CITY IS THE SPIRIT AND
 HE'S NOT EVEN ON
 THE FORCE!
 SOMETIMES I WISH
 THERE WERE NO
 SPIRIT!

I KNOW
 HOW YOU
 FEEL,
 DADDY!

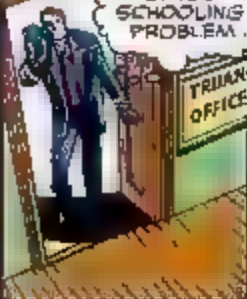


I LOVE THE BOY
 LIKE MOWN
 SON, ELLEN!
 BUT HE'S
 PUT MY JOB
 IN JEOPARDY!

IF
 HE'D ONLY
 SETTLE
 DOWN
 BUT I
 GUESS
 HE'LL NEVER
 MARRY.
 WHAT'S THE
 USE OF
 HOPING?



I SEEM
 TO BE
 COMPLICATING
 EVERYONE'S
 LIFE. OH WELL
 AT LEAST I CAN
 HELP
 EBONY OUT
 OF HIS
 SCHOOLING
 PROBLEM.



AH THERE YOU
 ARE MISTER SPIRIT!
 I'M AFRAID WE'LL
 HAVE TO BE STERN
 THIS TIME
 THIS BOY MUST
 ATTEND A
 REGULAR
 SCHOOL IT'S
 A STATE LAW

AH
 WON'T
 GO A'N'L
 PLAY
 HOOKY!
 AH'M THE
 SPIRIT'S
 ASSISTANT



HE'LL ATTEND
 MRS GUFFY
 HE'LL ATTEND
 SCHOOL FROM
 NOW ON
 BECAUSE THERE
 WON'T BE ANY
 SPIRIT FOR HIM
 TO ASSIST!



AND THAT'S HOW
 IT HAPPENED. ALL OF A
 SUDDEN MAKE A
 DECISION BUY
 A TICKET AND
 FLEE. I'M IN SAN
 CEDROS!

YOU ALWAYS
 HURRY THE MAN
 NEW LARK



NIGHTFALL FOUND ME IN THE CAFE DOWNSTAIRS ALREADY A PART OF THE MOLDDY ATMOSPHERE THE BUGS DRONED, AND THE ENTERTAINER ACCOMPANIED A WHEEZY JUKEBOX



YOU ALWAYS HURT THE MAN YOU LOVE

IT'S THOSE YOU LOVE WHO'RE NOT ABOVE YOUR REACH WHEN YOU ER GOT A MATCH?



MASTER ?

SMITH

AND YOUR MISS. ?

LOTUS THE BEE-UTIFUL GLAMOROUS LILY LOTUS SINGS HERE NIGHTLY DIRECT FROM A SMASHING HIT RUN ON THE WATERFRONT OF SAN FRAN



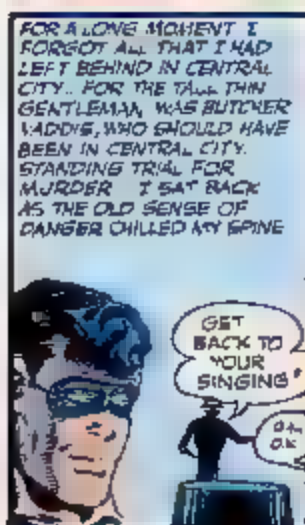
LOTUS !



YOU MUST PARDON MY IV RE SIR.. SHE HAS A POOR SENSE OF HUMOR ..SHE LIKES TO ANNOY THE CUSTOMERS WITH THE STORY OF HER LIFE



FOR A LOVE MOMENT I FORGOT ALL THAT I HAD LEFT BEHIND IN CENTRAL CITY.. FOR THE TALL THIN GENTLEMAN WAS BUTCHER VADDIE, WHO SHOULD HAVE BEEN IN CENTRAL CITY. STANDING TRIAL FOR MURDER I SAT BACK AS THE OLD SENSE OF DANGER CHILLED MY SPINE



GET BACK TO YOUR SINGING

OK

BY NOW THE MILDEWEED CAFE WAS CROWDED WITH SMOKE AN HOUR HAD PASSED WHILE I CHECKED EACH FACE AS IT ENTERED.

HAWKEY NOXX SNITCH CLEANER GABBY MOSS ALL BUTCHER'S THUGS AND BUTCHER WAS TO BE SENTENCED THIS WEEK BY JUDGE GAVEL, WHO DISAPPEARED.

DEEP IN THOUGHT AGAIN YANKEE ?



IT IS NOT GOOD TO TAKE TIME TO THINK WHILE IN A HORNETS' NEST ! GET OUT OF HERE WHILE YOU CAN

WHAT'S THAT UPSTAIRS ?



I STARTED FOR THE STAIRWAY.
EVERYONE IN THE CAFE SAT
PINNED TO THEIR SEATS AS IF
THEY HEARD NOTHING.
THE AIR AROUND ME WAS THICK
AND HARD TO BREATHE.

OUCH
NO NO.
PLEASE
DON'T
HIT ME
AGAIN!



LET ME
HELP YOU

LEAVE ME
ALONE...

I TRIPPED. DON'T
MAKE THINGS
WORSE.
LEAVE ME
ALONE



YOU HEARD
HIM,
MISTER!

LOOK
STRANGER.
THE GENT
WANTS HE
SHOULD BE
LEFT
ALONE

WHY
MAKE
A PEST
OUT O'
Y-SELF?



THAT
OLD MAN
IS
JUDGE
GAVEL!

UN-OH.

NOW
YOU'VE
DONE IT
HO HUM
WHERE'LL I
SHIP YOUR
BODY
SMITTY?



HOW ARE YOU
MIXED UP IN
THIS LOTUS?
TELL ME!

I I



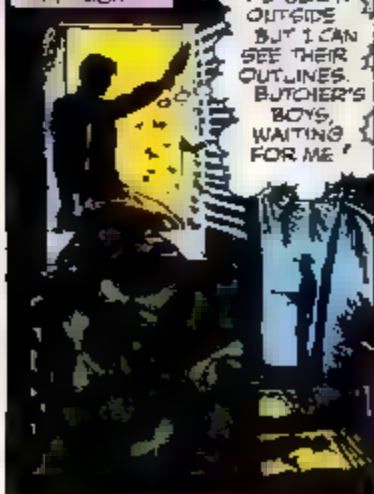
LOTUS!

LET ME
GO
MY
HUSBAND
IS
CALLING
ME



THAT NIGHT

IT'S BLACK
OUTSIDE
BUT I CAN
SEE THEIR
OUTLINES.
BUTCHER'S
BOYS.
WAITING
FOR ME



THEY'VE KIDNAPPED
JUDGE GAVEL AND
ARE HIDING HIM
DOWN HERE BUTCHER
MUST HAVE BROKEN
JAIL AFTER I LEFT
CENTRAL CITY!
WHAT A RAT'S
NEST !!

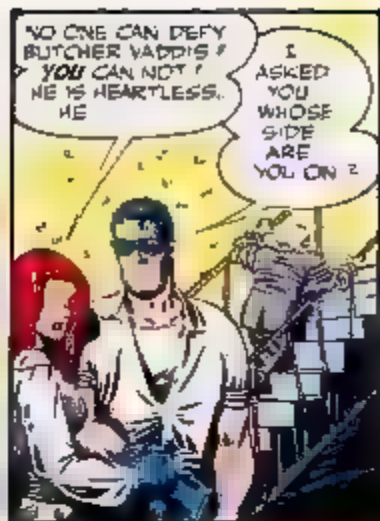


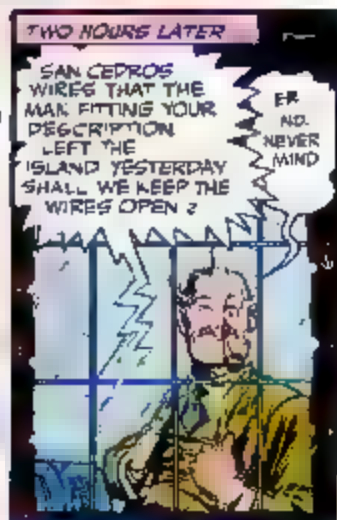
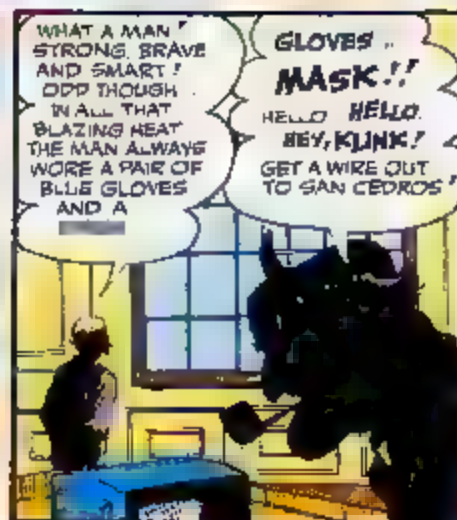
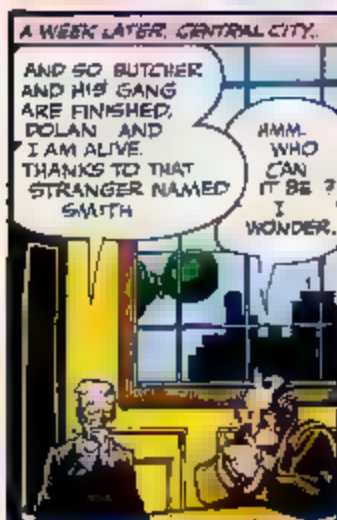
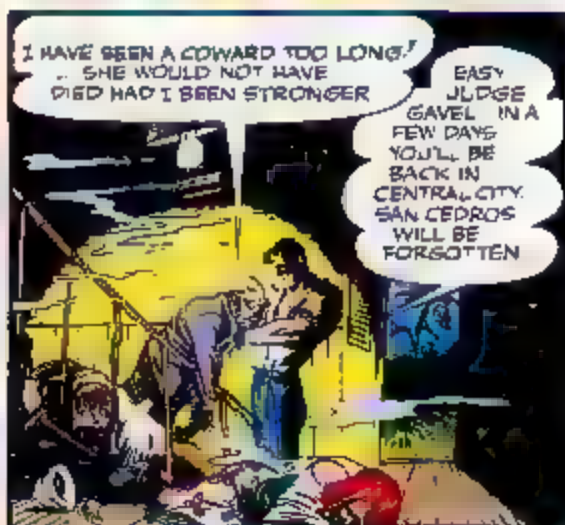
HOW'S TH
JUDGE?

ASLEEP!
GREAT!
THE GREAT
BLAST THESE
MOSQUITOES!







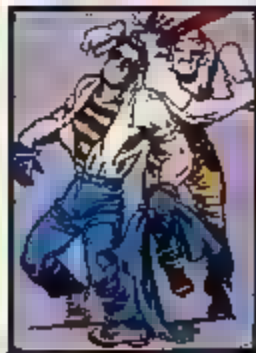
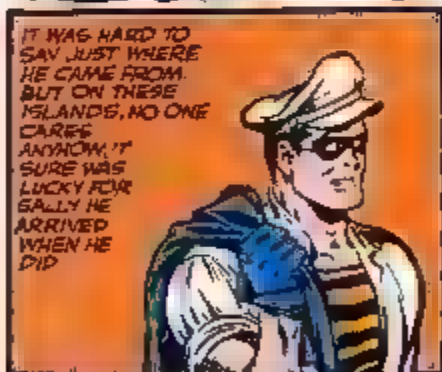
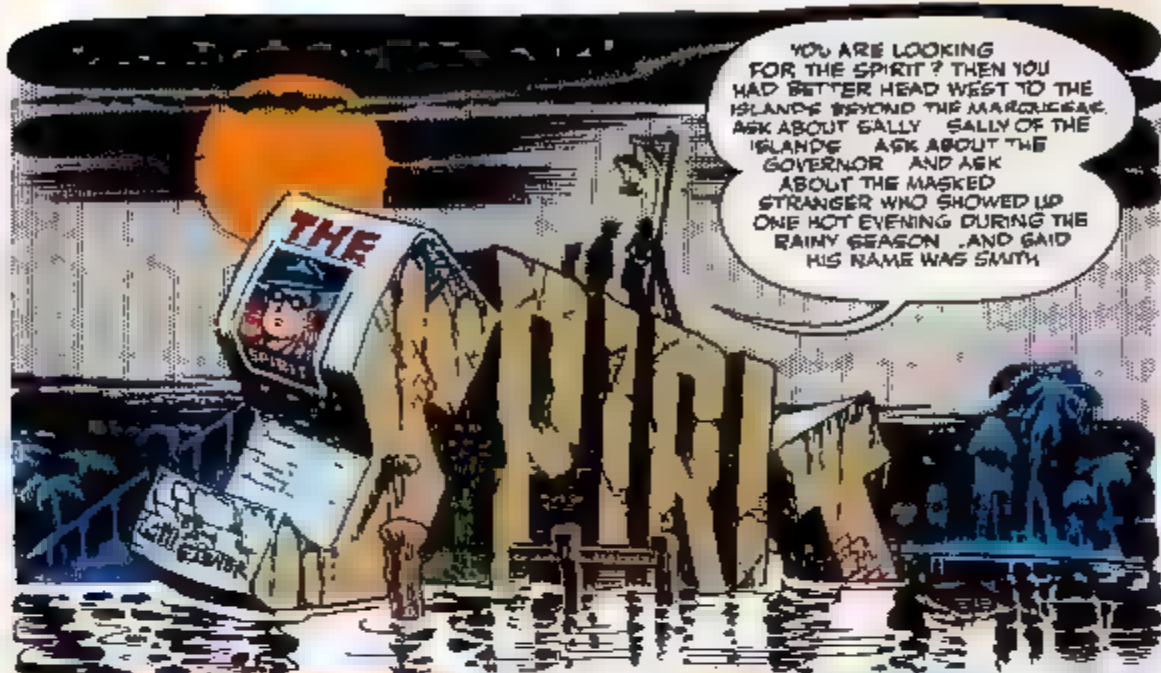




SALLY OF THE ISLANDS

July 17, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



AND THAT WAS HOW SALLY FIRST MET SMITH. SIGH WELL. ANYHOW, MEANWHILE, ACROSS THE ISLAND, ANOTHER MAN WAITED.



EEK!
LENNIE GO!



MONSTERS. ALL OF THEM MONSTERS!



KRAGG KRAGG.
LET ME GO. LET ME GO!
I'M OF NO USE TO YOU ANY MORE. I'M JUST A FEVER- RIDDEN MAG NOW.



SALLY BABY DON'T TALK LIKE THAT. I NEED YOU! BESIDES YOU'RE MY WIFE. MAN CAN'T LET HIS WIFE RUN ABOUT THESE DANGEROUS ISLANDS.

N. NEED ME...? KRAGG HONEY, Y' MEAN IT? Y' REALLY MEAN IT?



SURE BABY! WHO ELSE CN SWIPE THE ROUTE OF TH' LATEST GOLD SHIPMENT COMIN' IN FROM THE COAST?



AND I HAD THE BOYS BRING IN YOUR YOUNG... RESCUE. EVER MEET HIM BEFORE, SALLY? DON'T LIE TO ME.



NO NEVER HONEST HE JUST TRIED TO HELP ME

WHAT'S YOUR NAME MISTER?



SMITH WHAT'S YOURS?

KRAGG SMART ALECK. KRAGG THE BANDIT!





THAT NIGHT SHE WANDERED
AIMLESSLY AROUND THE
GROUNDS OF KRAGG'S
ESTATE...

SUCH A NICE LITTLE
GUY THAT GOVERNOR!
A CLEAN, GOOD HOME
RICHES... SOME GIRLS
HAVE ALL THAT.



BUT NOT ME! EVERYTHING
I TOUCH I DESTROY. ALL
MY LIFE HAS BEEN A... A
NIGHTMARE HELD
TOGETHER BY A
HOPE OF A BETTER
DAY. BUT NOW I KNOW
I'VE BEEN WASTING
MY DREAMS.



THERE IS NO
HOPE. NO
DREAMS.
ONLY ESCAPE.



THERE WAS A SLIGHT
WIND, BUT NOT
ENOUGH TO DISTURB
THE SOLITUDE
OF EVENING.
THE NIGHT WAS
QUIET.



WHY DID YOU
STOP ME?
I WANT TO
DIE! WHY DO
YOU KEEP
FOLLOWING
ME?



LUCKY FOR YOU
I DID. SALLY,
YOU'RE NOT
KRAGG'S KIND...
WHY DO YOU
KEEP HELPING
HIM? WHY DID YOU
TRY TO DO
AWAY WITH
YOURSELF? YOU
LOVE HIM THAT
MUCH?

I HATE HIM!

HE'S MADE ME INTO
SOMETHING EVIL
AND UGLY. I HATE
HIM. IF ONLY I COULD
SMASH HIS PLAN TO
ROB THAT GOLD
SHIPMENT, IF I
COULD FIND
SOMEONE TO
TRUST IT...



I'M YOUR
BOY

I DON'T
KNOW WHO
YOU ARE
OR WHAT
YOU ARE...
IS YOUR
NAME
REALLY
SMITH?



IT
DOESN'T
MATTER
AND AS FOR
BUSTING UP
KRAGG'S
RING, WELL
TRUST ME
AND FOLLOW
MY PLAN.

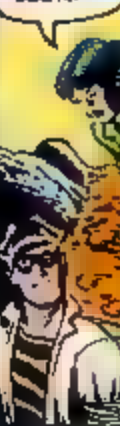


THE NEXT MORNING KRAGG AND
HIS BANDITS GET OFF INTO THE
HILLS.



SO LONG, SALLY.
YEEAAA
LET'S GO!

GOODBYE,
SMITH.
GOOD
LUCK!



YOU BEEN PRETTY
CUNNING WITH MY
WIFE SMITH.
WATCH IT!



THE BANDIT PARTY MOVES
HIGH INTO THE MOUNTAINS, ..

THE GOLD TRAIN
COMES IN ANOTHER HOUR.
WE'LL ATTACK FROM
HERE!

AND ON THE COAST

YOU'VE GOT TO
COME GOVERNOR!
SMITH SAYS THAT
YOUR POLICE CAN
CAPTURE KRAGG
IN THE ACT!

BUT HOW DID
KRAGG DISCOVER
THE ROUTE
THE SHIPMENT
WAS TAKING?

I I STOLE
IT FROM
YOU!

SO! TRYING
TO MAKE A FOOL
OUT OF ME TWICE!
YOU ARE UNDER
ARREST!

PLEASE! YOU MUST
BELIEVE ME! THE
SHIPMENT WILL
BE DESTROYED
IF YOU DON'T!

HMM!

ALL RIGHT! I CAN'T
TAKE A CHANCE AND
NOT BELIEVE YOU!

GOOD! CALL
OUT THE MILITIA!

-GOSH-
ALAS... THIS
IS THE MILITIA!

YAWN

TWO MEN!
WHAT CAN
WE DO?

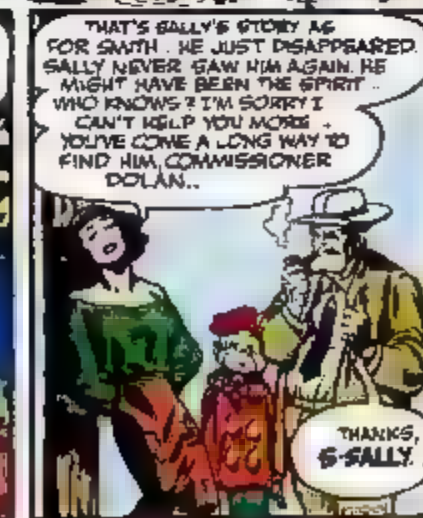
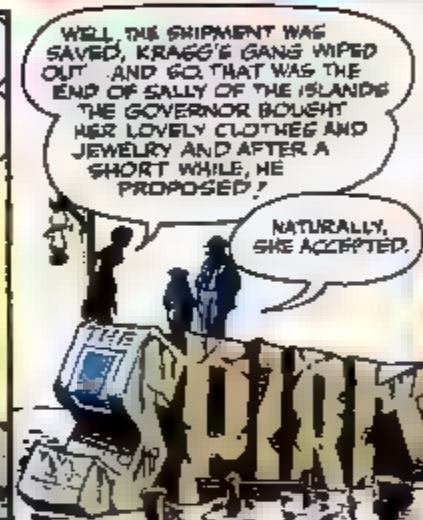
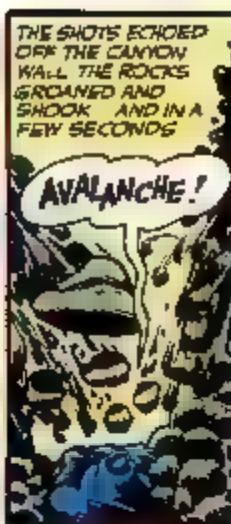
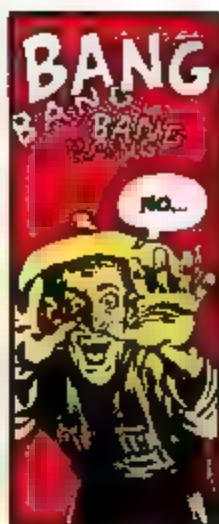
DO WE'LL
CAPTURE THEM
SINGLE HANDED?
COME!

THE GUN ROSE HIGHER IN THE
EAST AND THE SECONDS
TICKED BY RAPIDLY

AH! THE TRAIN!
GET THE DYNAMITE
READY!

WHERE IS
SALLY -
COULD SHE
HAVE
CROSSED ME?



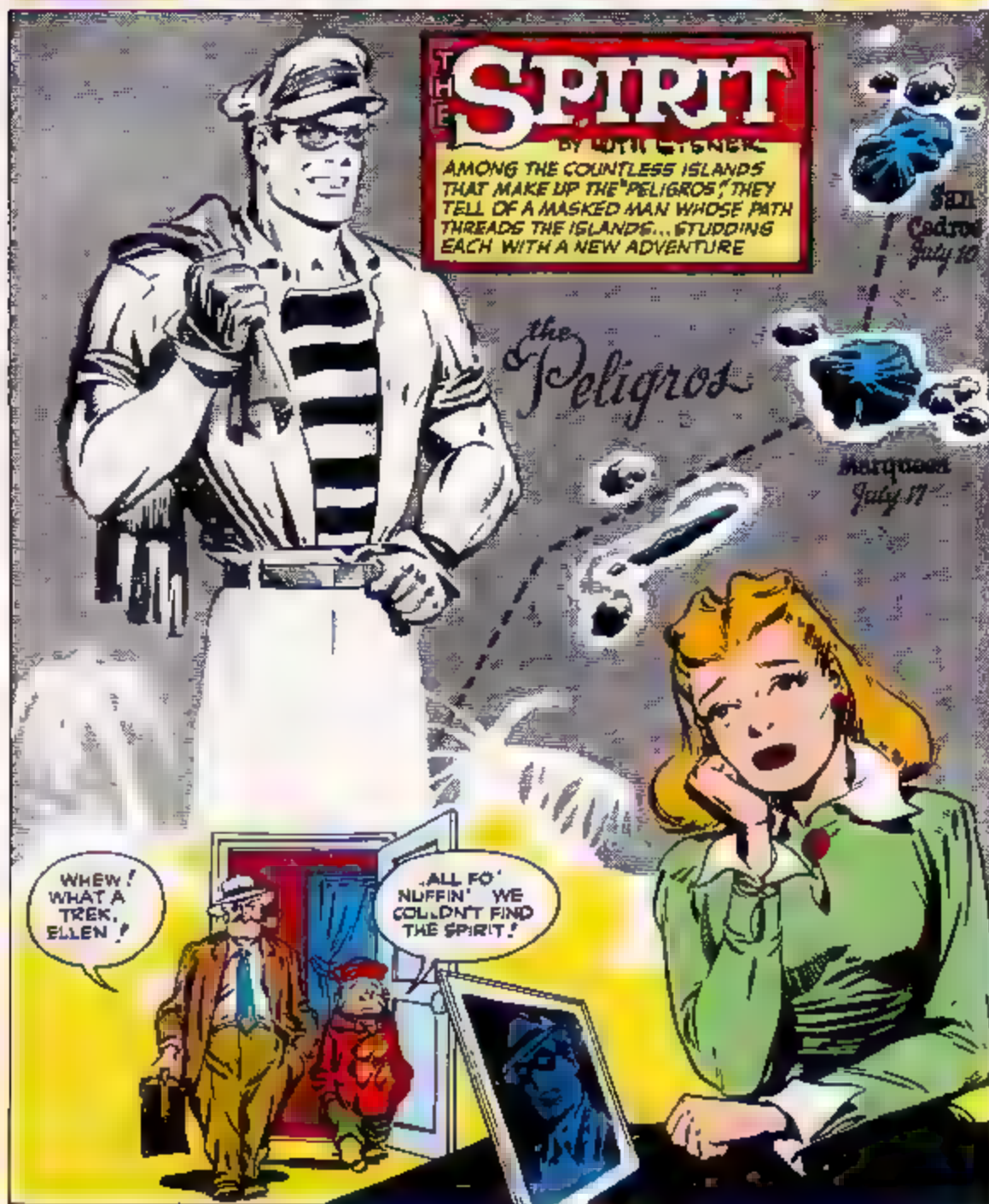


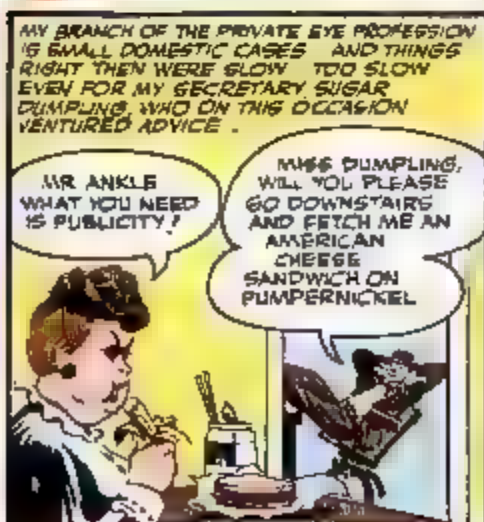
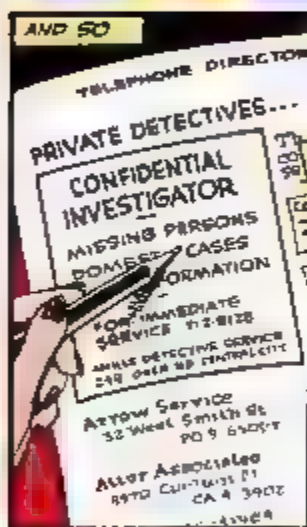
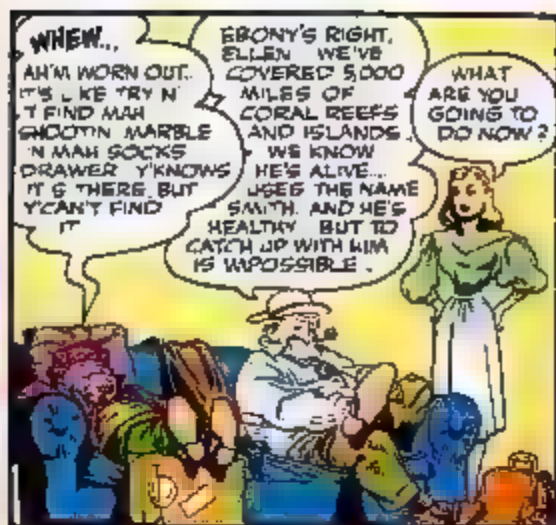


THE MASKED MAN

July 24, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

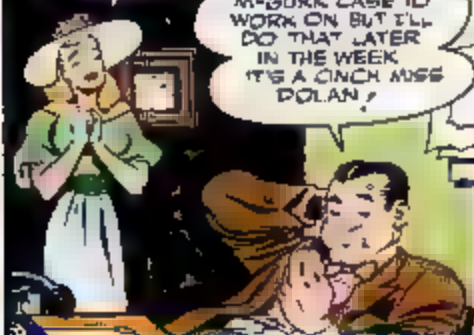




ELLEN DOLAN STARTED TALKING BUT I WAS THINKING 'WAY AHEAD OF HER

AND THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY WILL YOU TRY, MR ANKLE?

FIND THE SPIRIT? KMM. WELL ER I HAVE THE MACHINE GUN MCGURK CASE TO WORK ON BUT I'LL DO THAT LATER IN THE WEEK IT'S A CINCH MISS DOLAN.



OF COURSE I'LL NEED SOME INFORMATION ON HIS HABITS

MAM. THAT'S A LOVELY PERFUME

ER HIS HABITS AND STUFF LIKE THAT YOU CAN GIVE ME THE DETAILS OVER DINNER

WHY MR ANKLE I'D LOVE TO. BUT REMEMBER NO ONE MUST KNOW ABOUT MY HIRING YOU?



OF COURSE! HONEST INJUN I WON'T TELL A SOUL!



HELLO. MORNING PRESS I HAVE A HOT TIP FOR YOU YEAH IT'S ON THE SPIRIT THAT'S RIGHT THE SPIRIT!



SURE, I KNEW THE SPIRIT COULDN'T BE LOCATED. BUT BY MORNING I HAD ALL OF CENTRAL CITY BELIEVING HE COULD...

ELLEN DOLAN HIRES PRIVATE INVESTIGATOR TO FIND SPIRIT

POLICE FAIL! DOLAN'S DAUGHTER EMPLOYS BEAST EYE!

SPIRIT SOUGHT BY PRIVATE EYE

ALL OF CENTRAL CITY... INCLUDING DOLAN HIS DAUGHTER AND ONE FOXIE.



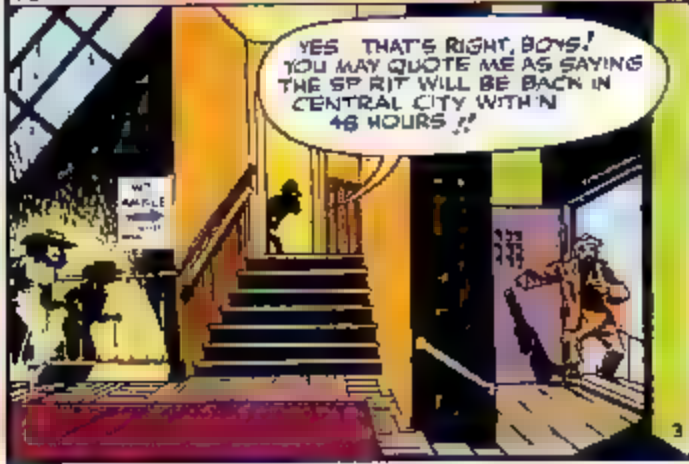
WO'LL WE DO, FOXIE?? IF TH'S GUY FINDS THE SPIRIT BEFORE WE KNOCK OVER THE CENTRAL TRUST COMPANY WE'RE THROUGH!

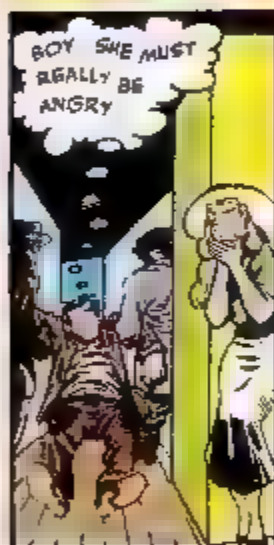
THE SPIRIT IS THE ONLY CENTRAL CITY COP WHO KNOWS ME. HE CAN'T COME BACK NOW!!

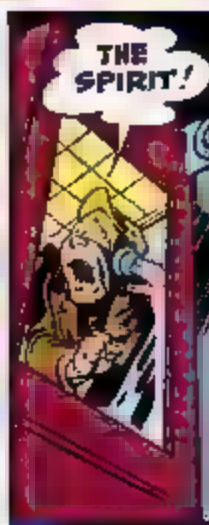
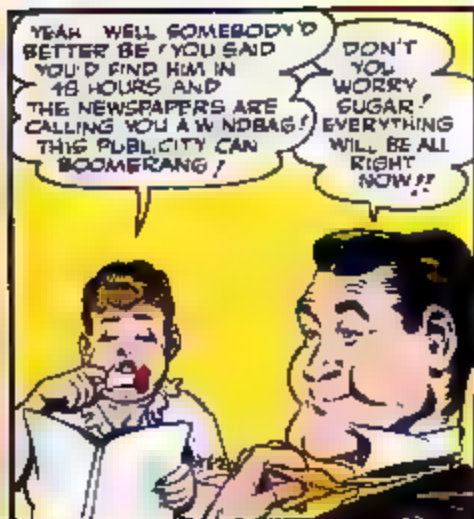
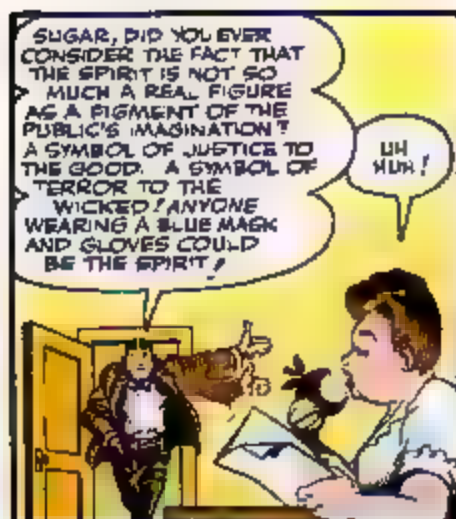


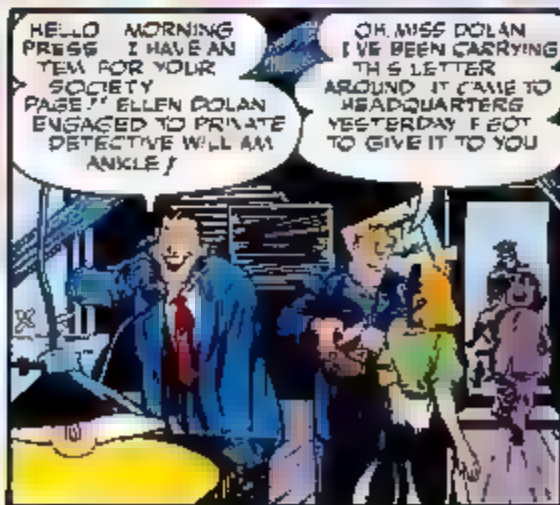
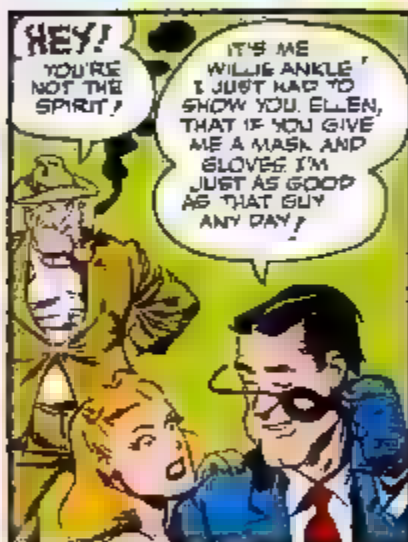
AND SO I BLISSFULLY SAT BACK LAPPING UP ALL THAT LOVELY PUBLICITY I DIDN'T HAVE A WORRY IN THE WORLD

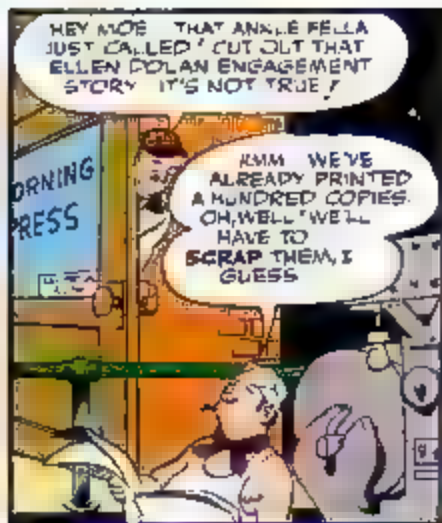
YES THAT'S RIGHT, BOYS! YOU MAY QUOTE ME AS SAYING THE SPIRIT WILL BE BACK IN CENTRAL CITY WITHIN 48 HOURS!!











TO SOME THIS MASKED ADVENTURER IS KNOWN AS "SMITH" OTHERS CAN TELL YOU OF AN AFFAIR IN SAN CEDROS THEY CAN DESCRIBE HIM TO THE SMALLEST DETAIL YET NONE KNOW WHERE HE COMES FROM OR WHY HE WANDERS AMONGS THESE ISLANDS OR WHERE HE'LL NEXT APPEAR



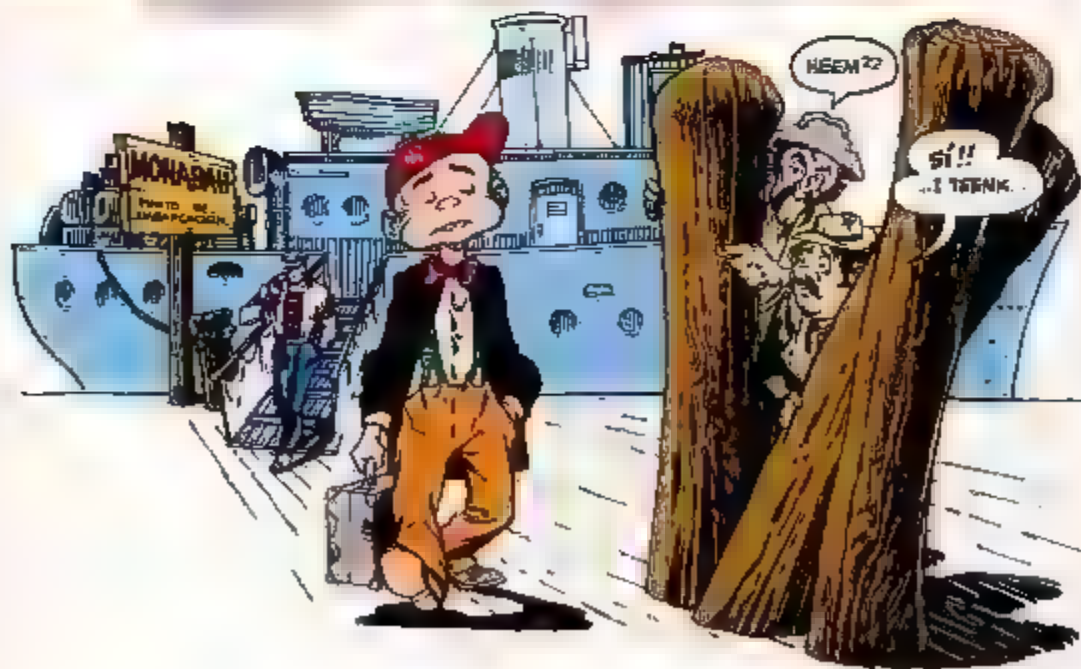
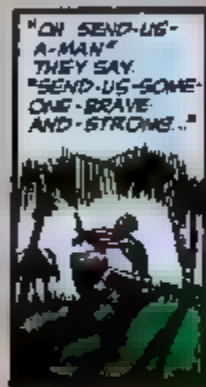
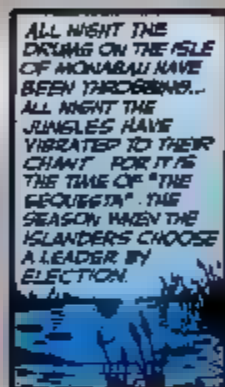
THE BALL GAME

July 31 1949

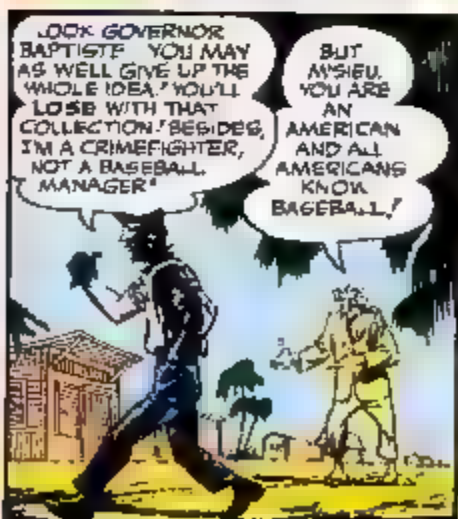
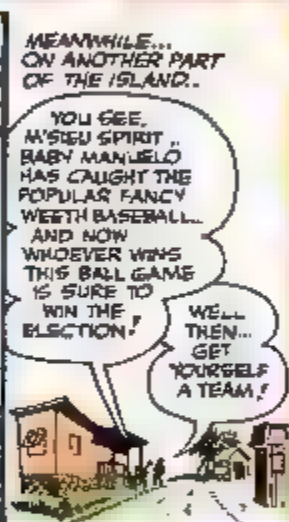
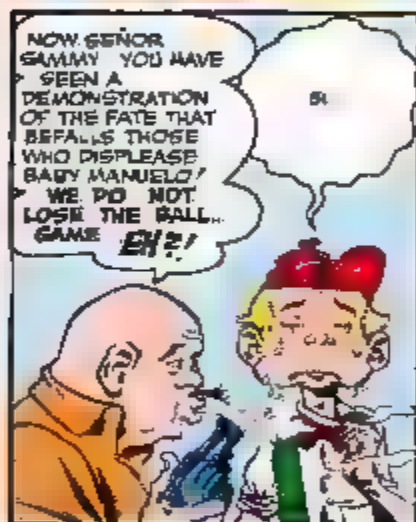
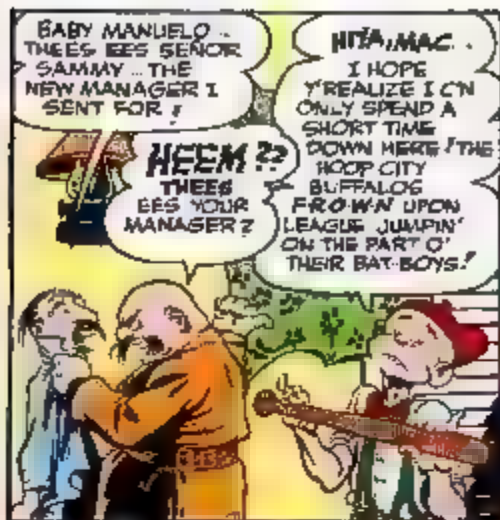
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

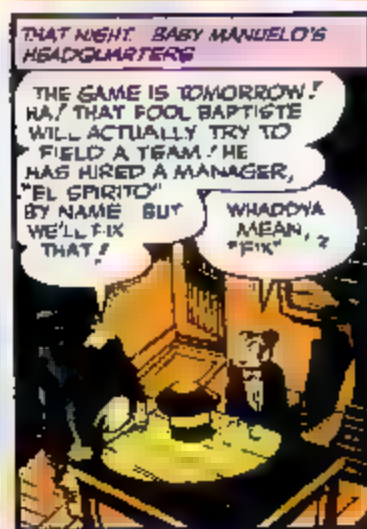
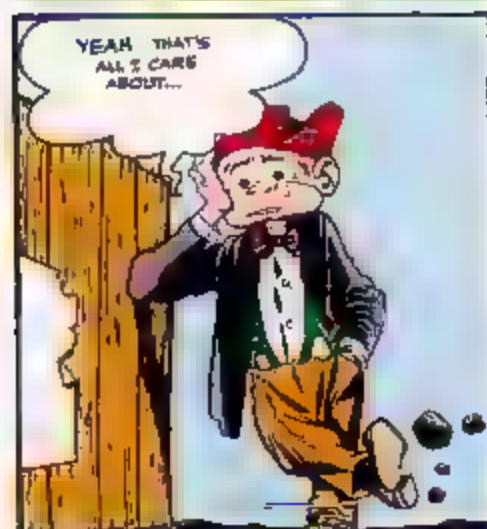
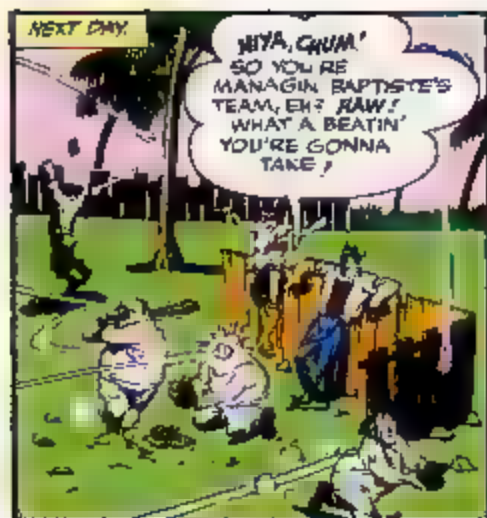
SPIRIT

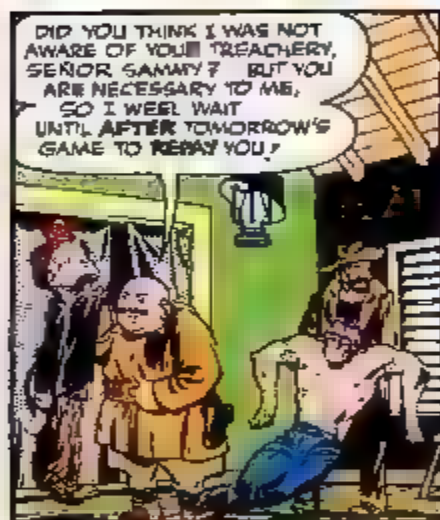
BY
WILL
EYNER



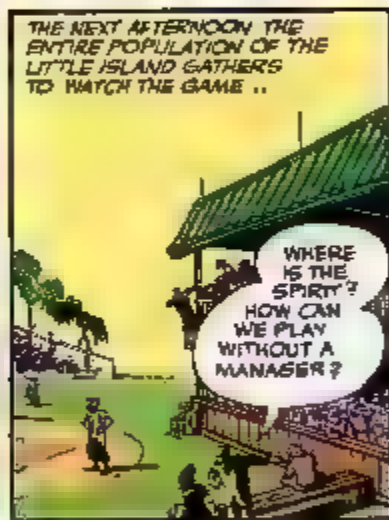
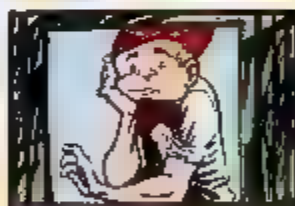




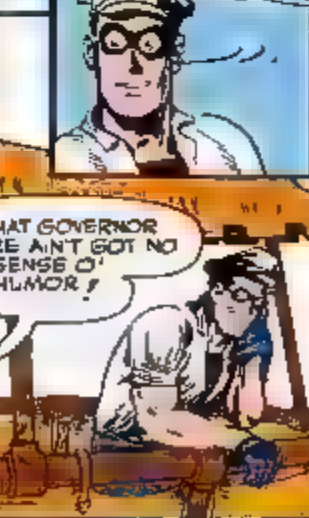
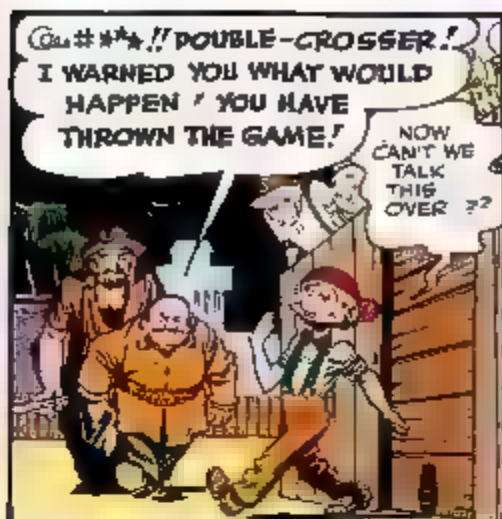




AND SO.. ON THE EVE OF THE GAME, THE MANAGERS OF THE RIVAL TEAMS SLEEP UNEASILY.









MATUA

August 7, 1949

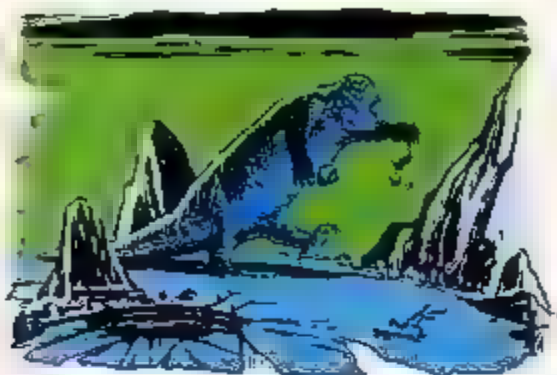
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**



In the archipelago of islands called "The Pelagos" there is one strange and silent isle that dominates the southern anchor of the group. Matua is its name and its origin is a strange legend.

Will Eisner

In the days when the mountains were young and the valleys fresh, a great monster roamed the land. The people called him Matusa ... for he was the last of the great beasts ... and sought to halt the intruder in his domain, man!

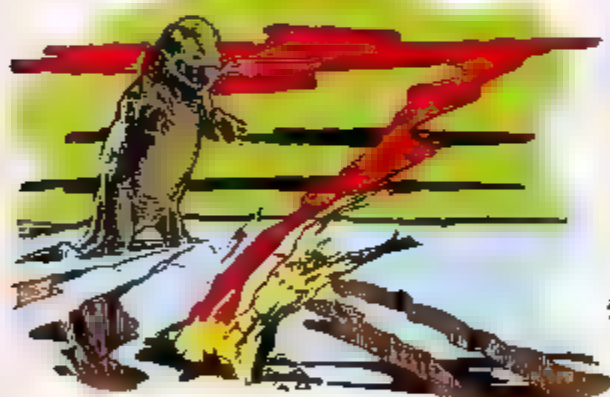


The tribes fled to the hills, but there was no escape and many were killed. Now it seemed that the two-legged puny things called men were surely doomed. Then did Tan gau the witch-doctor rise up and say "I will fight the last battle with Matusa!"

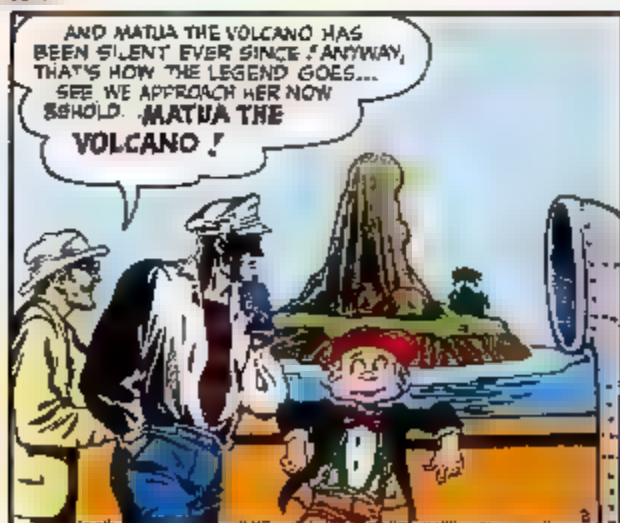


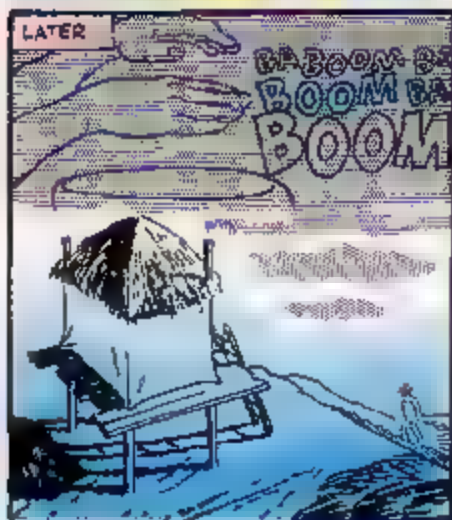
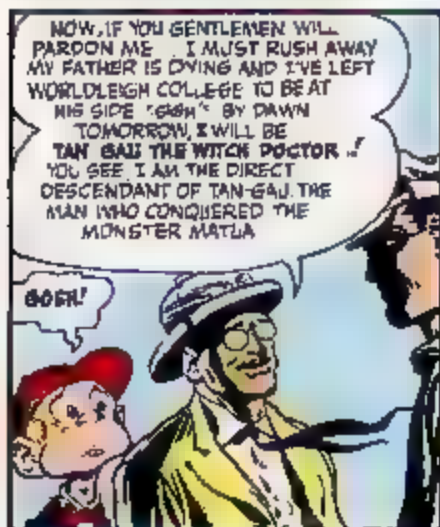
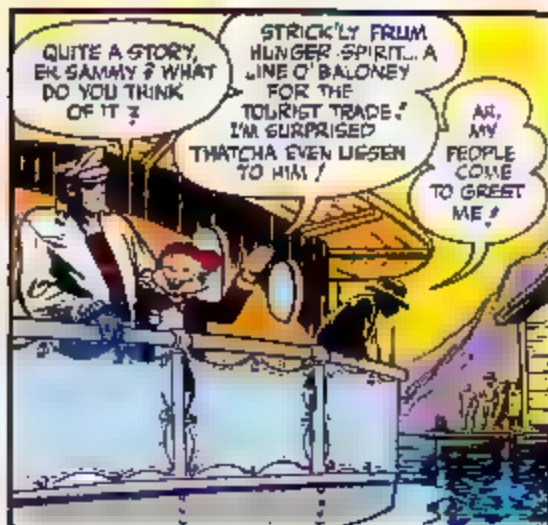
Matusa approached, splitting the earth with each mighty tread, but Tan gau the witch-doctor did not move. He stood, pleading with the heavens...pleading for a curse.

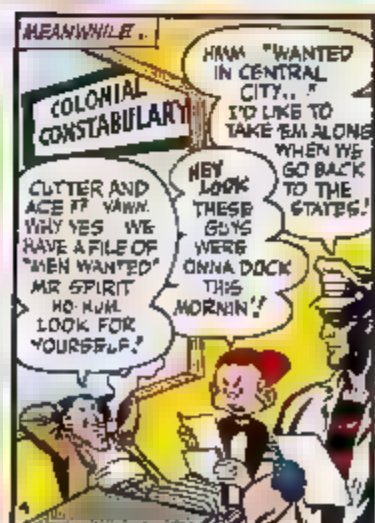
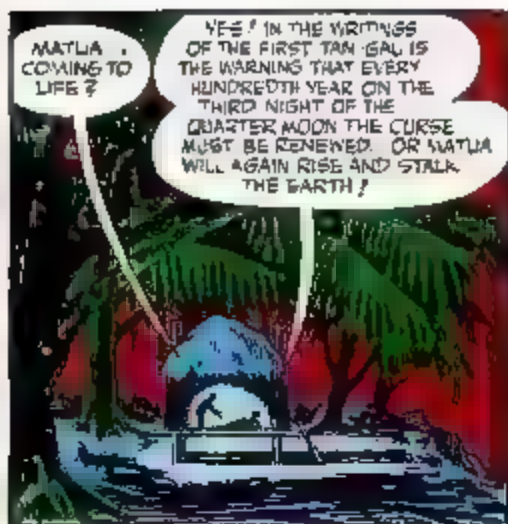
A curse that would boil the ocean and cause the hills to tremble. Then the heavens replied! Matusa the monster advanced, and Tan-gau hurled his curse!



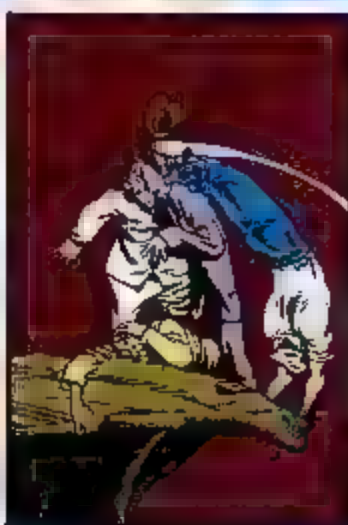
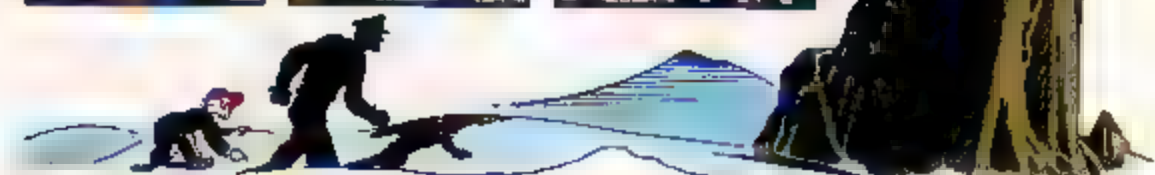
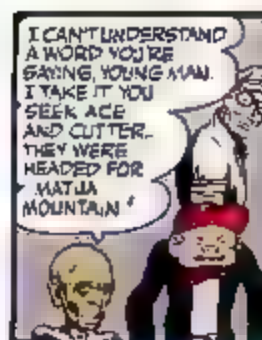
And where once had stood a monster, there was now a volcano ... huge and ugly but quite extinct







THAT NIGHT...



AND NOW, SUDDENLY...AS WOULD A SLEEPING MONSTER...THE MOUNTAIN STIRS ITS AGED SIDES...DEEP WITHIN, A SPARK OF LIFE, STILL...FOR CENTURIES BURSTS INTO FLAME...AND MATUA QUIVERS BETWEEN LIFE AND DEATH.



LET'S GET OUT OF HERE, TAN-GAU. MOLTEN LAVA IS COMING DOWN FROM THE TOP!

THE EDGE COLLAPSED. THEY'RE DEAD!



TAN GAU WE'RE ON A LIVE VOLCANO! LET'S GET GOING REY!

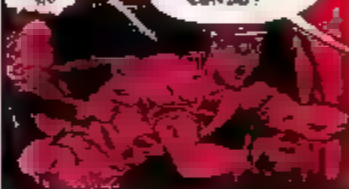
THE CURSE



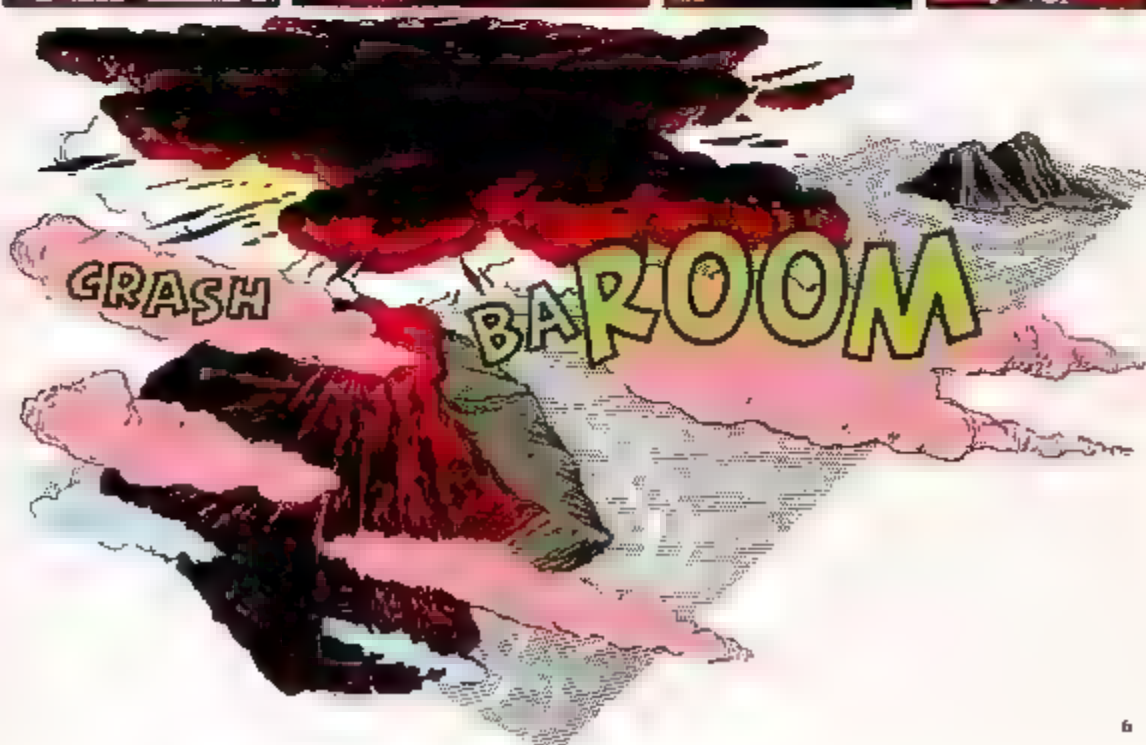
TAN-GAU! COME BACK!

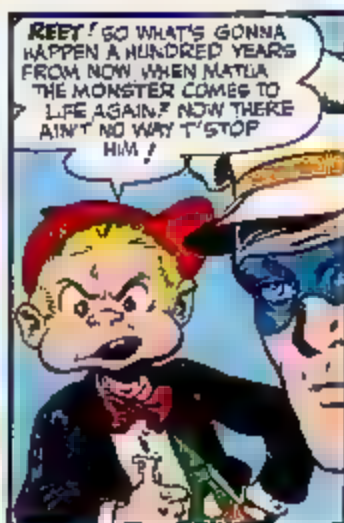
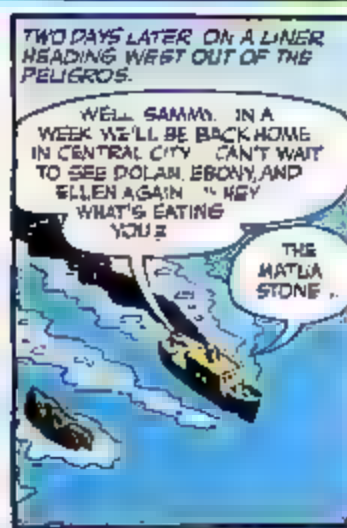
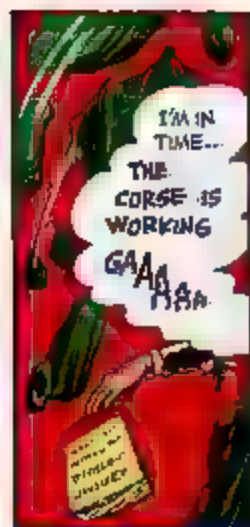
NO NO

NO! I MUST REACH THE BRIM! THERE IS STILL TIME TO RENEW THE CURSE!



I AM HERE! I SHALL DEFEAT YOU, MATUA, AS DID MY ANCESTOR!





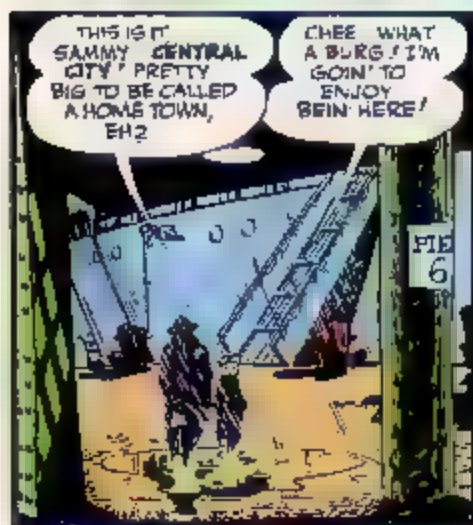
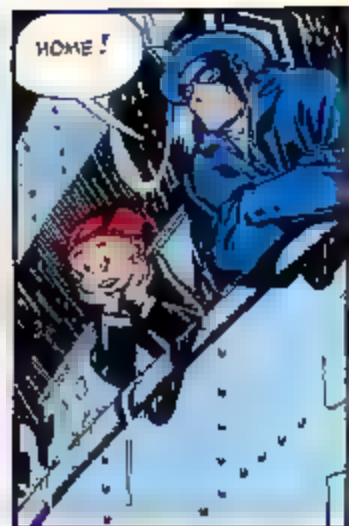


THE RETURN

August 14, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**





MEANWHILE IN ANOTHER
PART OF THE CITY

OH, HELL! YOU KATE!
YOU CAN'T GET AWAY
WITH KIDNAPPING US!
THE SPIRIT WILL
GET YOU FOR THIS!

YOU FORGET THINGS
HAVE CHANGED IN
CENTRAL CITY THE
SPIRIT IS FINISHED &
THIS TOWN, REMEMBER
MAYOR BOWSER HAS
RESIGNED? NOW MY
FORCES OWN
CITY HALL &

AS SOON AS YOU
DESIGN I'LL HAVE
A CLEAR TRACK...
THIS IS A "SPLT"
LIFTON TOWN
YOU'D BETTER
GET USED TO IT!

HELLO
YEAH UM MUM
RIGHT?

RING
RING

YOU CAN FORGET ABOUT THE
SPIRIT MY BOYS JUST BLEW H.M.
T BITS ON PIER NINE NOW.
COMMISSIONER DOLAN I'M GONNA
PLT YOL, EBONY, AND YR DAUGHTER
AWAY ON ICE UNTIL I HAVE
FURTHER USE FOR YA

6/10/2011 11:11 AM

BACK ON THE WATERFRONT

SPRIT! WAKE UP...
Y'GOTTA WAKE
UP!!

SAMMY
HAIL A CAB.
GOT TO GET
TO
WILDWOOD
CEMETERY

二、世界人口增长

A FEW MINUTES LATER

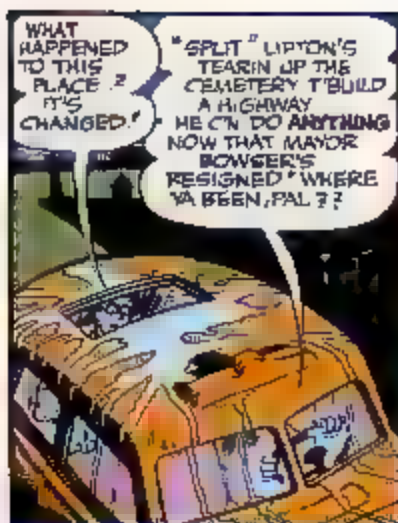
WILLOWOOD
CEMETERY??
WHAT FOR?
YOU AIN'T
GONNA DIE.
IT'S ONLY
A FLESH-
WOUND.
HONEST?

T'S
COVEN.
MY
SECRET
HIDEAWAY.
GAWNY
WE'LL BE
SAFE
THERE,
AND

HERE Y'ARE, MISTER
\$2.50

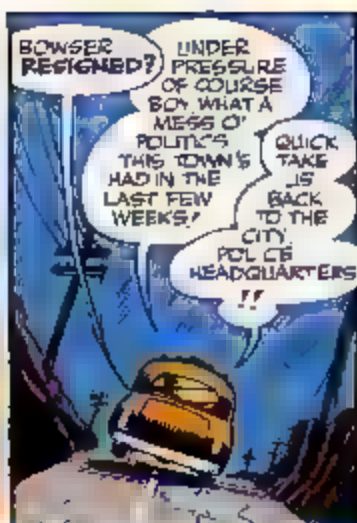
HEY?

**WILDWOOD
CEMETERY
CLOSED**



WHAT HAPPENED TO THIS PLACE? IT'S CHANGED!

"SPLIT" LIPTON'S TEARIN UP THE CEMETERY T'BUILD A HIGHWAY HE C'N DO ANYTHING NOW THAT MAYOR BOWSER'S RESIGNED! WHERE YA BEEN, PAL??



BOWSER RESIGNED?

UNDER PRESSURE OF COURSE BOY WHAT A MESS O' POLITICS THIS TOWN'S HAD IN THE LAST FEW WEEKS!

QUICK TAKE 'IS BACK TO THE CITY POLICE HEADQUARTERS !!



LATER

SPIRIT YOU'RE IN NO CONDITION T'WALK AROUND LIKE THIS!

I'VE GOT TO SEE DOLAN! C'MON, SAMMY!



I'M SORRY COMMISSIONER DOLAN CAN'T SEE ANYONE... HE'S BUSY

BUT I'M THE SPIRIT I



LOOK, BUD DON'T MAKE A PEST OF YOURSELF THIS IS A NEW POLICE DEPARTMENT AND WE DON'T DEAL WITH BEAT-UP CRANKS!

NEW FACES... EVERYTHING DIFFERENT AS IF I'D NEVER BEEN HERE BEFORE



DON'T FOLLOW ME, SAMMY THIS IS GOING TO BE TRICKY BUT IT'S THE ONLY OTHER WAY TO DOLAN'S OFFICE AND I'VE GOT TO SEE DOLAN!

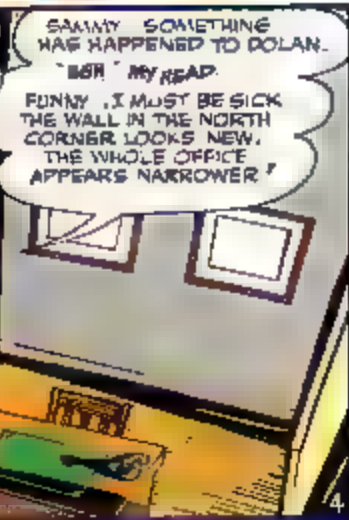
SPIRIT WAIT!



AND T'THINK I GAVE UP TH NICE WARM TROPICS FOR A LIFE LIKE THIS!

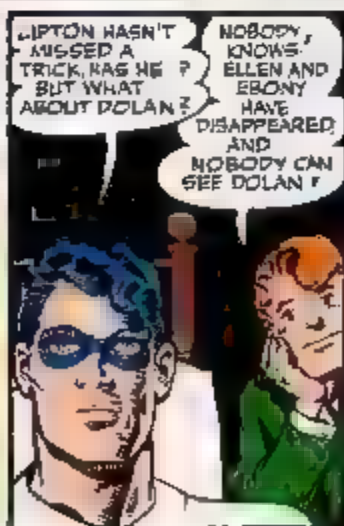
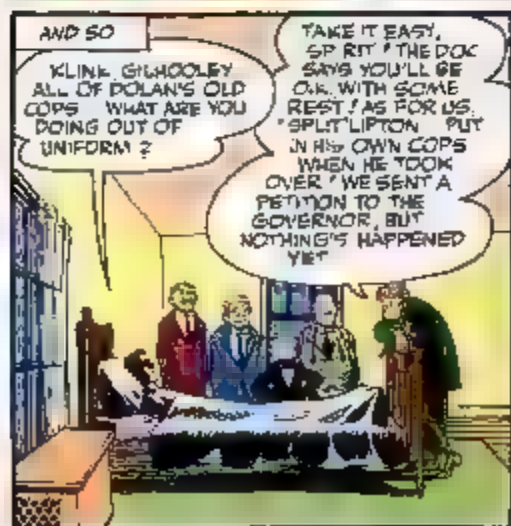


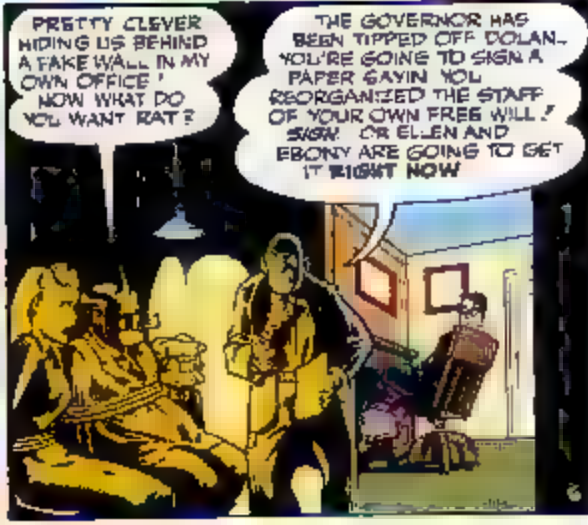
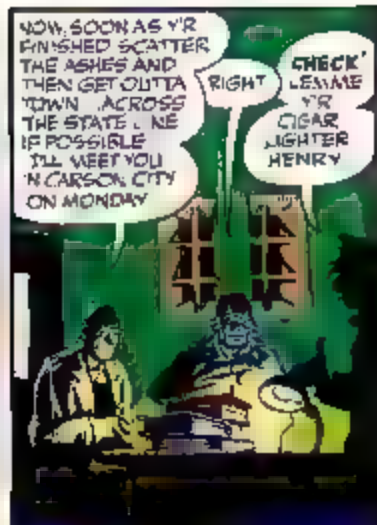
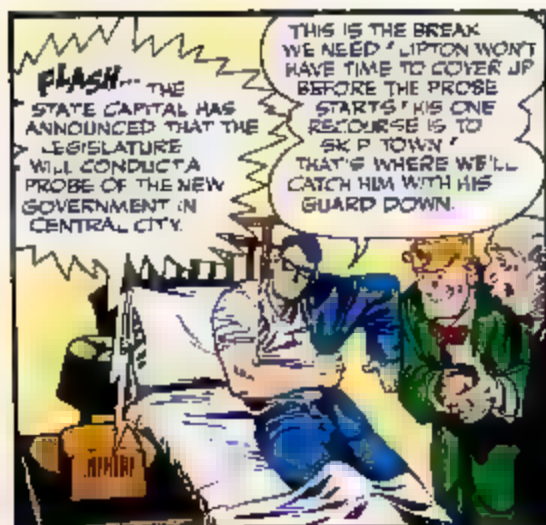
IT'S EMPTY !!! BUT HE SAID DOLAN WAS BUSY.

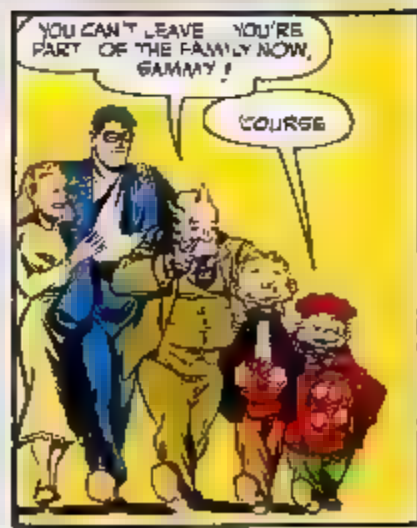
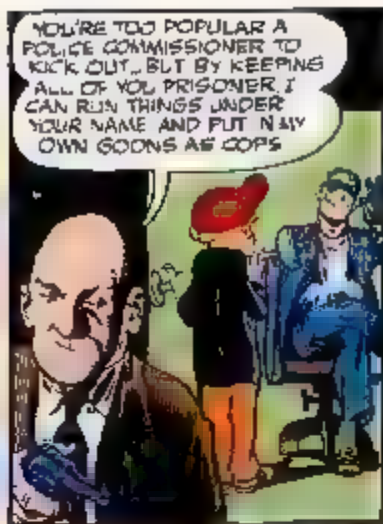


SAMMY SOMETHING HAS HAPPENED TO DOLAN. "BGR" MY REAR.

FUNNY, I MUST BE SICK THE WALL IN THE NORTH CORNER LOOKS NEW. THE WHOLE OFFICE APPEARS NARROWER!









THE CANDIDATE

August 21, 1949

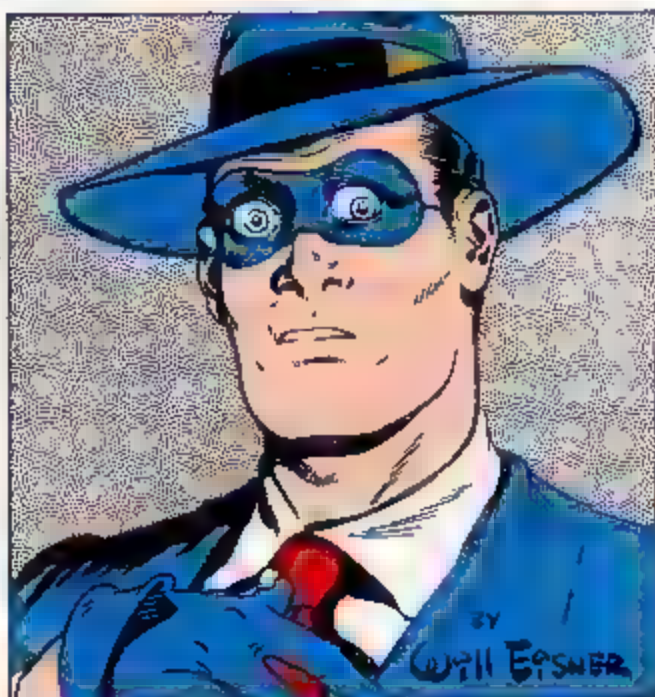
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

FOR MAYOR

THE MAN
OF THE
HOUR

—
THE RESIGNATION
OF MAYOR BOWSER
... IN SUSPICIOUS
CIRCUMSTANCES...
HAS MADE IT
NECESSARY TO
CALL A SPECIAL
ELECTION FOR
INTERIM MAYOR.

•
LET US THEN
UNITE AND
SWEET INTO
OFFICE ..



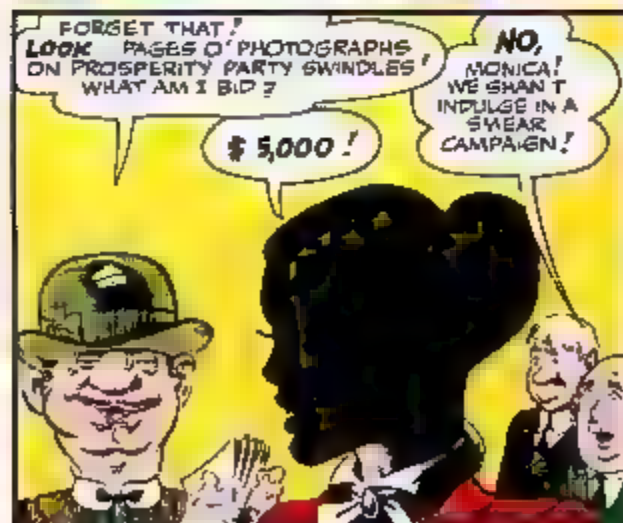
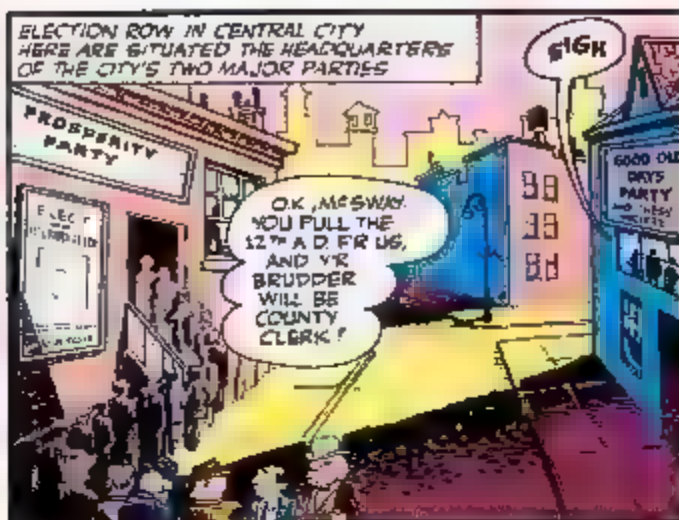
THIS FEARLESS,
FAITHFUL,
UNSWERVING
SERVANT OF
THE PEOPLE !!

•
VOTE
"GOOD OLD
DAYS"
PARTY !!

•
ELECT THE
SPIRIT
MAYOR OF
CENTRAL
CITY !!



THE SPIRIT





YA WON'T GIT ME, WISE GUY STAND BACK I'M COMIN' THROUGH !!



SORRY IF I'VE INTRUDED. I'LL TAKE THIS RAT ALONG WITH ME!

GAR... WHAT AN EXHIBITION!

BE GOOD-BYE!



OH, AND THANKS FOR HOLDING THIS EVIDENCE FOR ME GOOD DAY!



WHAT A MAN!

CAN YOU IMAGINE WHAT HE'D BE LIKE IN POLITICS?

THAT'S JUST WHAT I AM IMAGINING!

AND SO, THE NEXT DAY ALL OVER CENTRAL CITY.



NAIL IT HERE

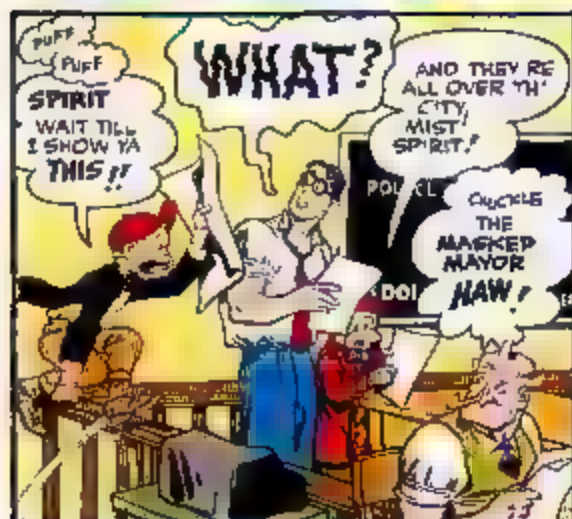
YEG MUM



FOR MAYOR
THE SPIRIT



NOW WE'LL PUT UP THE OTHERS ACROSS TOWN.



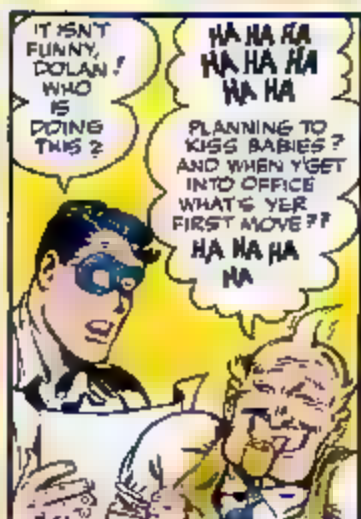
PUFF PUFF

SPIRIT WAIT TILL I SHOW YA THIS !!

WHAT?

AND THEY'RE ALL OVER THE CITY, MIST SPIRIT!

CHUCKLE THE MASKED MAYOR HAW!



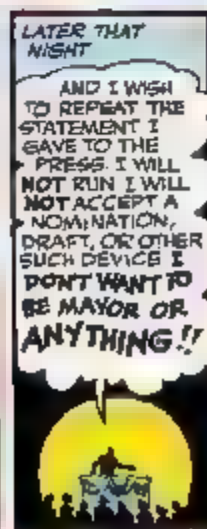
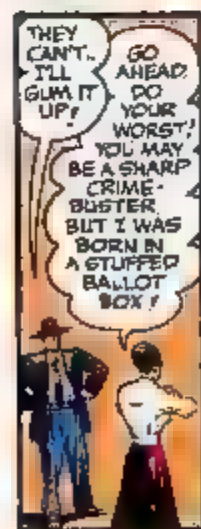
IT ISN'T FUNNY, DOLAN! WHO IS DOING THIS?

HA HA HA HA HA HA

PLANNING TO KISS BABIES? AND WHEN Y'GET INTO OFFICE WHAT'S YER FIRST MOVE?? HA HA HA HA



WELL, FIRST I MIGHT FIRE THE POLICE COMMISSIONER !!



SPIRIT LEADING IN MAYORALTY POLL!!

ELECTION IS TO
BE HELD



DOLAN, YOU'VE GOT
TO HELP ME GET OUT
OF THIS! I ISSUE
THAT OLD "WANTED"
NOTICE ON ME...

SLAP ME IN
JAIL
DO SOMETHING
!!



SO GET ELECTED!
IF IT MAKES Y'Happy
T'BE MAYOR SO
BE MAYOR!

SLAM



MEANWHILE... IN A
SMOKE-FILLED ROOM...

GENTLEMEN
THIS IS A
CRISIS!

FOR THE
FIRST TIME
IN 45 YEARS
THE PROSPERITY
PARTY IS IN
DANGER OF
LOSING AN
ELECTION!



OR, WHAT'S
THE USE
THE
SPIRIT
WILL WIN...
WHY
TRY TO
BUCK HIM?

WE'RE
NOT
GOING
TO
BUCK
HIM...
WE'RE
GOING
TO
ELIMINATE
HIM!

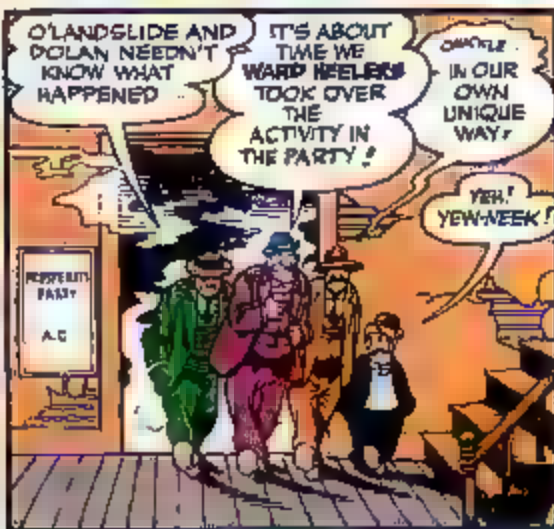


O'LANDSLIDE AND
DOLAN NEEDN'T
KNOW WHAT
HAPPENED

IT'S ABOUT
TIME WE
WARD HEELERS
TOOK OVER
THE
ACTIVITY IN
THE PARTY!

ORACLE
IN OUR
OWN
UNIQUE
WAY!

YEH!
YEW-NEEK!



BUT DOLAN...
I DON'T
WANT
TO RUN
I DON'T
WANT
TO BE
MAYOR!

WUMPH!!
SAVE THAT
FOR THE
VOTERS...
YOU GOT A
PARTY
HACK!



O.K.
SPIRIT
CLIMB
IN!

YOU TOO,
DOLAN

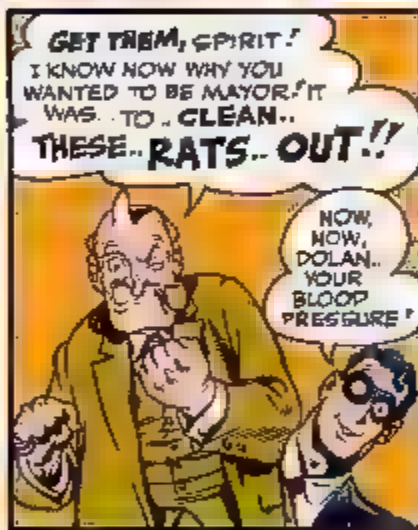
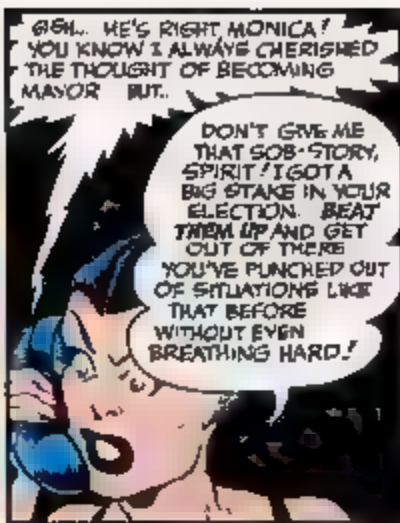
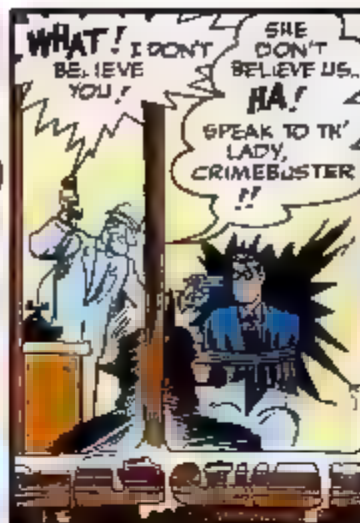
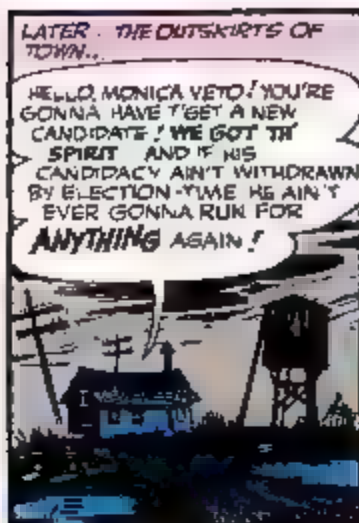


I GOT A FLASH BULLETIN
FER YOU, MISTER HERO.
YOU AIN'T RUNNIN'
FR MAYOR
ANYMORE!!

OR WHATCHA
SMILIN ABOUT?

I'M
SO GLAD
TO
SEE
YOU!





MEANWHILE, OUTSIDE.

THERE THEY ARE BOYS LISTEN TO THE FIGHT! THE SPIRIT SHOULD BE OUT WITH THOSE CROOKS ANY SECOND! THAT'S THE TYPE OF MAN YOUR NEW MAYOR IS!

THE DOOR'S OPENING!!



NEXT DAY

WELL, MONICA?

A FINE CAMPAIGN YOU'VE RUN!

BUT, NOW WAS I TO KNOW?

CENTRAL CITY EDITION
COMMISSIONER DOLAN SAVES SPIRIT

DOLAN RESCUES SPIRIT!

WE CAN'T SUPPORT THE SPIRIT ANY LONGER. HE DIDN'T GET A LINE OF MENTION IN YESTERDAY'S FRACAS! WE'LL LOSE WITH H.M.!

SEE WHAT YOU'VE DONE!?

RIGHT I GUESS I'M A POLITICAL HAS BEEN! HEN-HEN

NOW... WHOM CAN WE GET TO BE OUR CANDIDATE?

SOMEONE WHO IS IN THE PUBLIC EYE

OH, HERE YOU ARE, SPIRIT!

A MAN OF THE PEOPLE

A COLORFUL PERSONALITY.

A DARING FIGURE.

I'VE QUIT THE PROSPERITY PARTY! I'M ON THE SIDE OF THE GOOD OLD DAYS PARTY! NOW I'LL DO ANYTHING TO HELP THEM PUT YOU IN OFFICE!

HMM... HMM...

NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO NO

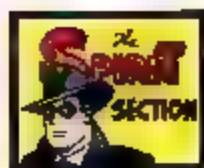
AND SO

YOR

OTE FOR

MISSIONER DOLAN

RD OF



WHITE CLOUD

August 28, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

the **SPIRIT** By **Will Eisner**

In 1619 a group of pilgrims landed on Central Rock. The little community flourished and grew "Central Rock" became "Central Trading Post", then "Central Township" and so it grew from township to city to that great, thriving metropolis of today "Central City"

But Central City has not only grown in wealth and size since those early days in its great buildings and vast commercial establishments..

Central City has also continually progressed in the sterling calibre of its public servants.



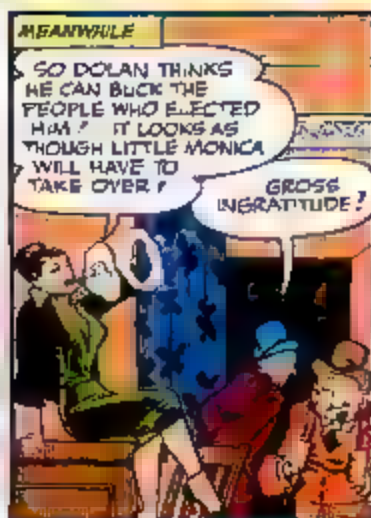
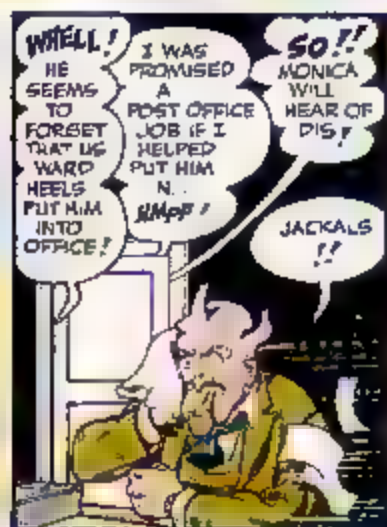
MAYOR
1622



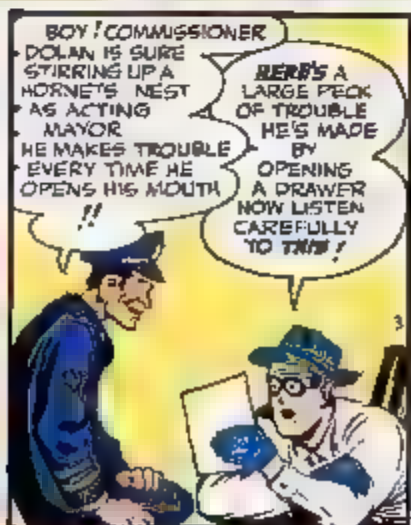
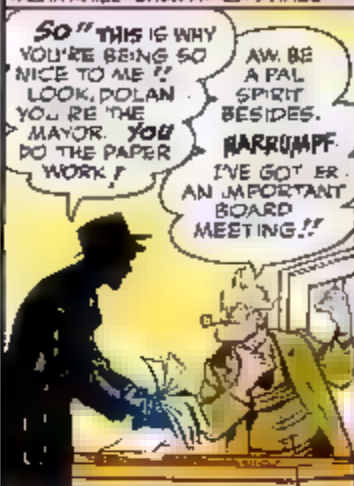
MAYOR
1764

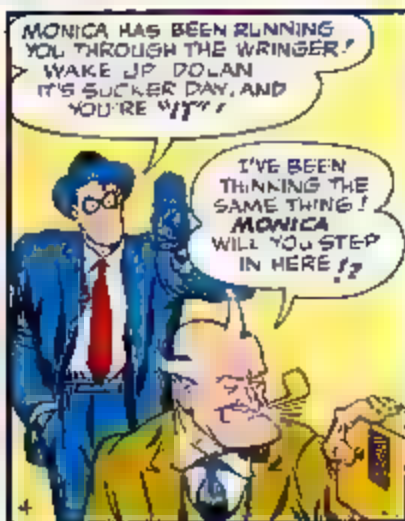
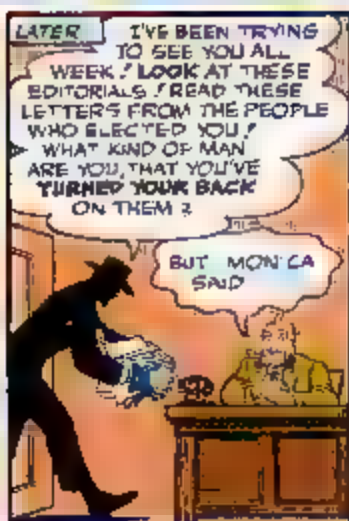
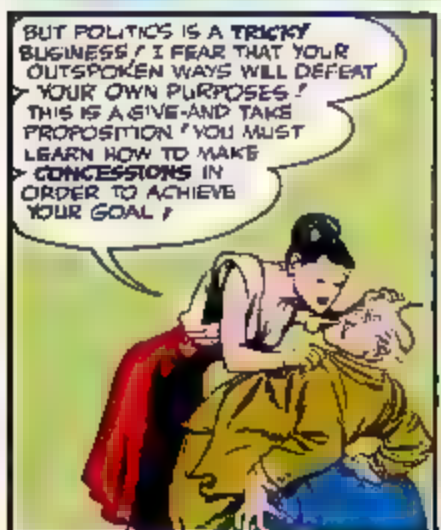
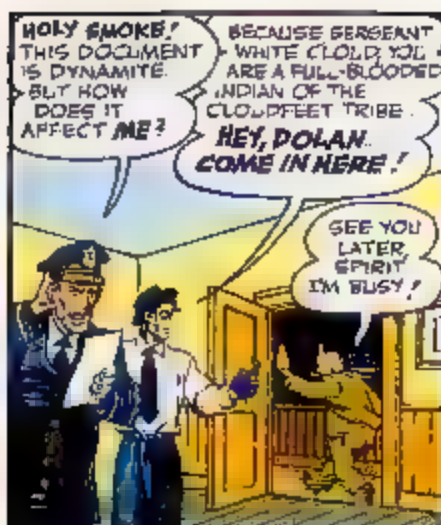


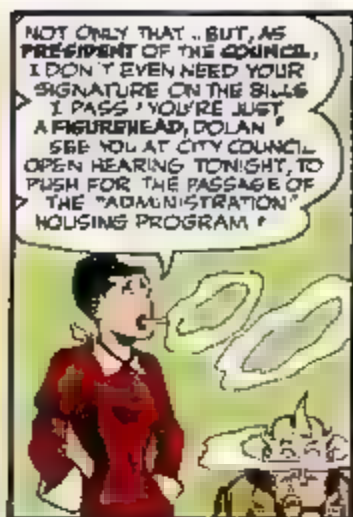
MAYOR
DOLAN

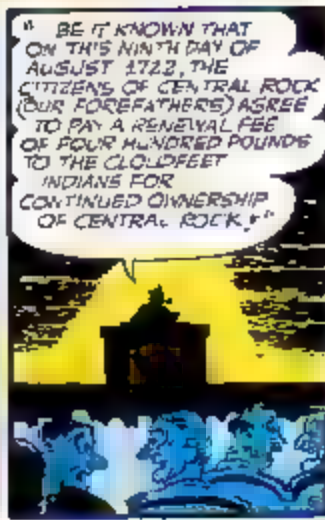
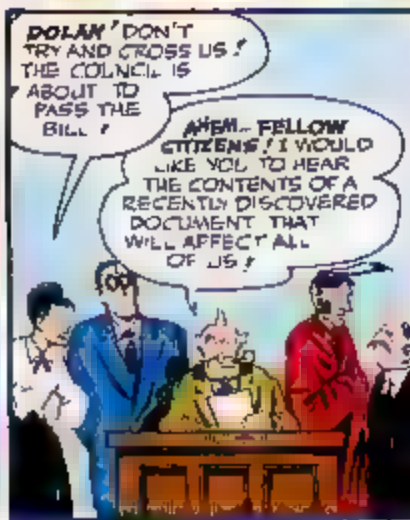
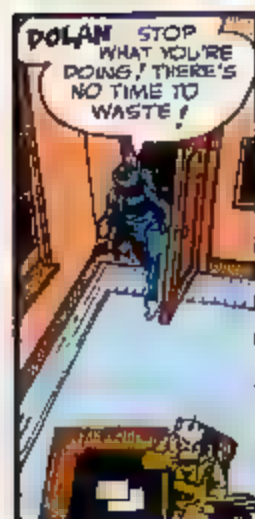
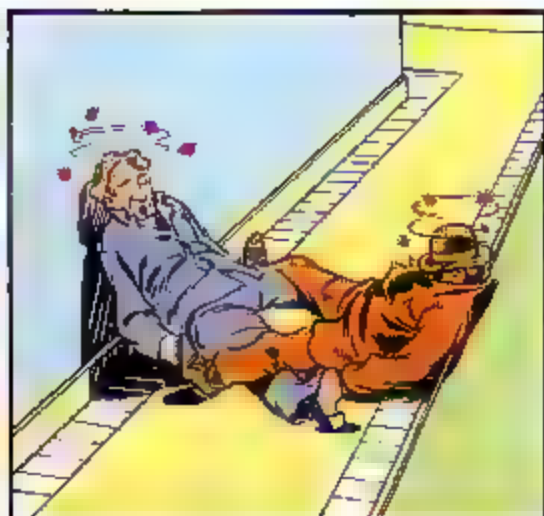


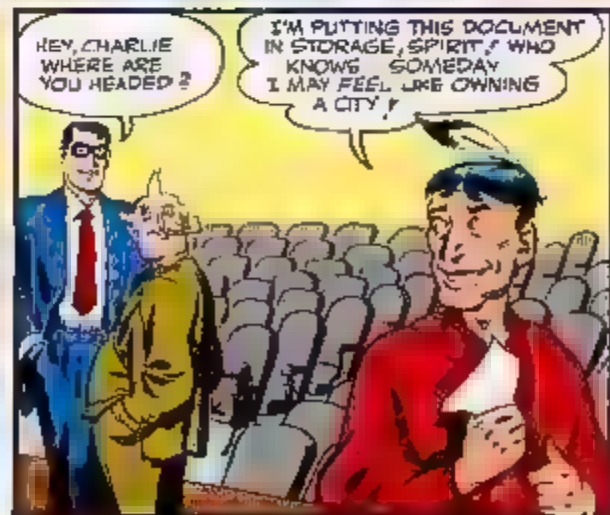
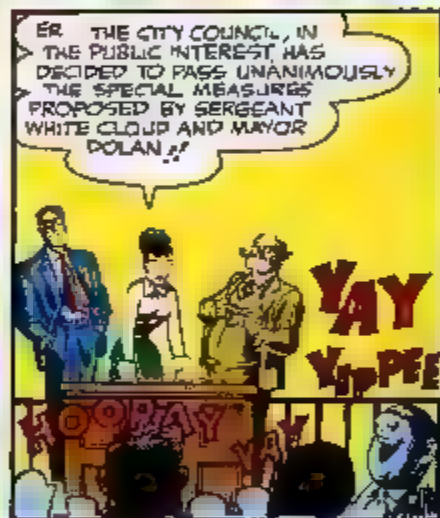
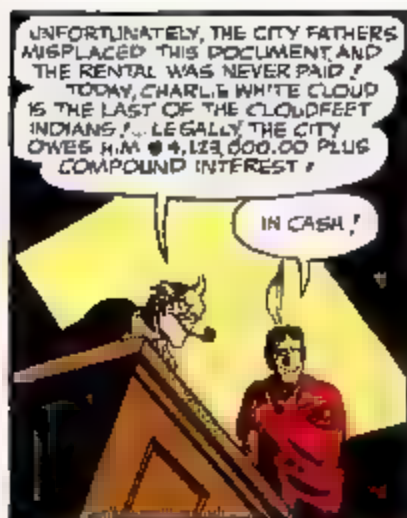
MEANWHILE BACK AT CITY HALL

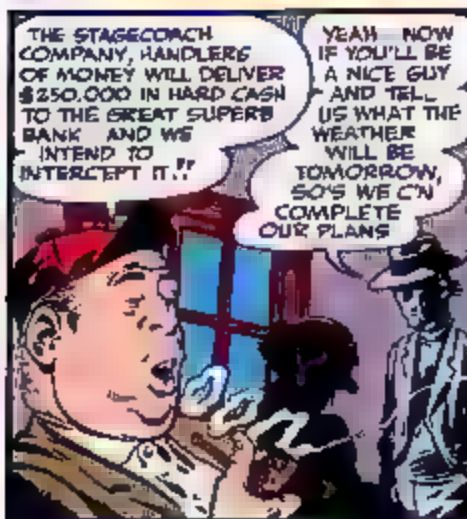
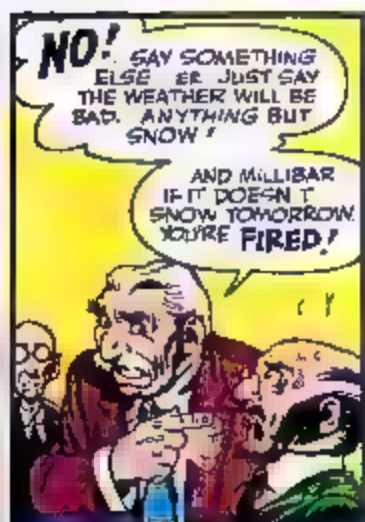
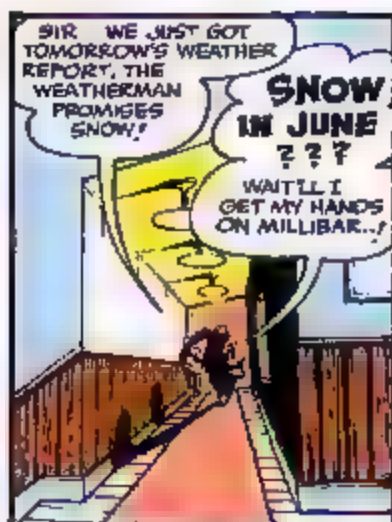


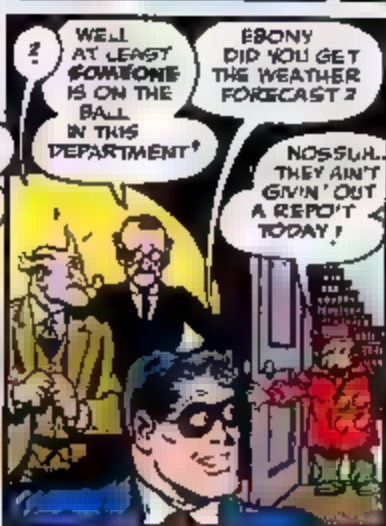
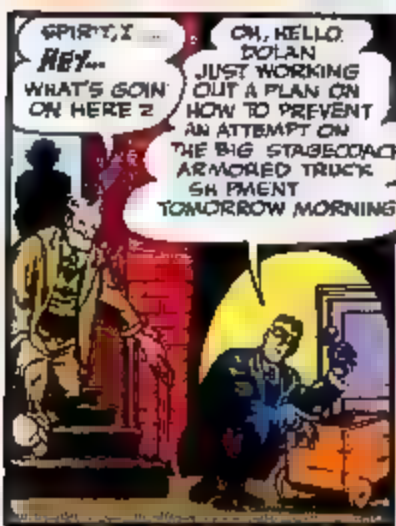
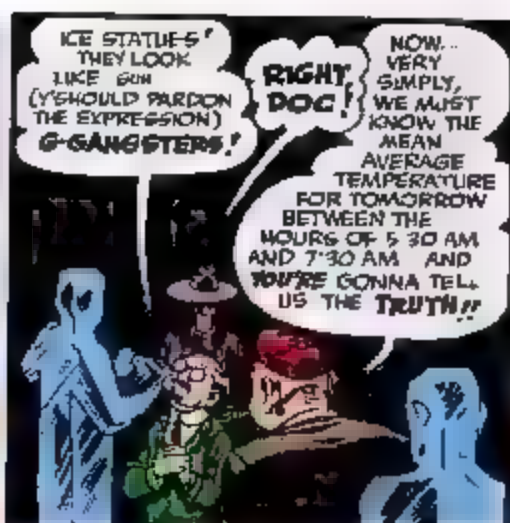


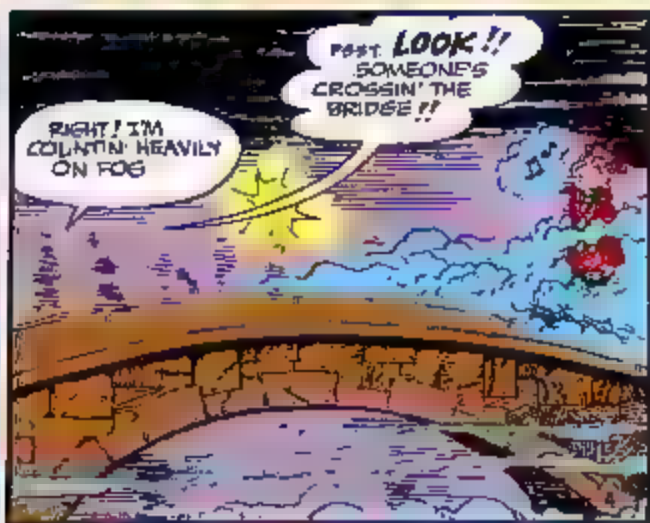
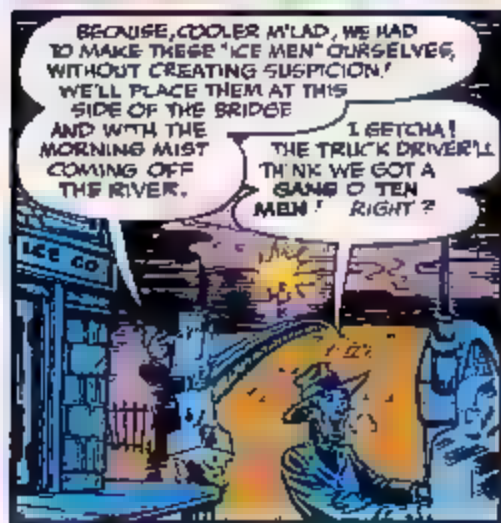
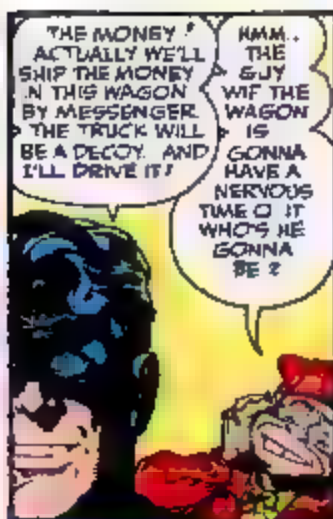
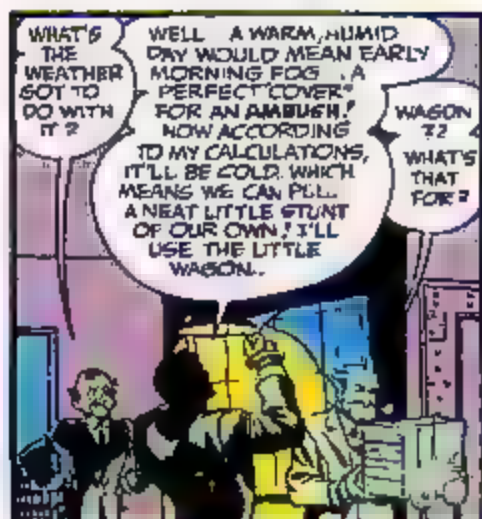


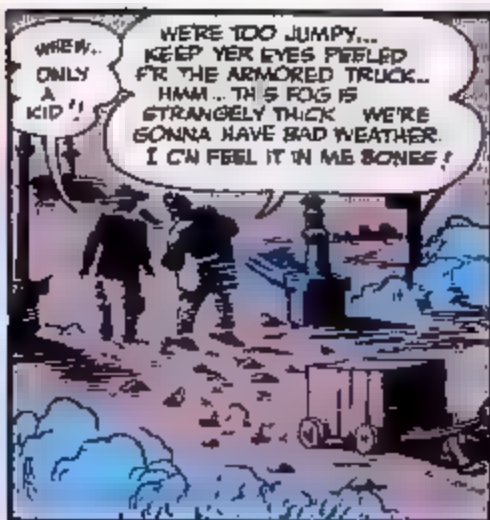












WHEW...
ONLY
A KID!!

WE'RE TOO JUMPY...
KEEP YER EYES PEELED
FR' THE ARMORED TRUCK...
HAMM... THIS FOG IS
STRANGELY THICK. WE'RE
GONNA HAVE BAD WEATHER.
I CAN FEEL IT IN ME BONES!!

Our scene now shifts
northward to the banks
of Newfoundland

WITH UNEXPLAINED
SUDDENNESS, THE WIND
SHIFTS TO THE SOUTH...
AND A COLD AIR
MASS MOVES TOWARD
THE UNITED STATES
ON A 50-MILE
FRONT...

ONCE INLAND, THE CHILLY AIR COLLECTS ITSELF AND INVADES
THE WARM VALLEY WHERE CENTRAL CITY LIES BLANKETED
IN EARLY SUMMER HEAT AND FOG

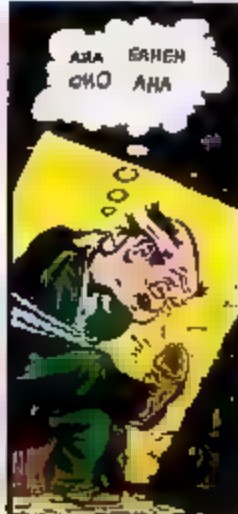


IN THE ICE PLANT,
WHERE POOR MR.
MELBAR WAS LEFT
BEATEN AND BOUND...

SHIFT
1???

SNIFF

AAA EAHEN
OHO AHA



A WEATHER
SHIFT OH DEAR...
THE DROP IN
TEMPERATURE WILL
OCCUR TOO SOON...
IT'LL RAIN INSTEAD
OF SNOW 'I MUST GET
OUT AND CHANGE MY
FORECAST.

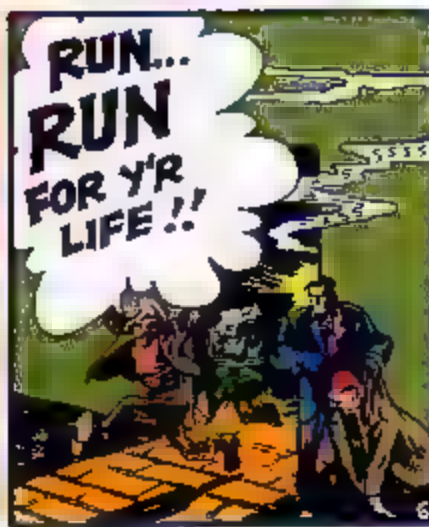
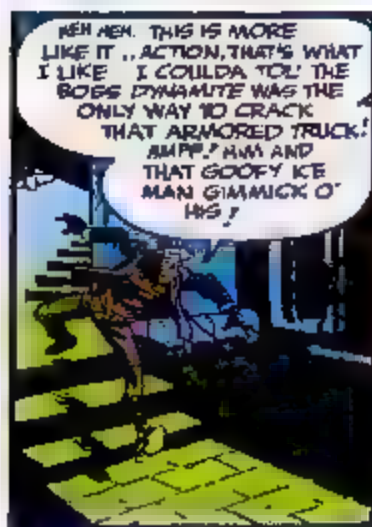
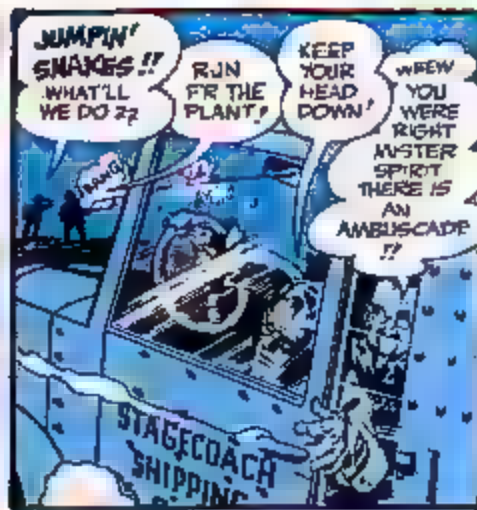
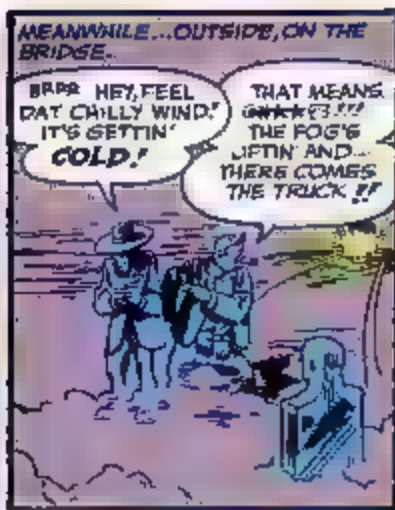
OH DEAR THE POOR
FARMERS - THE POOR
FARMERS.

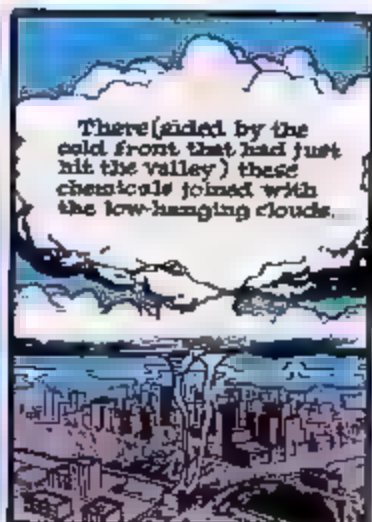
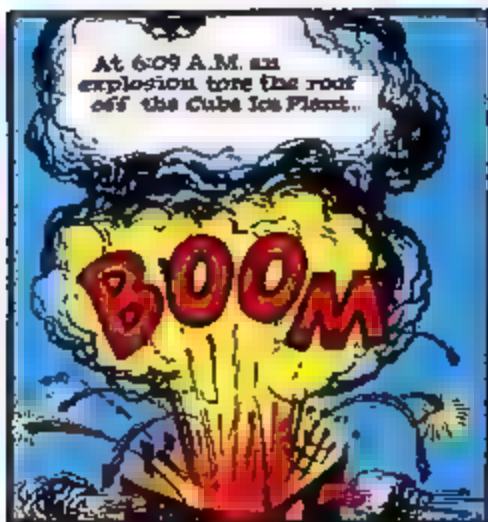


ESCAPE THAT'S IT...
I'LL ESCAPE!!
AH DYNAMITE
THEY'VE LEFT DYNAMITE...

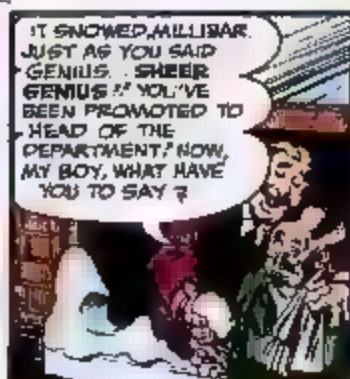
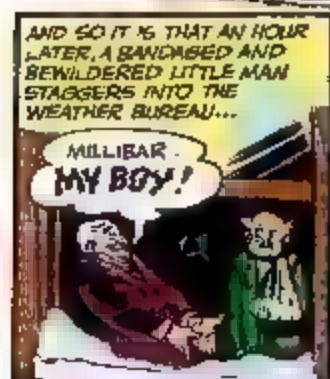
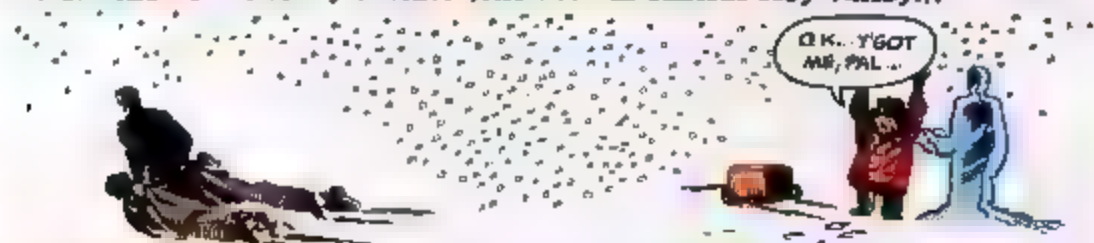
NOW, IF ONLY
I CAN... AAA!
DETONATOR
CAPS!!







..And for the next twenty minutes, snow fell in Central City Valley..!



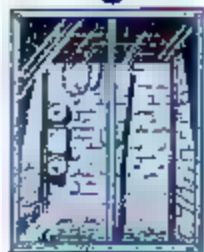


THE ELEVATOR

June 26, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

From the 65th floor of the Central Building to the street it is but five minutes by elevator. Yet there are times when these few fleeting minutes seem like hours, and the little car a stage wherein mighty dramas begin or end.

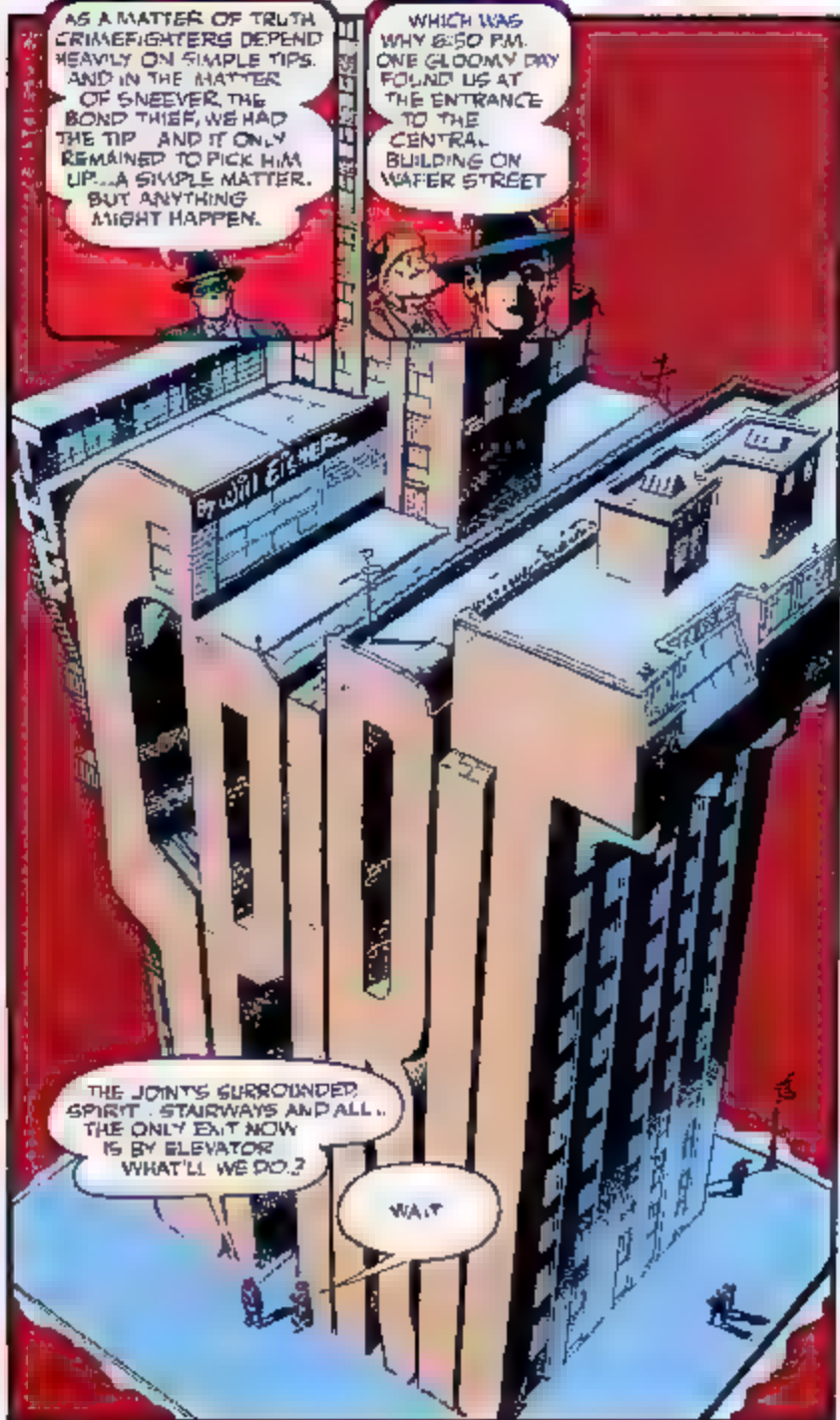


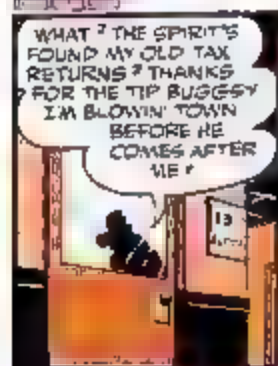
AS A MATTER OF TRUTH CRIMEFIGHTERS DEPEND HEAVILY ON SIMPLE TIPS. AND IN THE MATTER OF SNEEVER, THE BOND THIEF, WE HAD THE TIP. AND IT ONLY REMAINED TO PICK HIM UP...A SIMPLE MATTER. BUT ANYTHING MIGHT HAPPEN.

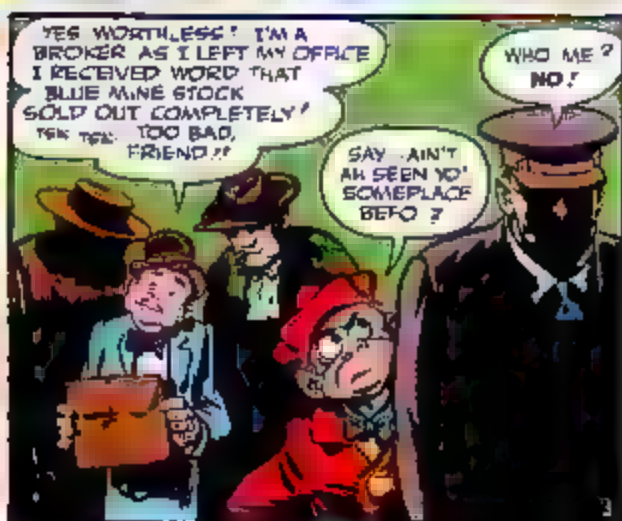
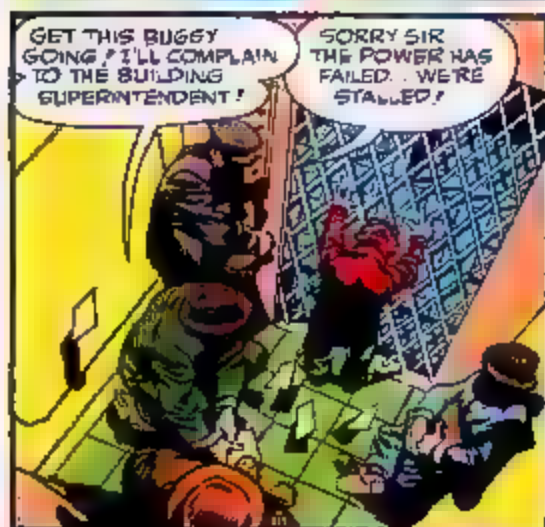
WHICH WAS WHY 8:50 P.M. ONE GLOOMY DAY FOUND US AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE CENTRAL BUILDING ON WATER STREET

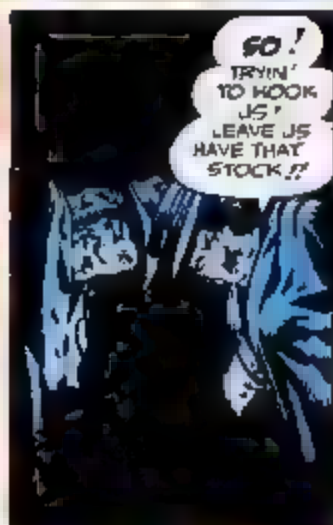
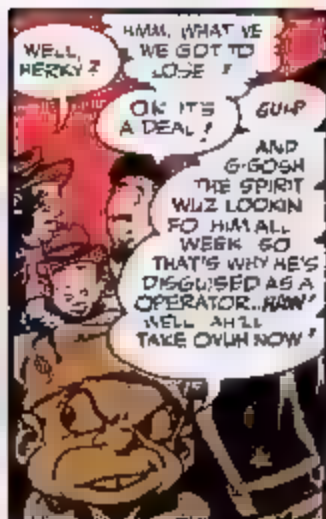
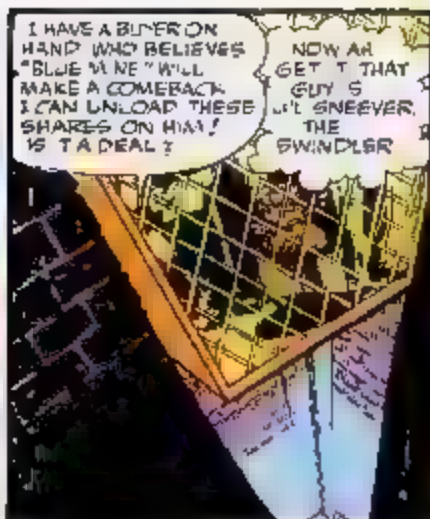
THE JOINTS SURROUNDED SPIRIT. STAIRWAYS AND ALL. THE ONLY EXIT NOW IS BY ELEVATOR. WHAT'LL WE DO?

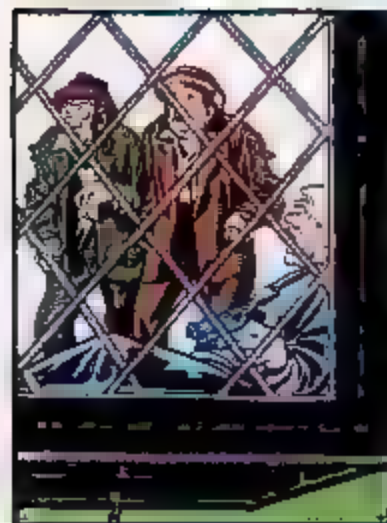
WAIT











FOR A LONG MOMENT THE
ELEVATOR'S OCCUPANTS
STAND THUNDERSTRUCK
NOT A SOUND IS HEARD. SAVE
THE CREAKING OF THE
AGED CABLE



LEMME
OUTTA
HERE!!



THIS IS MURDER

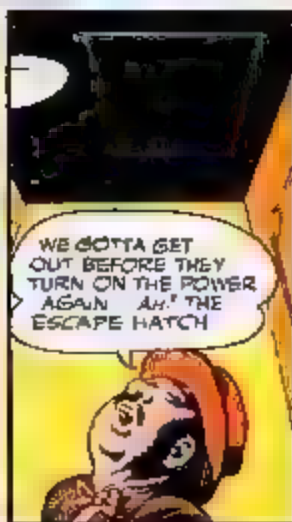
... I GOTTA GET
AWAY ' LEMME
OUT.
LEMME
OUT!



NOW MAYBE
HE'LL SHUT UP!



WE GOTTA GET
OUT BEFORE THEY
TURN ON THE POWER
AGAIN AH! THE
ESCAPE HATCH



BOOST
ME UP, AH
I GOT IT,



NO..
NO!!
COME BACK
!!



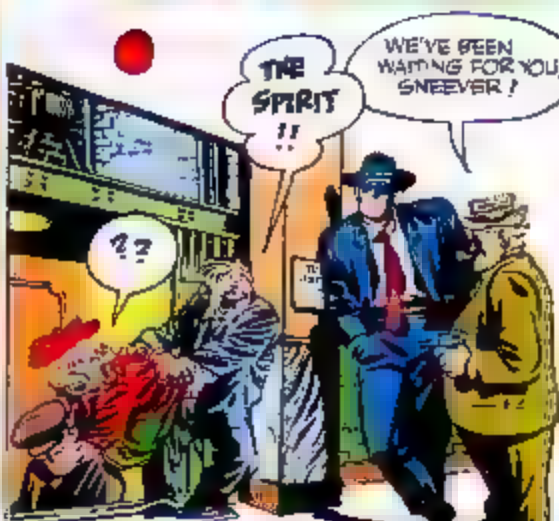
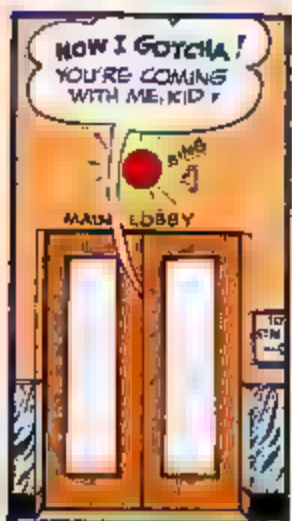
THEY'VE ESCAPED.
LEAVING ME TO TAKE
THE RAP. THE POLICE
WILL QUESTION YOU
AND YOU'LL
TELL..



BUT SUPPOSE
THERE IS ONLY
ME !!-E-S

GOLLY
WAKE UP,
MIST'
SPIRIT
WAKE UP!





The Spirit's READER

A primer for adults, containing instructive
and pleasant little moral tales. The juvenile
reader is also invited to peruse these pages.

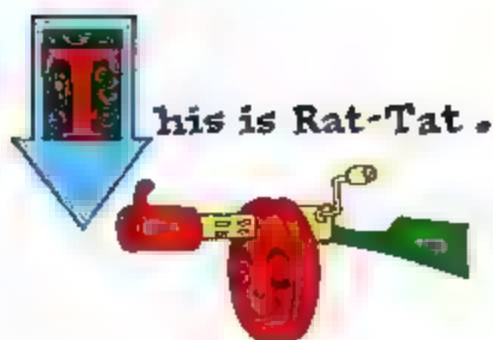


Written, illustrated, and
fully annotated by

WILL EYENER



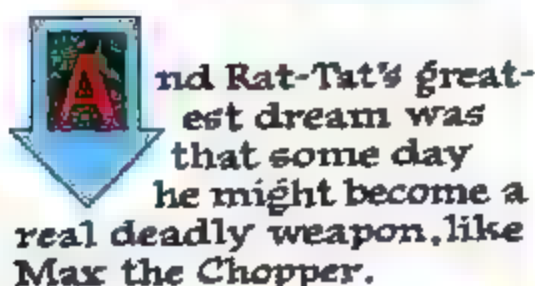
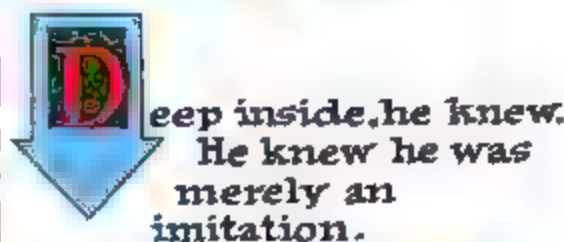
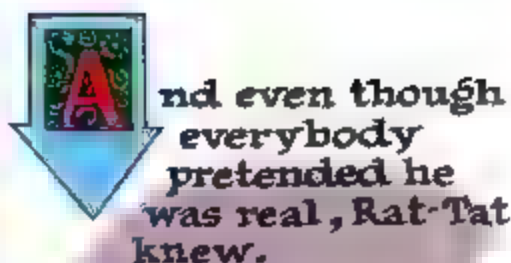
THE STORY OF RAT-TAT THE TOY MACHINE GUN

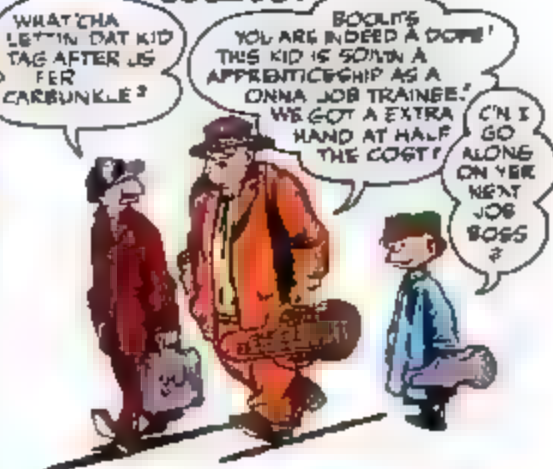
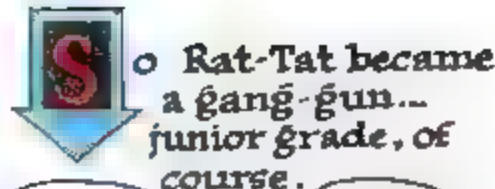
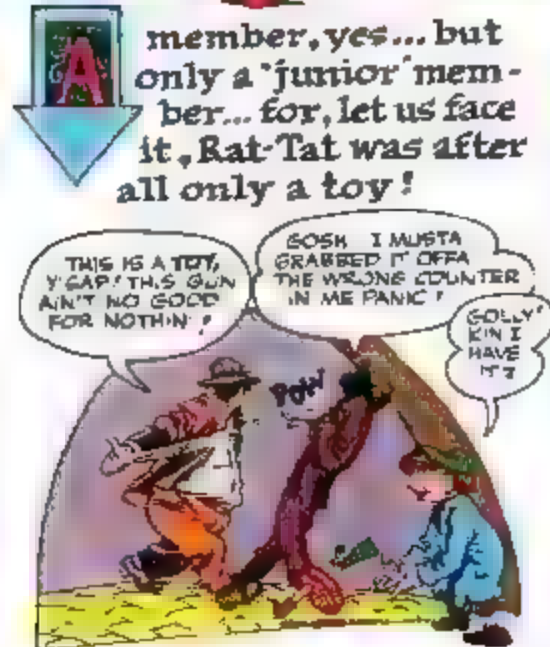
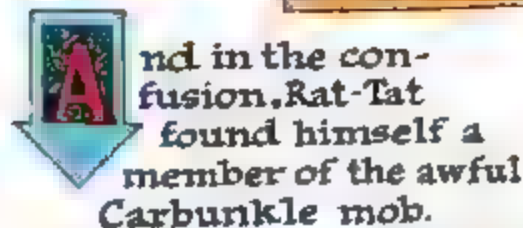


Rat-Tat is a toy machine gun.



... and the little boys would go...





CALLING ALL CARS - CALLING
ALL CARS - BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR THE CARBUNKLE MOB -
WANTED FOR ROSSING THE
46TH NATIONAL BANK



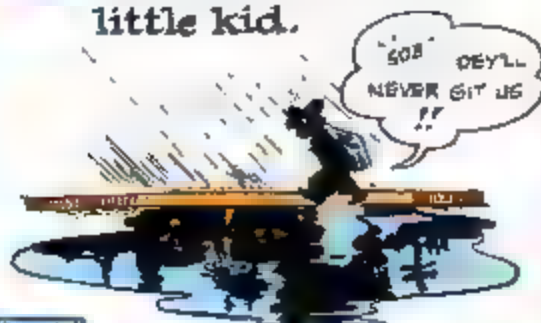
Now Rat-Tat knew
what it meant to
be hunted.
Adventure, danger...
everything he had always
longed for was now his.



But he was scared !



Through the rain and
storm, through the
smoke and flame
ran Rat-Tat and the
little kid.



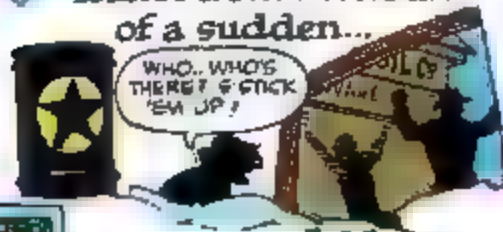
Hiding in alleys,
cowering in sewers..
this was not at all
the kind of
life he had
expected.



That night, two
broken hearted
criminals huddled
together and cried each
other to sleep.



So, the next night, Rat-Tat found himself at the secret hideout... when all of a sudden...



Golly gee! Do you know who it was?



Now, thought Rat-Tat, now..!



But he couldn't..he just couldn't.



Well, sir...at that moment...



Bookits returned..and..well..some simply awful things happened.



Poor Rat-Tat...he could only watch..



And hope for the best..which was none too good.



Now everything was spoiled... the bad Carbunkle boys were getting even worse.



Poor Rat-Tat was simply at his wits' end. He just didn't know what to do..



Wait... wait a moment... the Spirit was getting up.



Oh dear... yes... he is up and fighting!



Poor Rat-Tat worried only harder.



If only there were something he could do... if only he were real!



With every ounce of energy in his plastic body, Rat-Tat tried.



And tried...



And **TRIED!**



And much to everyone's surprise (including Rat-Tat's)



When the flames were out...



And that day, Rat-Tat was as 'real' as any gun he had ever known...



... and sort of glad he was only a toy.

The END



TEN MINUTES

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

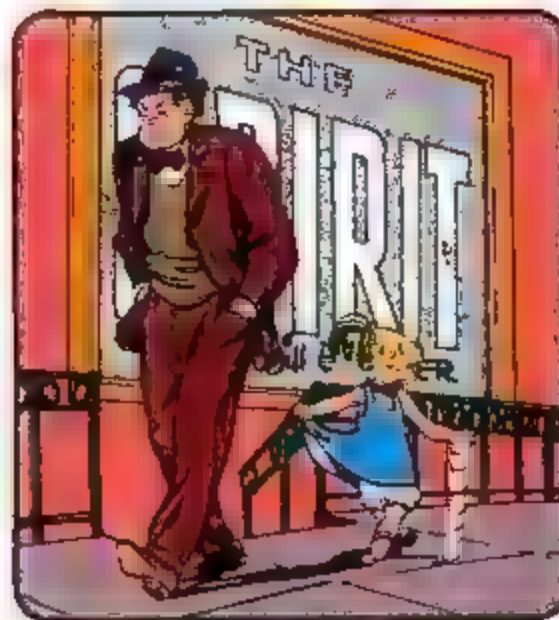
It will take you ten minutes to read this story...

... a very short time in any man's lifetime



But these ten minutes that you will spend here are an eternity for one man.

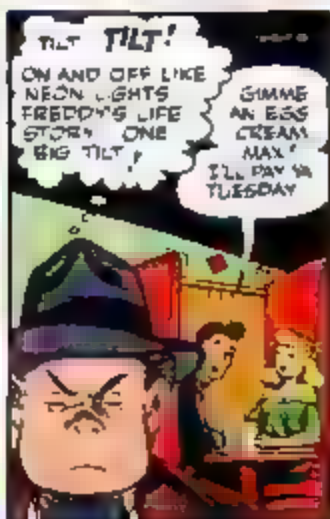
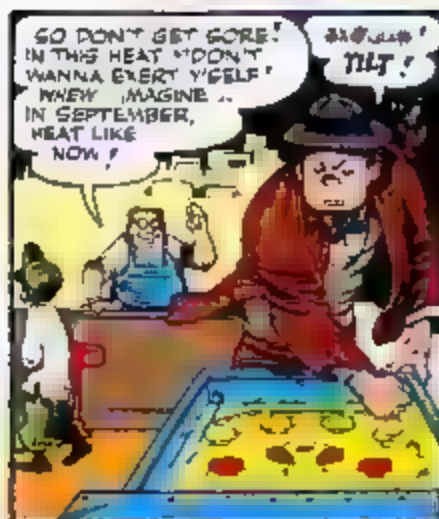
For they are the last ten minutes in Freddie's life



The time
is now
10:31



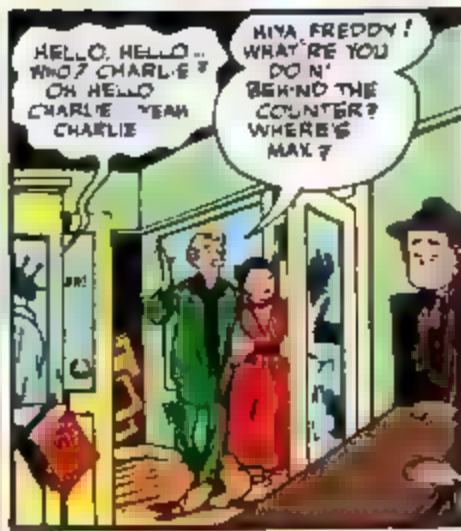
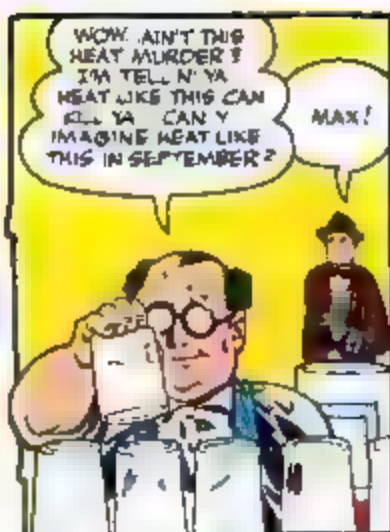
TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK



The time
is now
10:33



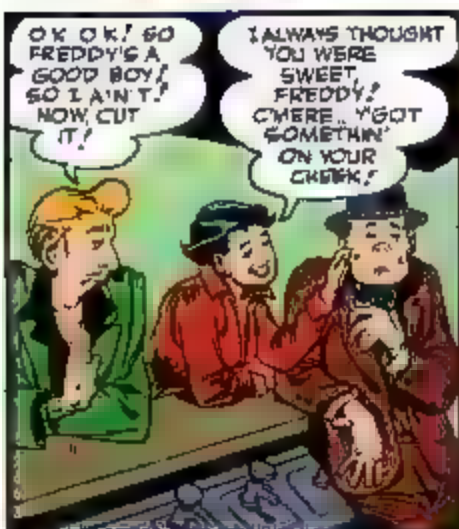
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK



The time
now is
10:35



TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK



The time
is now
10:37



TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK
TICK TICK



The time
now is
10:39



TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK
TICK



The time
now is
10:40

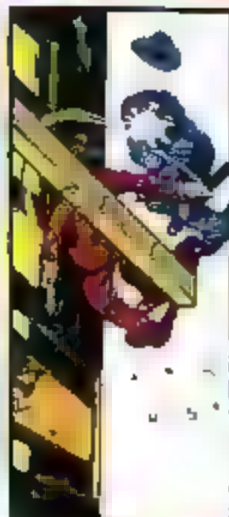


TICK TACK
TICK TACK
TICK
TICK
TICK

THAT WAS THE
SPURT HE'S
PROBABLY
CHECKIN THE
STATIONS HE SAW
ME BEFORE HE
CAN'T SUSPECT
NOTHIN'!



I'D LIKE TO
TALK TO YOU..
FREDDY!



THERE HE GOES!

OPEN
THE DOOR
OPE



LET GO
MISTER!

EEEEK!

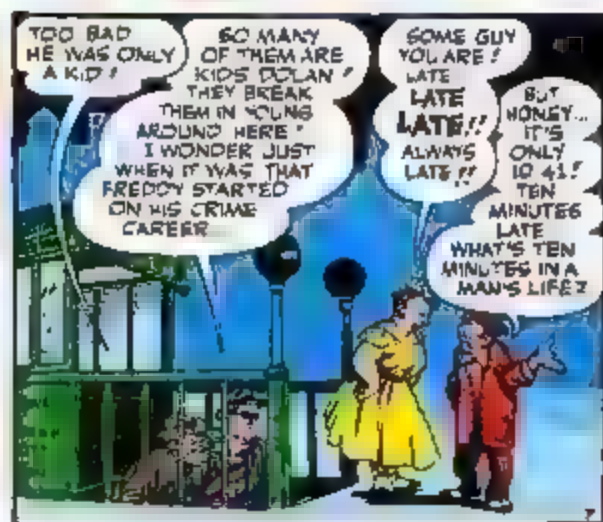


TOO BAD
HE WAS ONLY
A KID!

SO MANY
OF THEM ARE
KIDS DOLAN!
THEY BREAK
THEM IN YOUNG
AROUND HERE!
I WONDER JUST
WHEN IT WAS THAT
FREDDY STARTED
ON HIS CRIME
CAREER

SOME GUY
YOU ARE!
LATE
LATE!!
ALWAYS
LATE!!

BUT HONEY...
IT'S ONLY
10:41!
TEN
MINUTES
LATE
WHAT'S TEN
MINUTES IN A
MAN'S LIFE?





LURID LOVE

September 18, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

BY W. P. EISNER
THE SPIRIT

LURID LOVE

SEPT



Lurid LOVE

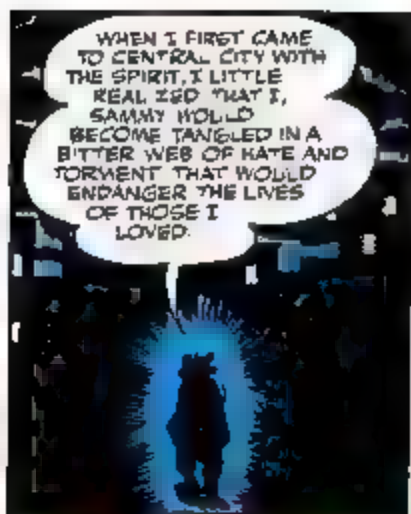
SICKENING STORIES ABOUT OTHER PEOPLE'S MISERY & HEARTACHE

Written for people in love—about people in love—by people in love
ILLUSCOMICS



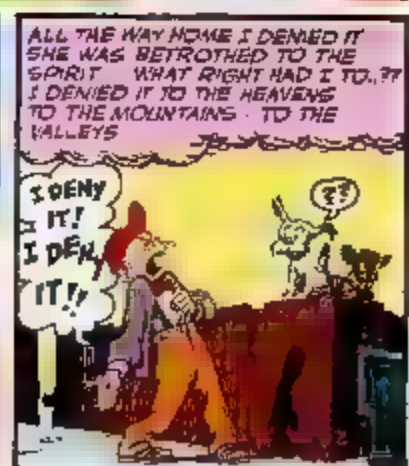
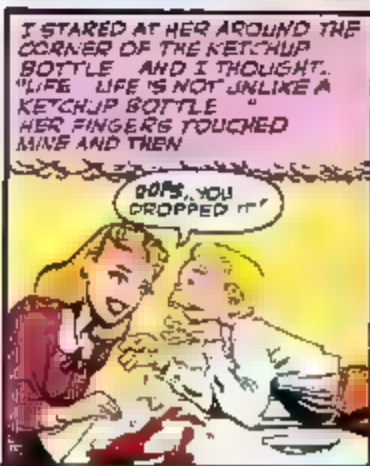
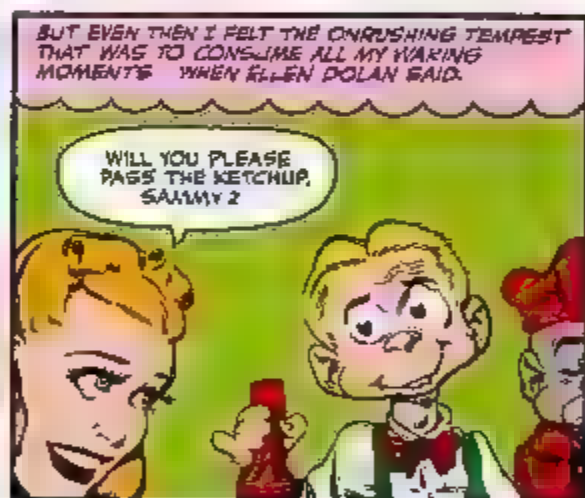
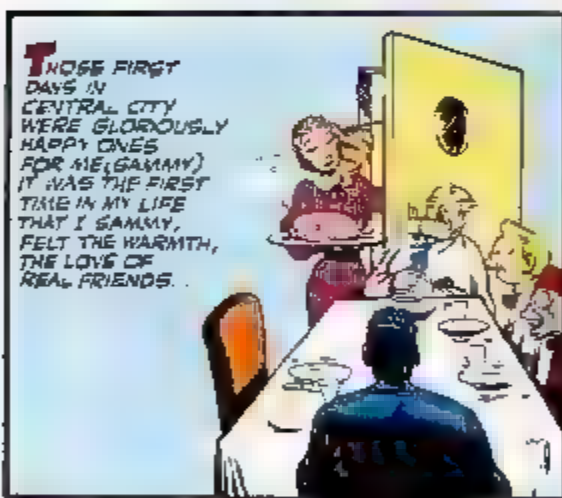
HAVE
YOU
A LOVE
PROBLEM
THAT
YOU ARE
HARD TO
SOLVE?

OUR OWN
WANDA
WILL
ANSWER
YOUR
QUESTION



"I WAS PASSION'S PLAYTHING"

A TRUE, REAL-LIFE LOVE-CONFESSION ROMANCE



THAT NIGHT I SAT IN WILLOWOOD
CEMETERY THE SPIRIT'S SECRET
HIDEAWAY AS YOUNG EBONY SLEPT
THE SLEEP OF THE CONTENTED I,
YOUNG SAMMY PEERED SLEEPLESS
INTO THE STARLESS SKIES



**SICK, DO
YOU HEAR**
22



I KNEW THERE WAS ONLY ONE
THING TO DO THE NEXT MORNING
I HEADED STRAIGHT FOR ELLEN
DOLAN'S HOUSE WHY SHOULD
TWO LIVES BE RUINED BECAUSE OF
ELLEN'S EARLIER ROMANCE?



"TO GO ON THE
PICNIC I
PROMISED,
OF COURSE
LET'S GO!"

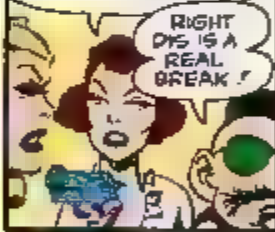


YEAH.
AN' WE'LL
COME ALONG
TOO JES
TMAKE SURE
EVERYONE HAS
FUN!



IT WAS THEN I MET UGLY
MARY SWEET YOUNG
UNPOOLED, UNASSUMING
TRUSTING, HONEST.

ONE FALSE MOVE
MONEY AND YOU
WON'T KNOW WHAT
H T YA ' SETH CALL
THE PAYOFF BOYS
AN TELL 'EM TO MEET
US AT TRICKLEROCK
PICNIC GROVE



Continued on next page

Advertisement

LOSE WEIGHT!

LOSE 70 LBS. A DAY



"MINUSFAT" THE NEW
ANTI NOURISHMENT
FOOD COMPOUND

**MONEY BACK
GUARANTEE**[illegible]☐ SEND NO COUPON

DE 74	N	D 56711	WGS T	25.172
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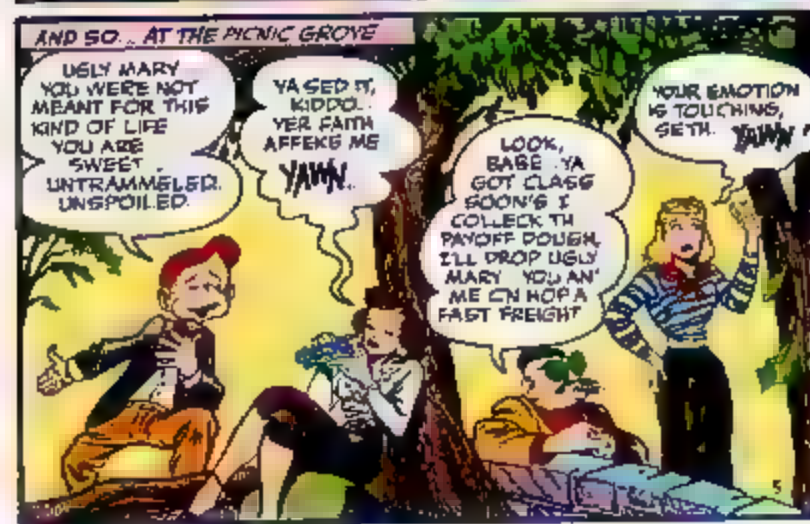
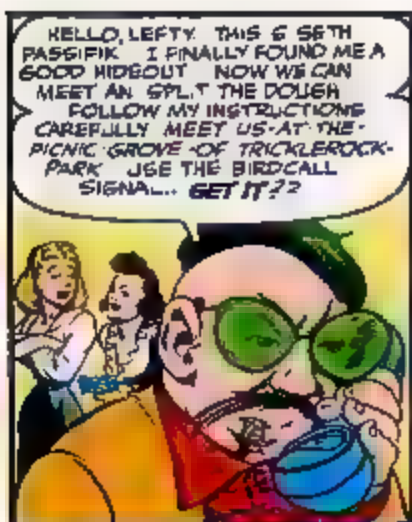
2014年12月12日

Full name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ State _____ Zip _____

NO WORDS TO BE USED
IN THE FUTURE OF THE
FUTURE OF THE FUTURE
OF THE FUTURE OF THE
FUTURE OF THE FUTURE

221

二、 $\frac{1}{2} \times 100 = 50$ (元)



Advertisement

GAIN WEIGHT

LOOK LIKE THIS

EVERYBODY LOVES A FAT GIRL BE POPULAR BE POLAR FIRM AND FULLY PACKED GAIN 100 POUNDS QUICKLY, SAFELY NO GUARANTEE YOU'LL HAVE SATISFIED WHEN YOU APPEAR ON THE BEACH DO YOU WANT TO BE CALLED "LUSHY" ALL YOUR LIFE?

DOWNY LOOK LIKE THIS

NO DIETING
NO SLEEPING
NO MASSAGE
NO EFFORT
NO NOTHING
JUST
CONSUME
423 OF OUR
FAT GLOBULE GREASE PILLS
PER DAY

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

FREE TRIAL COUPON

OW FACTORY 1 BLOODLOT
121 PROTEIN DRIVE
CORPUGGLE VERMONT

PLEASE FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE
SEND ME FORKUTONS FOR LOSING
WEIGHT I CAN'T GET THEREDON
THE DOORS OF MY HOUSE

Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____

NOW MY LIFE WAS EVEN MORE COMPLICATED POOR, SWEET, UNTAINTED, UNTRAMMELED, UNSULLIED, UNWARNISHED, UNBURDENED LITTLE UGLY MARY WAS NOW MADLY IN LOVE WITH ME! I COULDN'T KEEP ELLEN DOLAN ON A STRING YET, I DIDN'T WANT TO HURT HER BUT STILL, I MUST BE HONEST.



ELLEN...THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU !!



GO WAY, KID. Y'BODDER ME! NOW, AS I WAS SAYIN'..



I WEPT WEPT, WEPT AS THOUGH MY HEART WOULD BREAK..



YA SONNA LET HIM PUSH YA AROUND ?



BOP



RRRRR .. NO NO NEVER !!



BUT THEY HAD NOT RECKONED ON THE CONSTANCY OF A MAN IN LOVE



Advertisement

WHICH ONE DO YOU WANT?

<p>THE LITTLE GRANT DUNDY</p> <p>2.99</p>	<p>B-ASTO</p> <p>1.99</p>	<p>LIVE A LITTLE</p> <p>5.99</p>
--	----------------------------------	---

NEVER BEFORE

"MOXIE'S MURDER KIT"

9.99

BE A CARTOONIST!

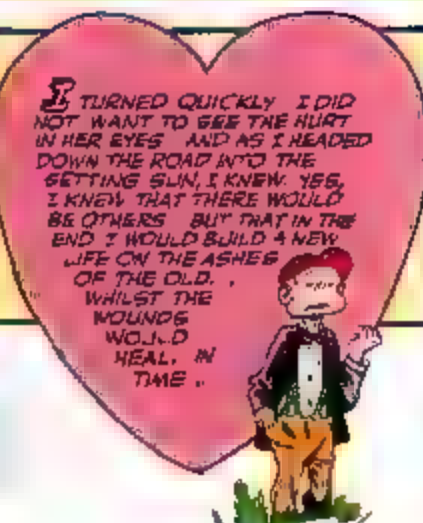
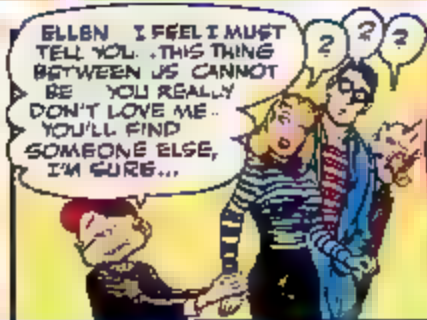
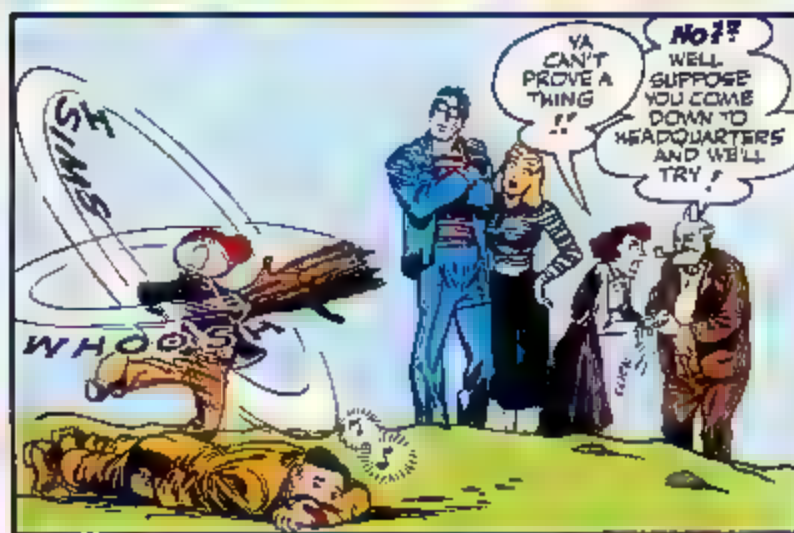
5.00

SEND NO COUPON
SEND NO MONEY

DO IT NOW

AMAZING MONEY BACK GUARANTEE

AND SAVE



LOVE PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY WANDA LUST





THE RETURN OF VINO RED

September 25, 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE



The chill autumn fog has laid a clammy hand on Central City... smothering sounds dampening footsteps... squooshing into soggy silence the brisk, brittle sounds of the city

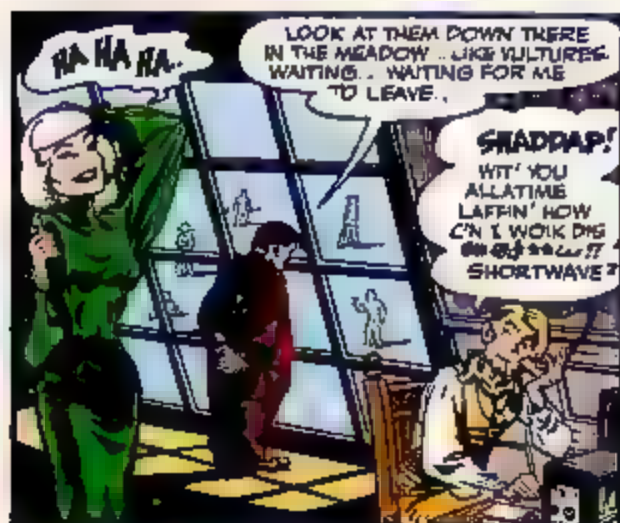
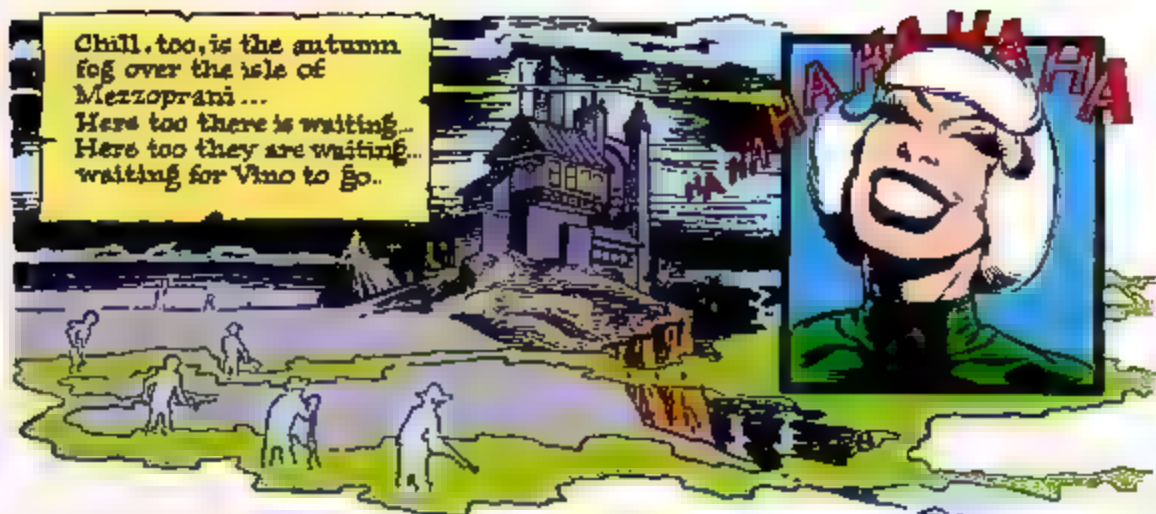
Only in Slum Gully... only in the city's little kingdom of crime is there a resistance to the apathy that soaks the city when the fog rolls in.

For here in the crooked pook marked kingdom there is something that the wet fog cannot weaken. Here in Slum Gully there is only waiting waiting for the return the

**Return
of
Vino Red**



Chill, too, is the autumn fog over the isle of Mezzoprani... Here too there is waiting... Here too they are waiting... waiting for VINO to go...



HA HA

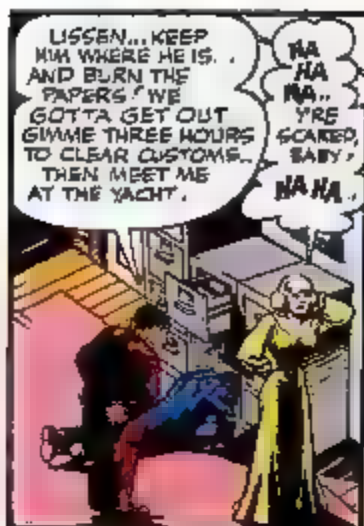
...AND ME, 'ICE' WATERS...

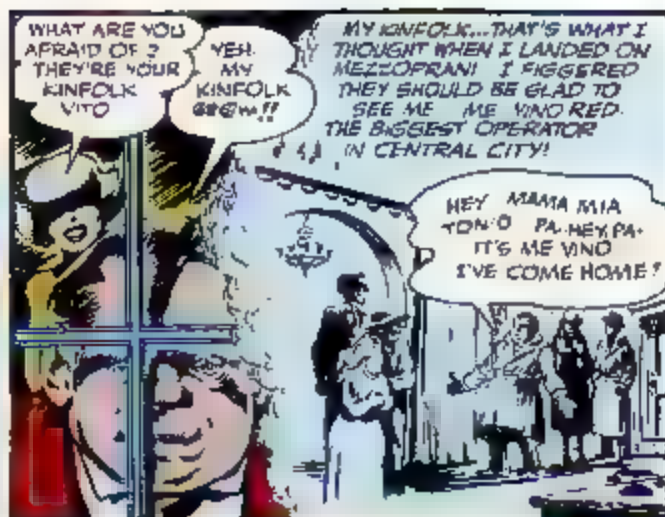


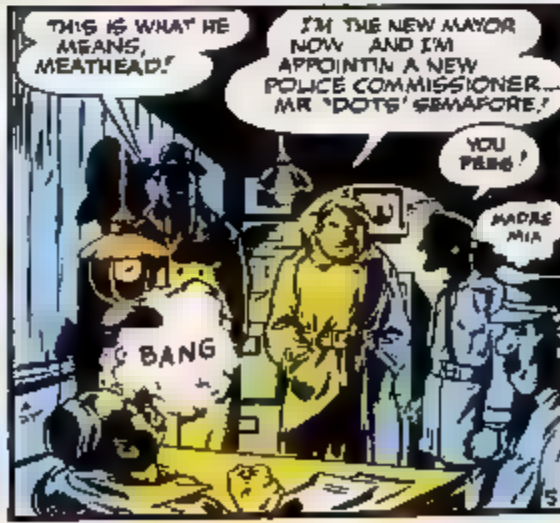
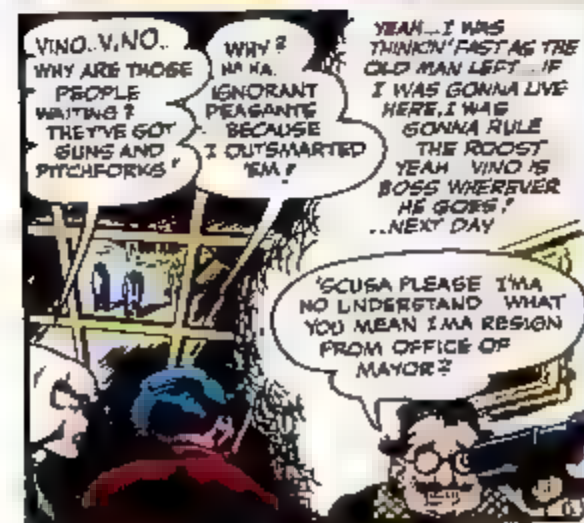
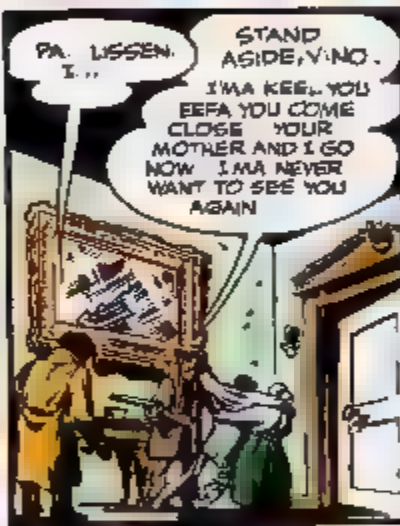
I'M THE FUNNIEST OF ALL... SUDDENLY FEELIN' REMORSE... SUDDENLY I'M THINKIN' ABOUT THE SPIRIT... THINKIN' ABOUT THE LAST WE SAW OF HIM... JUST 100 DAYS AGO...

WE HAD HIM THEN, VINO... WE HAD HIM... WE CAUGHT HIM CASING OUR PRIVATE FILES... AND VINO, YOU LET HIM HAVE A SLUG RIGHT IN THE BACK!



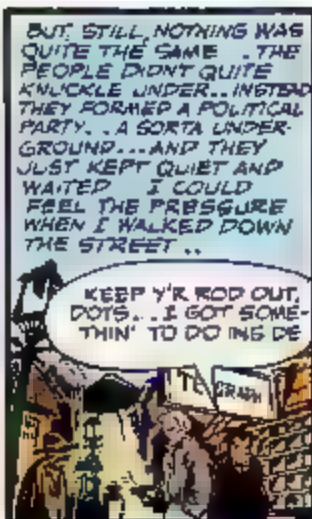








- AND SO FOR A HUNDRED
DAYS I RULED MEZZOPRANI...
THE ISLAND LAY UNDER
MY FEET JUST AS
ONCE BLUM GULLY
TREMBLED UNDER
MY THUMB...



BUT, STILL, NOTHING WAS
QUITE THE SAME... THE
PEOPLE DIDN'T QUITE
KNUCKLE UNDER... INSTEAD
THEY FORMED A POLITICAL
PARTY... A SORTA UNDER-
GROUND... AND THEY
JUST KEPT QUIET AND
WAITED. I COULD
FEEL THE PRESSURE
WHEN I WALKED DOWN
THE STREET...

KEEP Y'R ROD OUT,
DOYS... I GOT SOME-
THIN' TO DO INSIDE



AH, SO THAT'S WHY WE'VE
HAD DOYS ON THE
W RELESS FOR
THE LAST TWO
HOURS... THAT'S
WHY YOU
WANTA GO
BACK

YEAH!
LOOK
OUT!



TONIO!!
I'M GLAD TO
SEE YOUR
WOUND'S
HEALING...
I... WHAT IS
ALL THIS...

VINO... I'M THE
LEADER OF THE
REVOLUTION STS...
THAT ROCK WAS A
WARNING THEY-A
WAIT OUTSIDE ONE
THOUSAND STRONG!
THEY MEAN TO WIPE
YOU OFF THE FACE
OF THEESA ISLE,
VINO!!



SWX
1/2

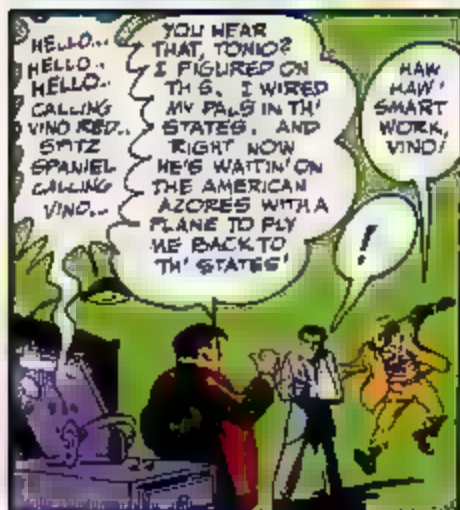
THEESA TIME,
MEESTER GUN
BOY, I'MA COME
PREPARED, YOU
GONNA DIE...
BUT MY BROTHER
I'MA GONNA GIVE
ONE CHANCE

CHANCE,
WHAT
??



GEEVA BACK
ALLA MONEY
YOU STEALA
FROM THE
TREASURY...
OR...

OR
NOTHIN'
KID, YOU'RE
NOT DEALIN'
WITH A
TWO-BIT
POLITICO...
THAT DOUGH IS
MINE AND IT'S
GOING OUT
WITH ME!



HELLO...
HELLO...
HELLO...
CALLING
VINO REED...
SMITZ
SPANIEL
CALLING
VINO...

YOU HEAR
THAT, TONIO?
I FIGURED ON
TH'S. I WIRED
MY PALS IN TH'
STATES, AND
RIGHT NOW
HE'S WATTIN' ON
THE AMERICAN
AZORES WITH A
PLANE TO FLY
ME BACK TO
TH' STATES!

HAW
KAW!
SMART
WORK,
VINO!



NO... NO!
YOU NOT
GO...

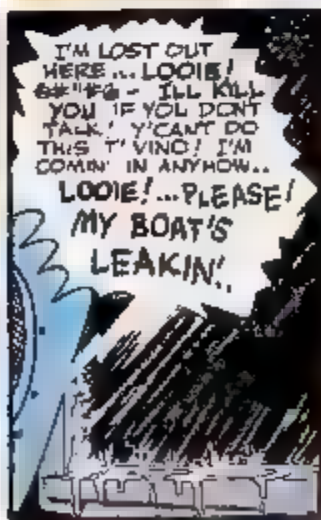
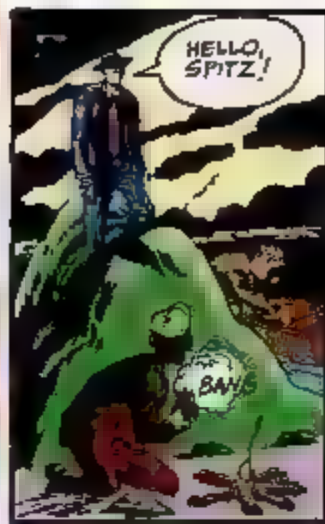
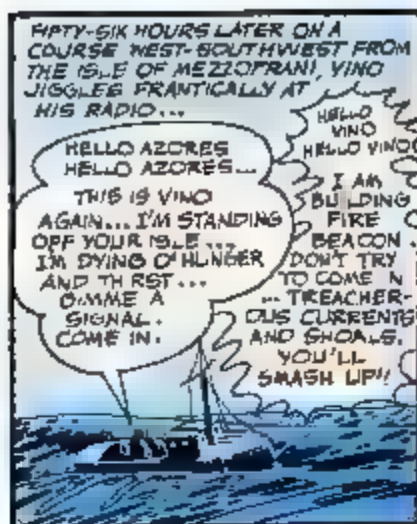
LEGGO,
YOU LITTLE
UGH... OW

C'MON,
ICE
BABY...
LET THEM
BOTH FIGHT
IT OUT, THIS
IS TH' BREAK
I NEED...
C'MON!



NO VINO
I'M NOT GOING
BACK. I ONCE
TURNED DOWN
THE SPIRIT
TO GET OFF
YOUR
MERRY-GO-
ROUND...
THIS TIME I'M
NOT GOING TO
IM STAYING
AND TAKING
MY CHANCES!

OK
O K
I'M
GOIN'
MYSELF
SO LONG
ICE!



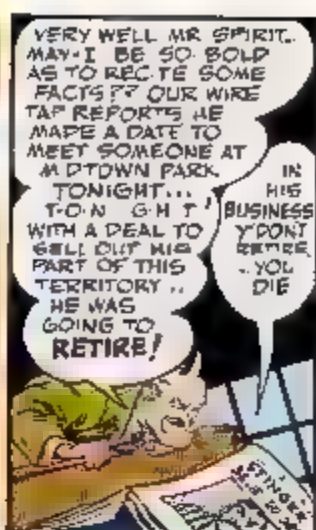
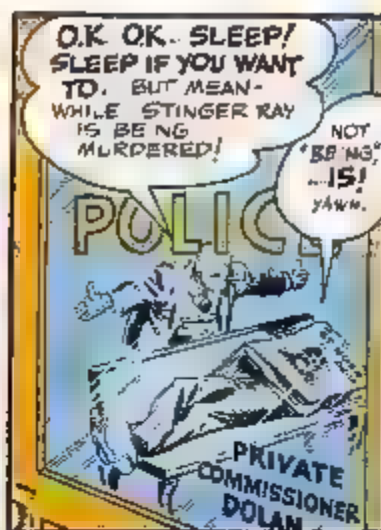
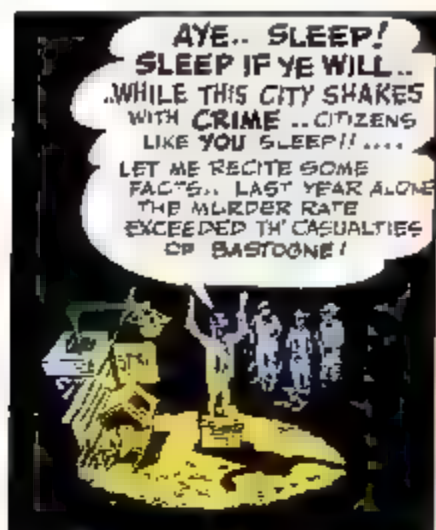


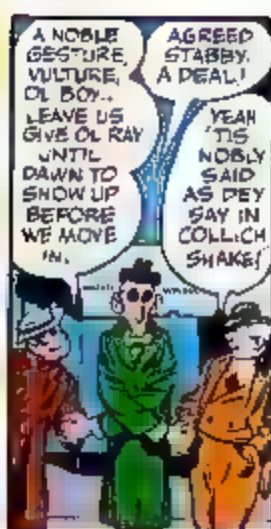
CRIME

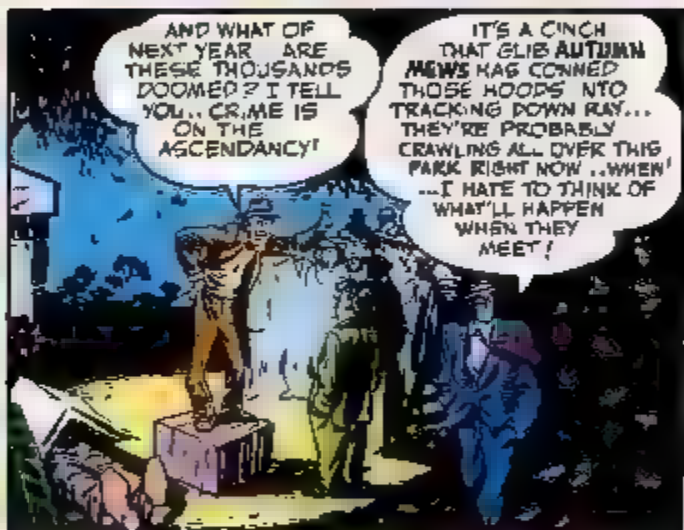
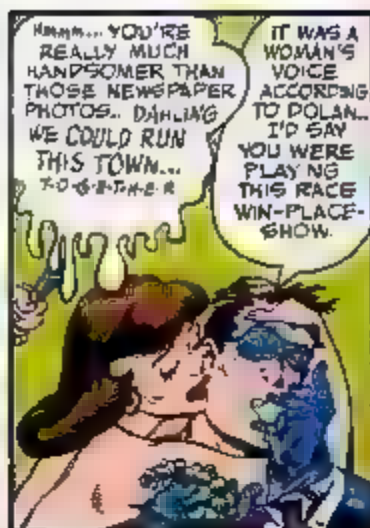
October 2, 1949

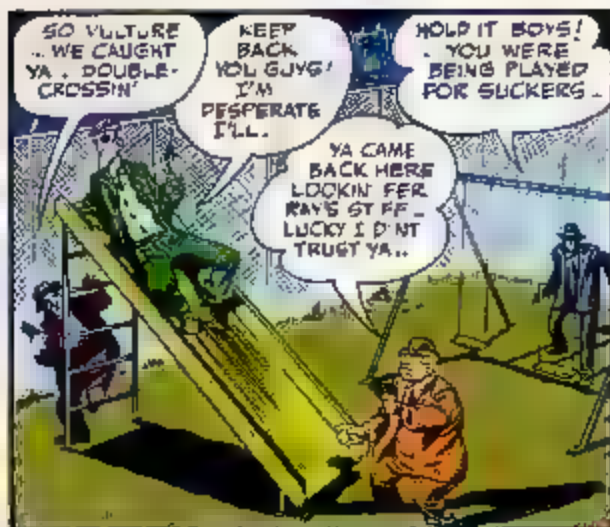
**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

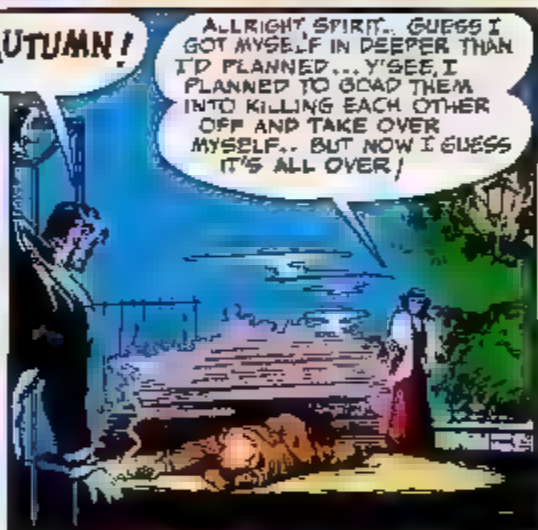












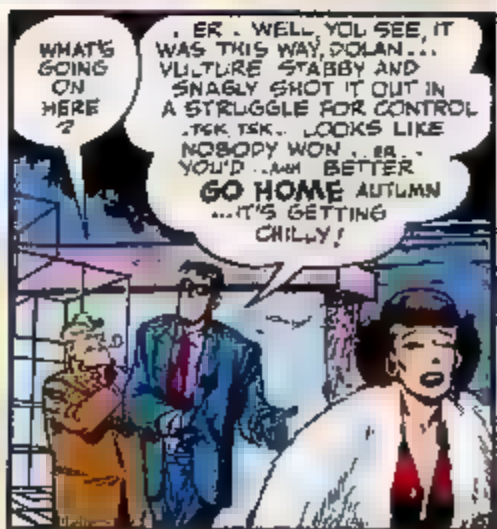
ALLRIGHT SPIRIT.. GUESS I GOT MYSELF IN DEEPER THAN I'D PLANNED... Y'SEE, I PLANNED TO GOAD THEM INTO KILLING EACH OTHER OFF AND TAKE OVER MYSELF.. BUT NOW I GUESS IT'S ALL OVER!



IT WAS ONLY INSTINCT. MY MOTHER TOLD ME NEVER TO LET PEOPLE GET THEMSELVES SHOT 'N COLD BLOOD!



TH...UH OH HELLO SPIRIT.. WOW. STABBY!



. ER . WELL YOL SEE, IT WAS THIS WAY, DOLAN... VULTURE STABBY AND SNAGLY SHOT IT OUT IN A STRUGGLE FOR CONTROL .TCK TCK.. LOOKS LIKE NOBODY WON . ER YOU'D .AMM BETTER GO HOME AUTUMN ...IT'S GETTING CHILLY!





The Return of Autumn Mews

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**

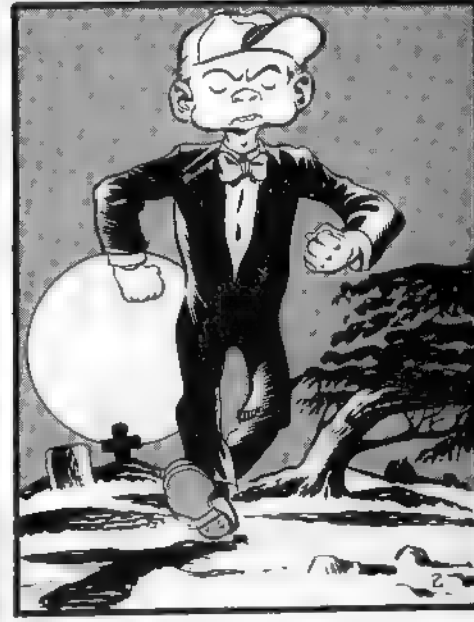
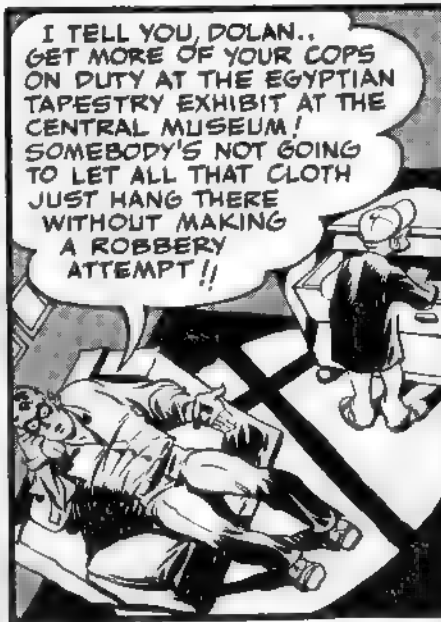


BY Will EISNER

To the north of Central City, on a hill overlooking the bustling metropolis, lies abandoned Wildwood Cemetery. Here, hidden in the tangled weedy growth, is the hideaway of the Spirit. Accepted by the police as a friendly 'outlaw' and feared by the underworld, his true identity is still a mystery. Who is really the man behind the mask? Every so often, someone tries to find out.



AND SO...



LATER... 8:29 P.M., ROYAL TOWERS, APT. 14-A



DISAPPEAR, VIRGIL,
AND KEEP-UNDER-
COVER UNTIL I CALL
YOU... NOW GET OUT!
I'M EXPECTING
COMPANY...

O.K.
O.K.
O.K.



MISS
AUTUMN
MEWS
?

IN THERE,
BUSTER
!!



WELL,
VIRGIL-
IS SHE OR
AIN'T SHE
ON DIS
CAPER?

AAAH...DAT DOLL
GIZ ME A PAIN!...
SHE WANTS A PLAY
CAT, AN' MOUSIE...
O.K. LET ER, WE'RE
GONNA MOVE OUT
ON OUR OWN...
C'MON!



SHE'LL
BLOW HER
TOP IF SHE
FINDS OUT,
VIRGIL!

ON THIS JOB.. I'M
MAKIN' TH' PAYOFF...
SO SHATTAP AND
FOLLOW ORDERS!
TONIGHT AT 9:00
WE DO THE
TAPESTRY
EXHIBIT!



MEANWHILE...

ER..
DON'TCHA
THINK WE
ORTA HAVE
A LITTLE
MORE
LIGHT?

UH..
HUH.



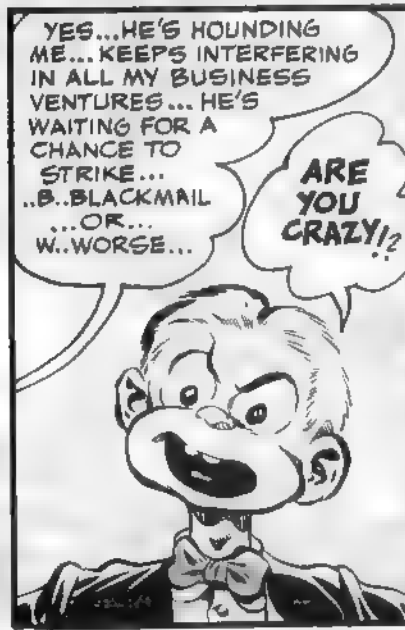
WHEW...UH...
I... GOLLY...
YOU'RE DIFFRUNT
N' I THOUGHT,
MISS MEWS...

JUST CALL ME
AUTUMN, SAMMY..
YES, PEOPLE WHO
DON'T KNOW ME
THINK OF ME
AS A SLINKY
ADVENTRESS
INSTEAD OF THE
SWEET BEWILDERED
LITTLE COUNTRY
GIRL THAT
I AM...



... AND IT'S JUST
THAT SWEET, FARM-
GIRL INNOCENCE
THAT HAS TRAPPED
ME INTO THE
SPIRIT'S
CLUTCHES!

THE
SPIRIT
??



YES...HE'S HOUNDING
ME...KEEPS INTERFERING
IN ALL MY BUSINESS
VENTURES... HE'S
WAITING FOR A
CHANCE TO
STRIKE...
..B..BLACKMAIL
...OR...
W..WORSE...

ARE
YOU
CRAZY!?



..WHY DO YOU
THINK HE WEARS
A MASK? AND
ANOTHER
THING...WHAT
DOES ANYONE
KNOW OF THIS
SPIRIT'S PAST?
HE'S A CROOK!
I TELL YOU!

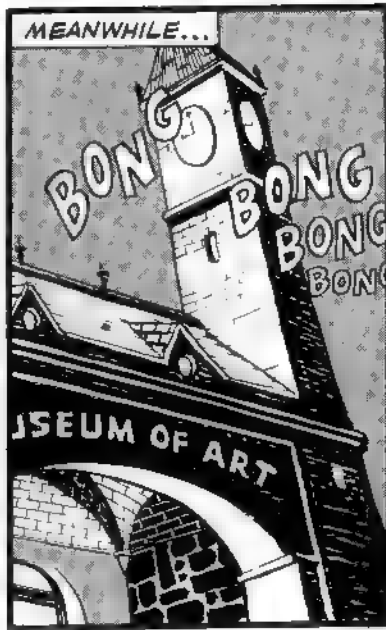
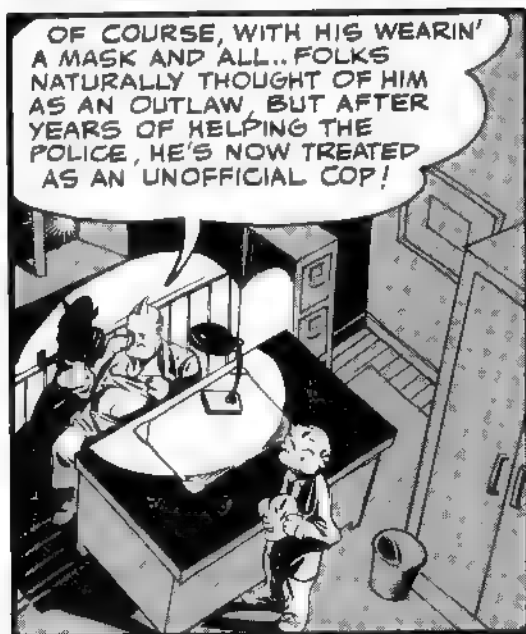
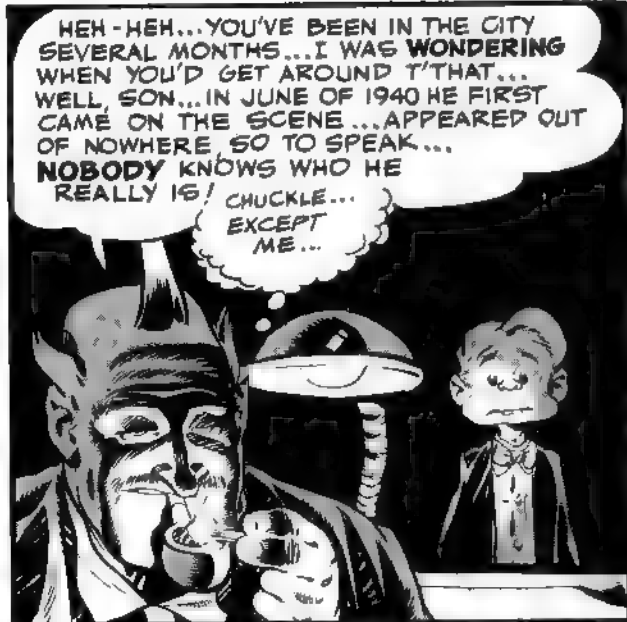
NO..NO

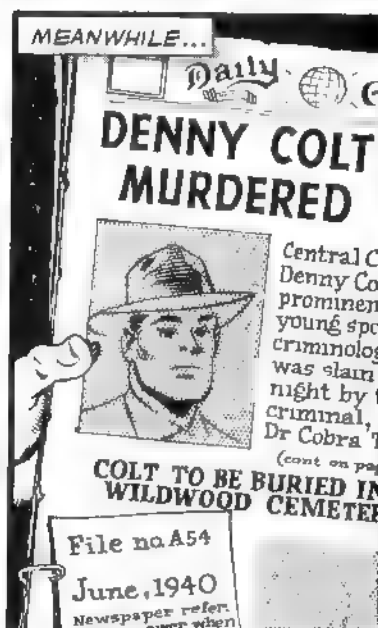
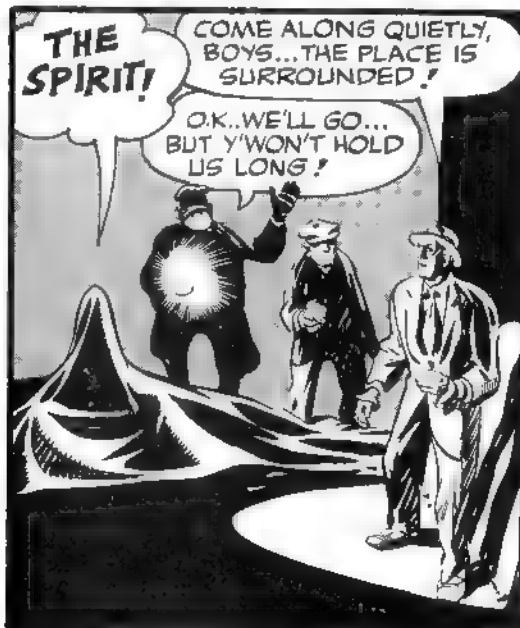
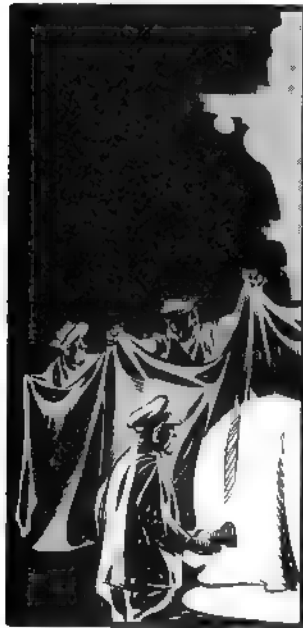


YOU'RE
WRONG!
YOU'RE
LYING!

I'LL
PROVE
IT!

YES..
PLEASE
DO...





LATER, APT 14-A ROYAL TOWERS

FOUR THIEVES LED BY VIRGIL GUNBELT WERE APPREHENDED BY THE SPIRIT TONIGHT... THE THIEVES HAD BROKEN INTO THE TAPESTRY EXHIBIT AT THE CENTRAL

6*!!6
9*

CLICK

THAT DOPE VIRGIL... I TOLD HIM TO LAY LOW!

...AUTUMN! I GOT IT! FROM THE SPIRIT'S OWN FILES AND THE NEWSPAPERS! I FOUND OUT WHO HE REALLY IS!

I GOT ALL THE PROOF! SEE! HE'S NO CROOK! Y'DON'T HAVE T'WORRY ANYMORE! HE'S NOT A OUTLAW... AND THIS PROVES IT !!

HMM... SO THE SPIRIT IS REALLY DENNY COLT!

HELLO, SPIRIT? THIS IS AUTUMN MEWS... I HAVE SOME INFORMATION THAT MIGHT INTEREST YOU! UNLESS VIRGIL IS RELEASED IN ONE HOUR... I'LL TELL ALL THE NEWSPAPERS THAT THE SPIRIT IS DENNY COLT!

THINK IT OVER, CRIME FIGHTER! I'LL BE AT THE DAILY GLOBE CITY DESK TOMORROW AT 10 A.M.!

SO! YOU WERE JUST USING ME...! GIMME BACK THOSE PAPERS!

SLAP

BLOW, SONNY! YOU ANNOY ME!

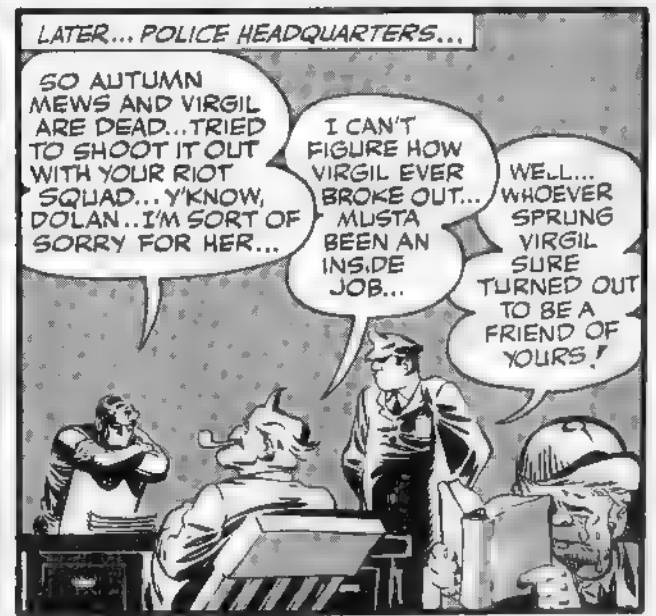
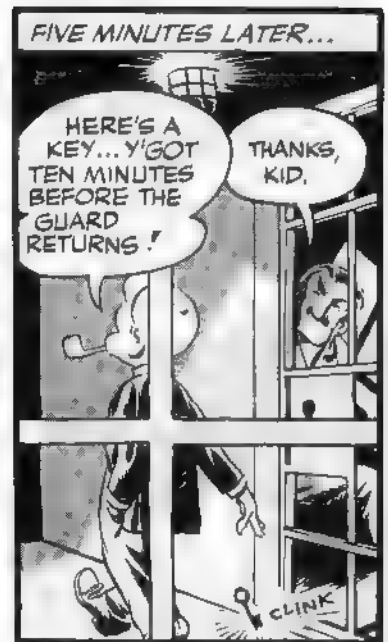
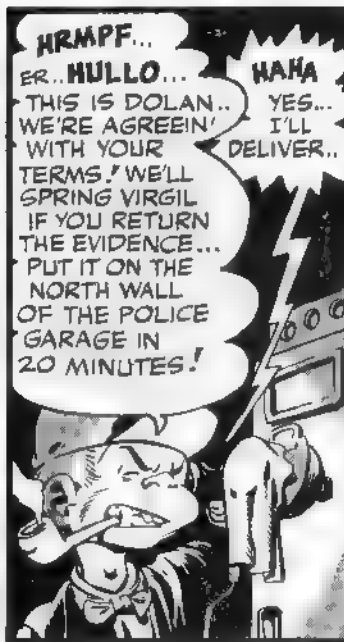
AND SO...

HOW COULD SHE KNOW? HOW DID SHE FIND OUT?

I DON'T KNOW.. I DON'T KNOW..

LEMME SPRING VIRGIL.. IT'LL KEEP HER QUIET UNTIL...

NO...DOLAN! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SMEAR YOUR RECORD TO... KEEP THE SPIRIT IN BUSINESS..

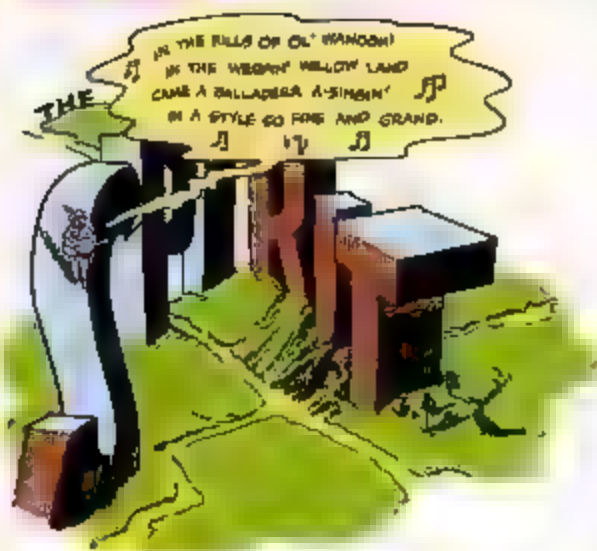


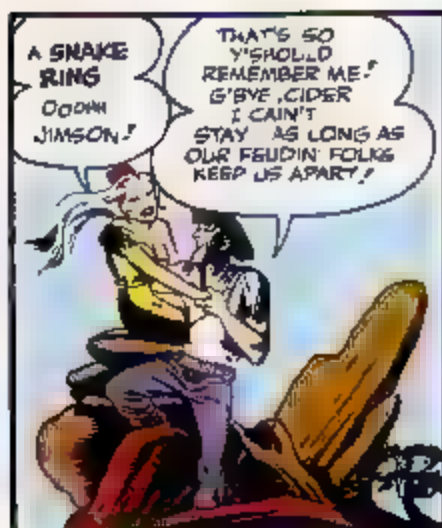


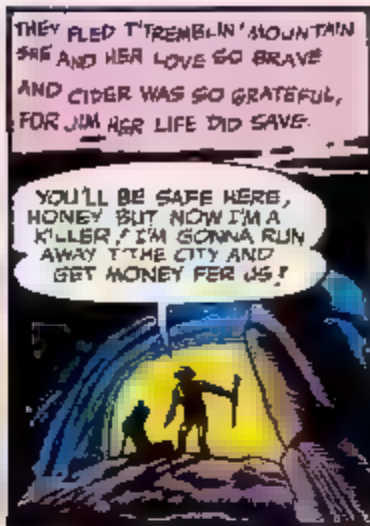
THE CURSE

October 16, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**







CIDER BEGGED AND PLEADED
HER WEEPIN' EYES WERE RED
SHE BEGGED YOUNG JIMSON NOT TO GO...
SHE FEARED HE'D COME BACK DEAD.



BUT JIMSON MADE FOR
TH CITY

TO TH CITY HE DID GO.

HE TOOK UP WITH A
PROFESH NUL-MAN
WHO SAID HE'D MAKE HIM
DOUGH

WHO SAID HE'D MAKE HIM
DOUGH

YES SIR... OL DOC RINGER
CN USE A FINE SET O'
MUSCLES LIKE YOURS. Y'LL
BE CHAMP IN NO TIME!



THREE MONTHS
I SEEN,
HANDLIN' YA
NOW JIMSON?
THAT'S
FOUR
FIGHTS...
FOUR
KAYOES
!!

'S FUNNY
I CAN'T
REMEMBER
A THING
ABOUT
TH FIGHT...
JUST TH WAY
Y' STARED
AT ME
BETWIXT
ROUNDS.

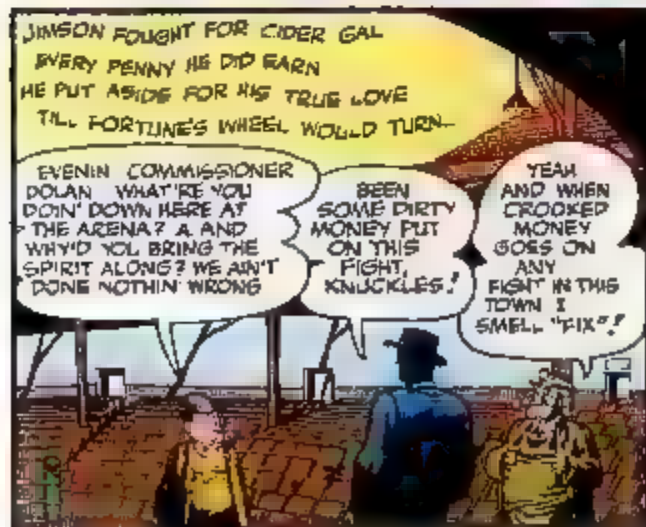


JIMSON FOUGHT FOR CIDER GAL
EVERY PENNY HE DID EARN
HE PUT ASIDE FOR HIS TRUE LOVE
TILL FORTUNE'S WHEEL WOULD TURN...

EVENIN COMMISSIONER
DOLAN WHAT'RE YOU
DOIN' DOWN HERE AT
THE ARENA? A AND
WHY'D YOL BRING THE
SPIRIT ALONG? WE AIN'T
DONE NOTHIN' WRONG

SEEN
SOME DIRTY
MONEY PUT
ON THIS
FIGHT,
KNUCKLES!

YEAH
AND WHEN
CROOKED
MONEY
GOES ON
ANY
FIGHT IN THIS
TOWN I
SMELL "FIX"!

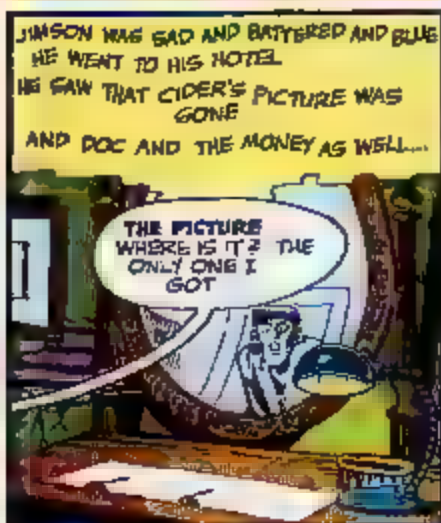


'T WAS JIMSON'S LAST FIGHT, SO HE SAID
HE TOLD DOC RINGER SO
HE'D BEAT THIS FELLER DOWN TONIGHT
AND BACK TO CIDER SUE HE'D GO...

SO THIS IS YOUR
SWEET CIDER SUE? HMM.
INTERESTING... BUT
YOU'VE GOT THIS
FIGHT TO WIN BEFORE
YOU HAVE ENOUGH TO
FETCH HER AND
YOU MAY LOSE!
YOL MAY
LOSE

I
MAY
LOSE





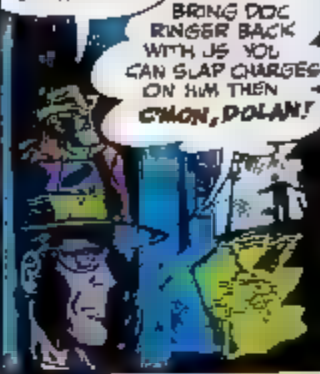
JIMSON WAS A-BLAZIN' MAD
HE KNEW WHERE DOC WOULD GO.
HE KNEW HE'D BE WITH CIDER SUE
HIS FRIEND WAS NOW HIS FOE



I'LL KILL
NIM I'LL
KILL HIM

WELL,
THERE
HE GOES.
SPIRIT
HERE'S
YOUR WARRANT
ON THAT FIX

HE'S GO'NG UP
INTO THE HILLS
YOUR WARRANTS
MEAN VERY
LITTLE
THERE
WE'LL
BRING DOC
RINGER BACK
WITH US YOU
CAN SLAP CHARGES
ON HIM THEN
C'MON, DOLAN!



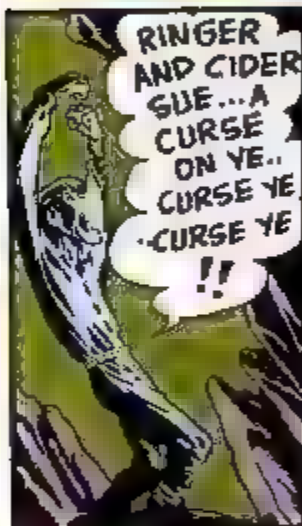
OH, JIMSON WENT BACK TO
THE VALLEY
WITH THE SPIRIT CLOSE
BEHIND.

HE CLIMBED ON TREMBLIN
MOUNTAIN.

A-FEARED O' WHAT HE'D
FIND



RINGER
AND CIDER
SUE... A
CURSE
ON YE..
CURSE YE
CURSE YE
!!



MAY THE TREMBLIN
MOUNTAIN BASH YER
BONES TO MASH!
MAY THE BUZZARDS
PECK OUT YER DAID
EYES FER THIS DOUBLE
CROSSIN' THING YA
DONE ME THIS
DAY!



KEEP
BACK

YOU DON'T
UNDERSTAND
I'M A WITCH
GAL I'M NOT
FER YOU!

YEAH ME AND THE
BABE HERE WE'RE
BOTH HEX PEOPLE
WE AIN'T LIKE
OTHER FOLKS
O.K. I WARNED
YA !!



COVET
MAH
GAL...

STEAL MAH
GAL SOON'S
YA SEEN HER
PICTURE YA
WANTED HER..
DIDN'T YA.
GO AHEAD.
HEX ME IF
YA CAN !!



GAAAA
I'LL HEX YA
YALL DIE AND
CIDER SUE
WILL BE A
HEN.
A CLUCKIN
ON YER GRAVE

PUFF
GAAAA
PUFF
GAAAA



AN NOW I'LL
KILL CIDER SUE
AN' NOW.. I'LL
KILL



SUE .. CIDER SUE

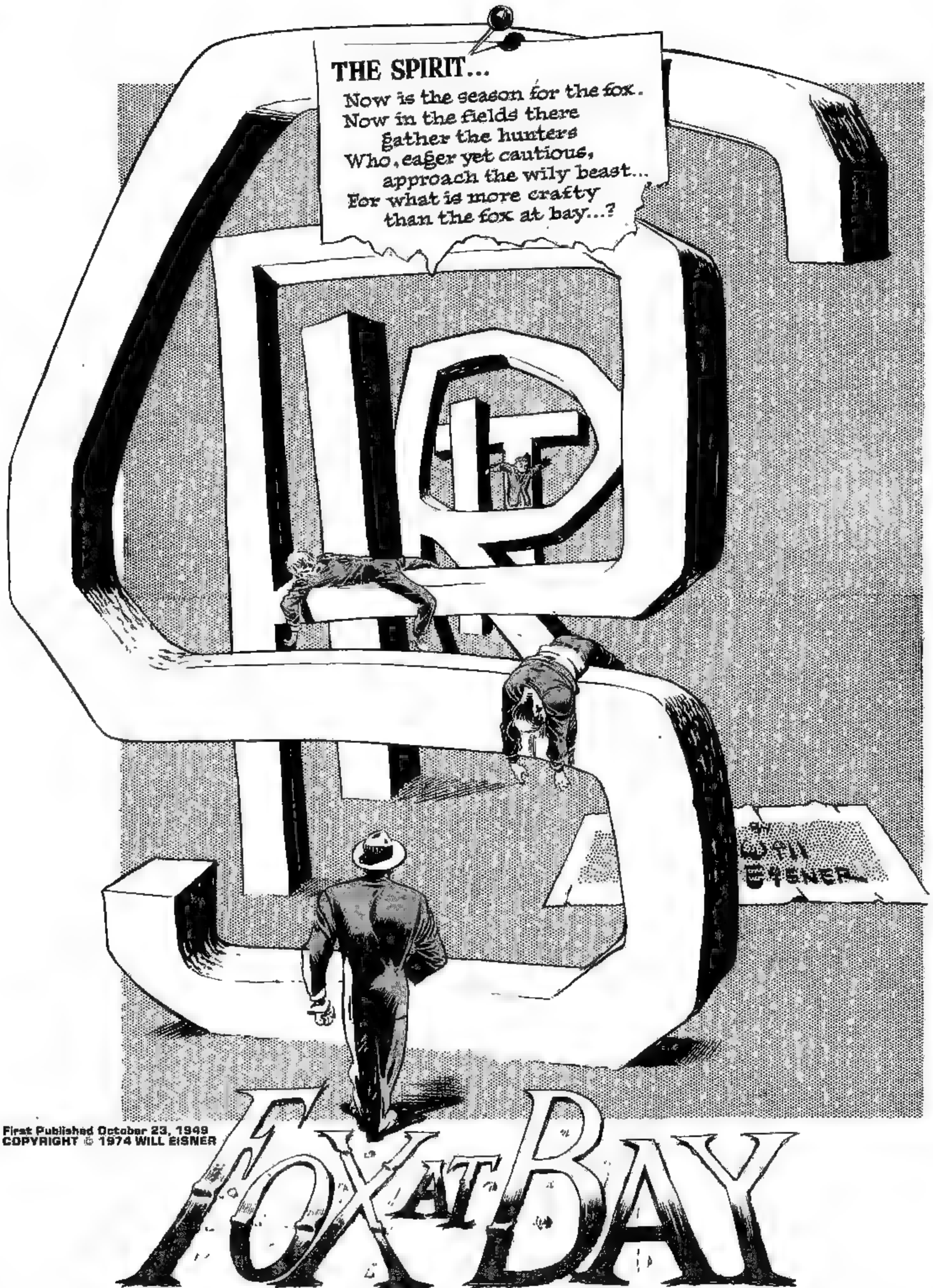


CIDER? SUE ? THAT'S A BAD
WOUND.. YOU'RE DELIRIOUS
THERE'S NO ONE HERE BUT
A LITTLE WHITE HEN !



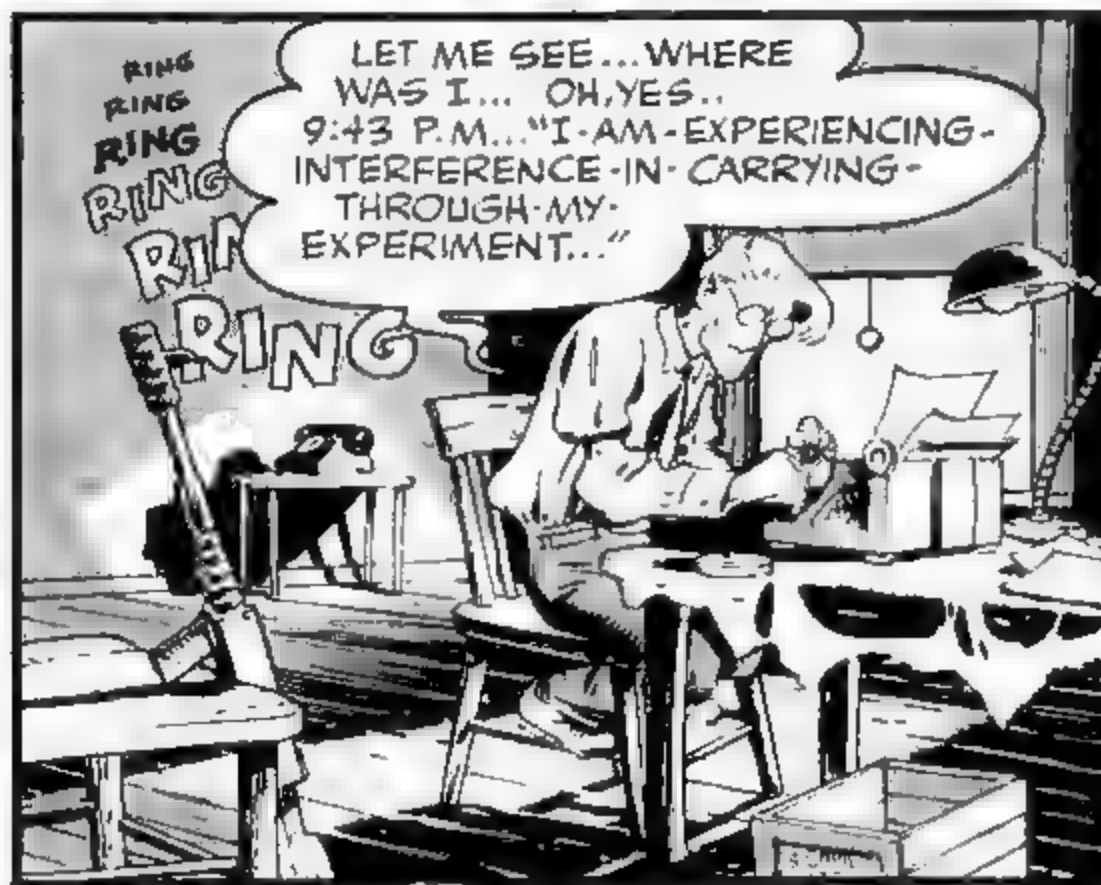
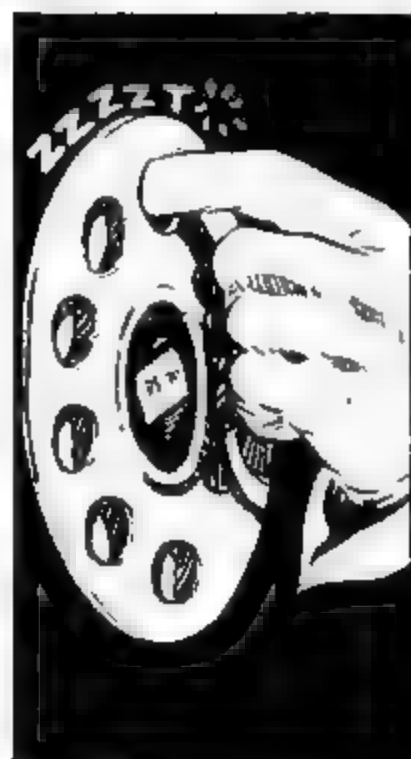
THE SPIRIT...

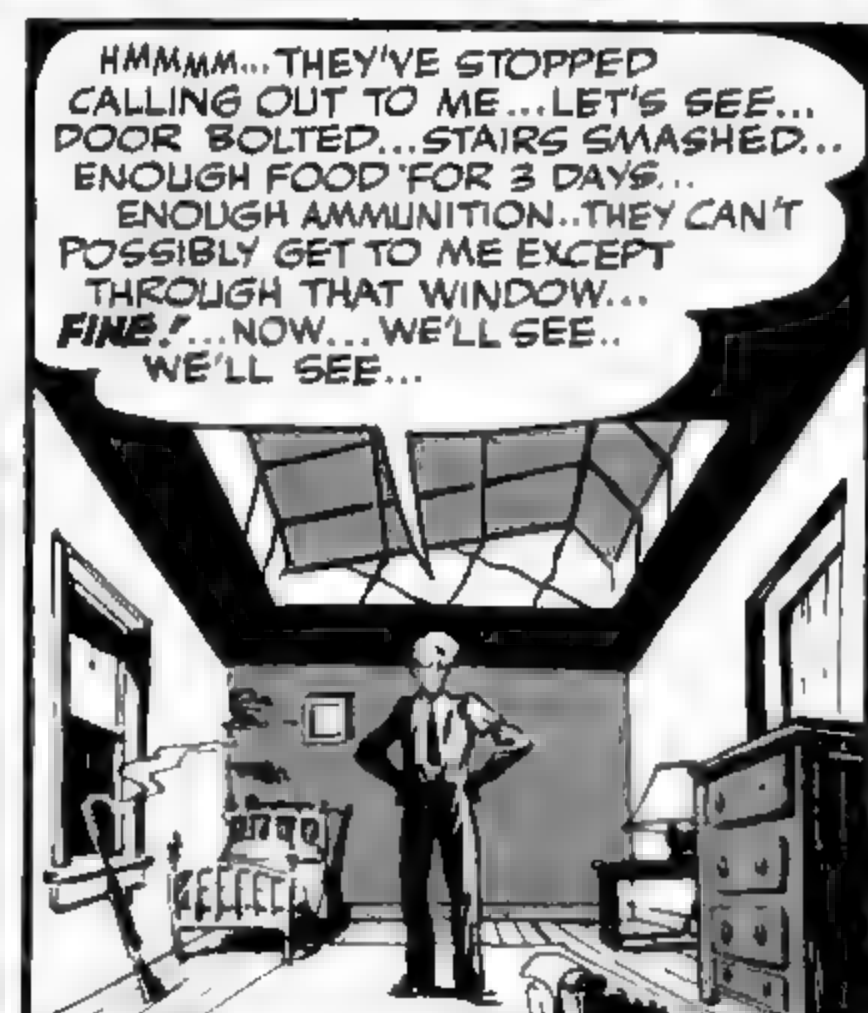
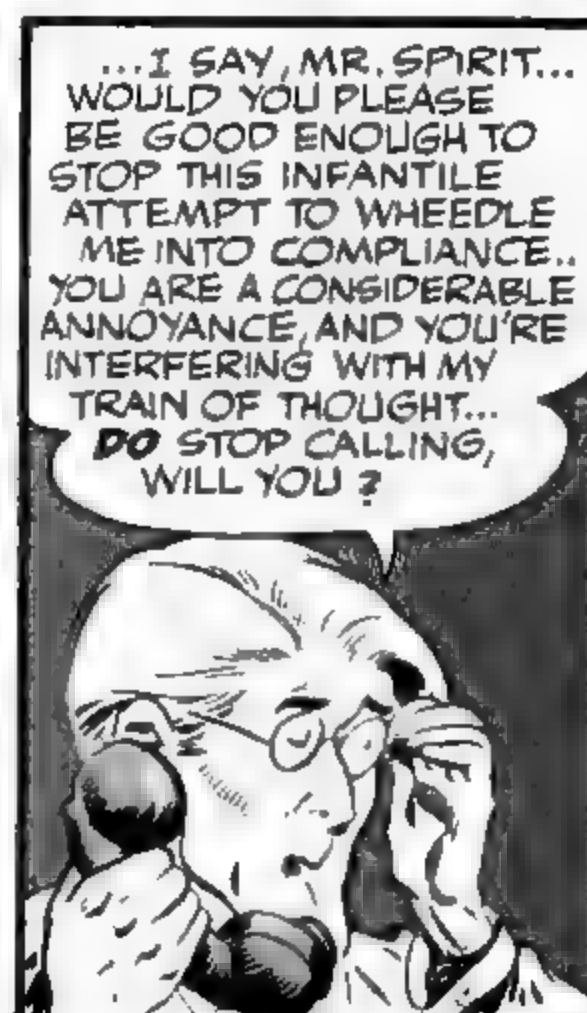
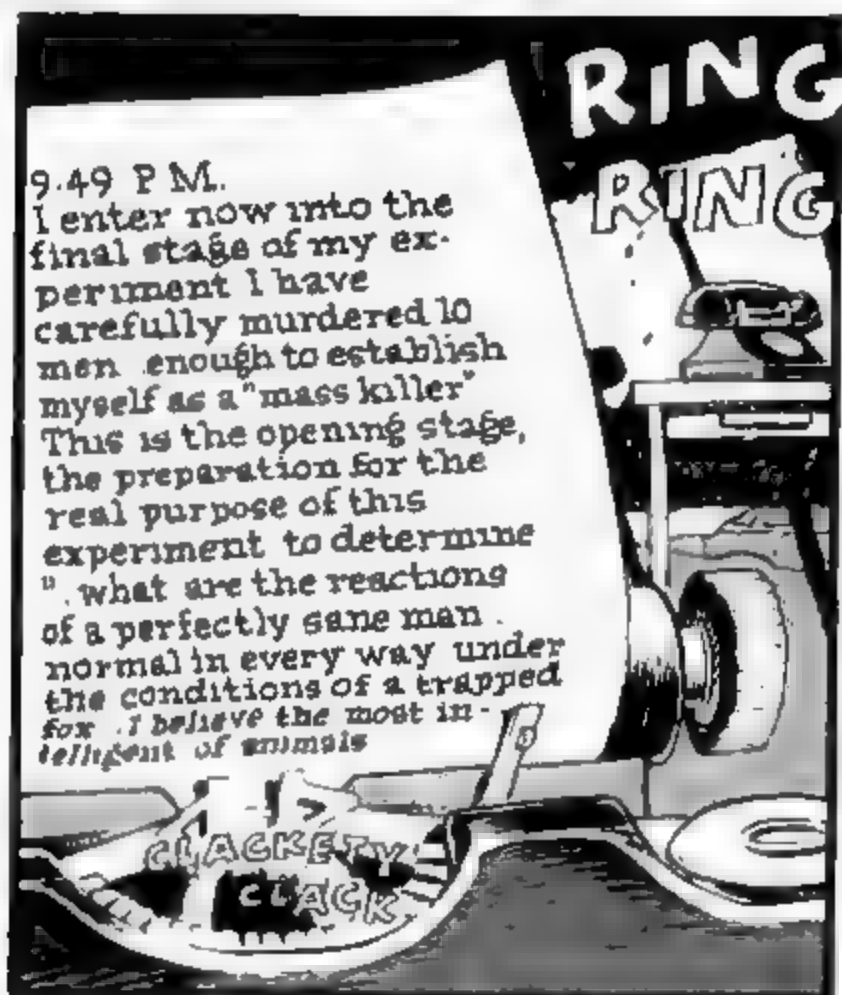
Now is the season for the fox.
Now in the fields there
gather the hunters
Who, eager yet cautious,
approach the wily beast...
For what is more crafty
than the fox at bay...?

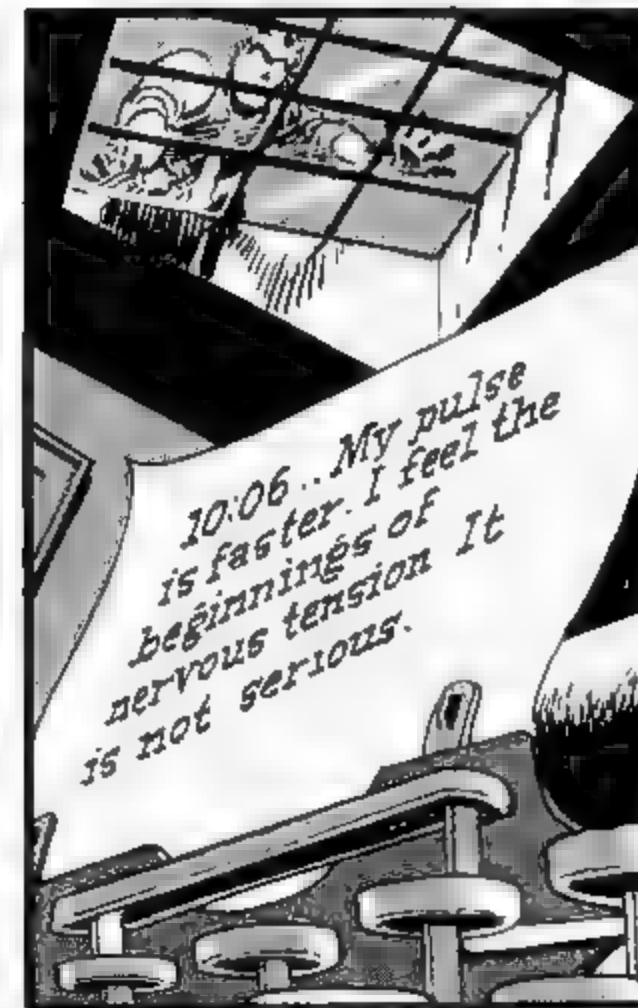
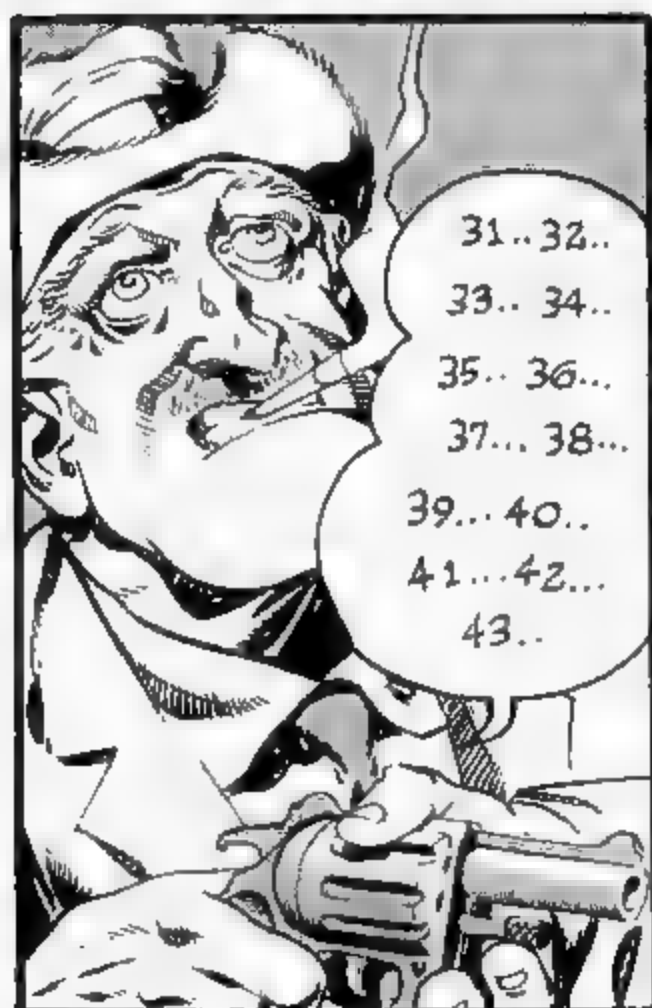
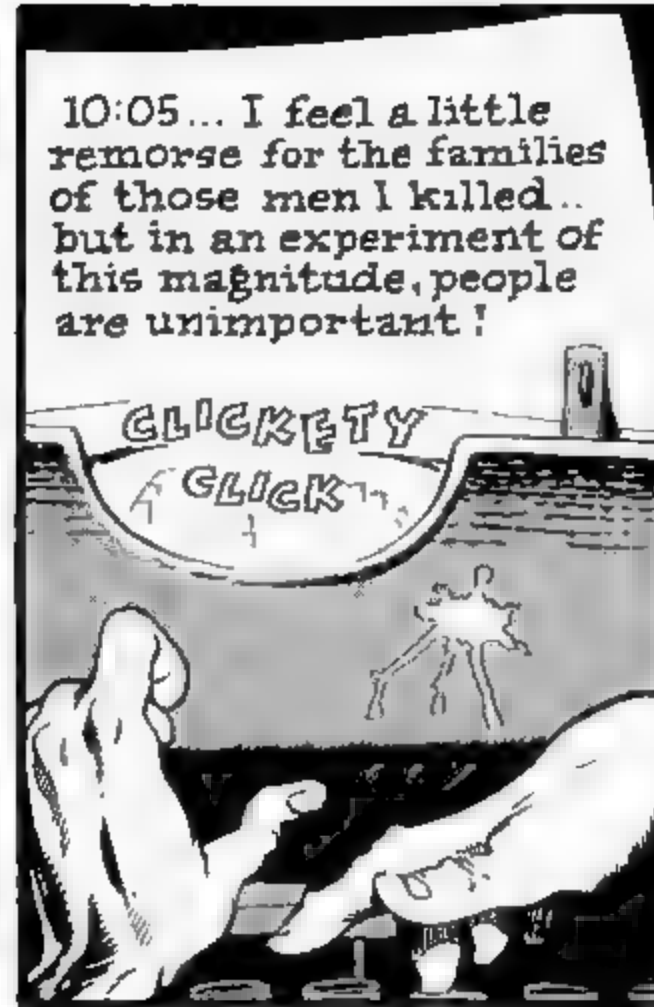
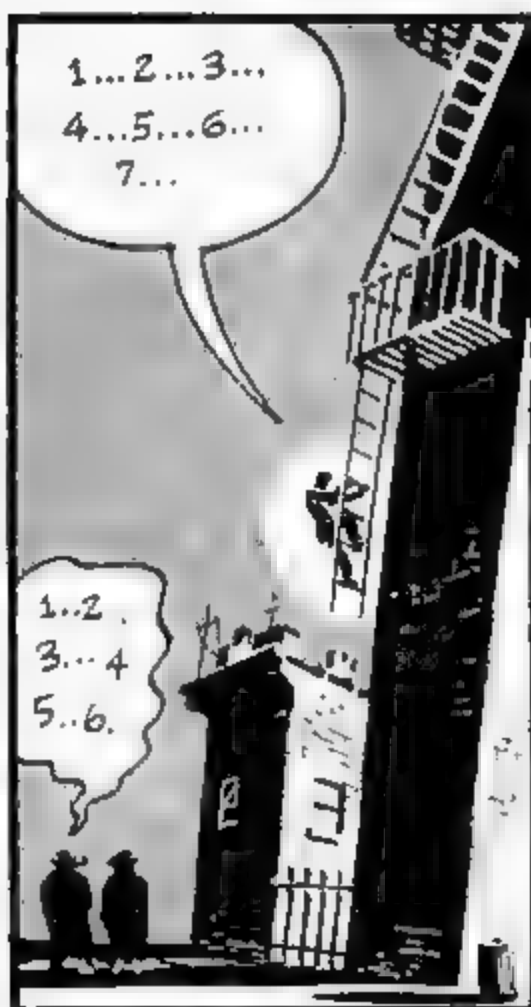


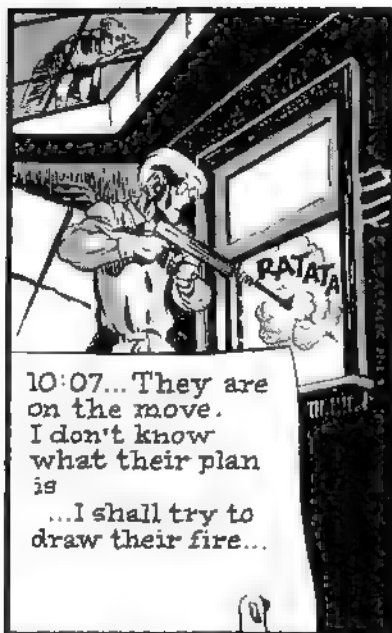
First Published October 23, 1949
COPYRIGHT © 1974 WILL EISNER

The city is quiet now... the rain has stopped...and the last echo of shooting has long since caromed off into the alleys around 52 Hunter Place... On the glistening streets behind the still-twitching victims, gather the police, like hunters in the fields..while on the top floor of 52 Hunter Place, in his lair, Reynard, the fox, waits...at bay!!









10:07... They are on the move. I don't know what their plan is
...I shall try to draw their fire...



JOE!
88...
89...90.



YOU @#%&*
RAT!
STOP IT...
DON'T !!



ZING
POK
ZING



CRASH



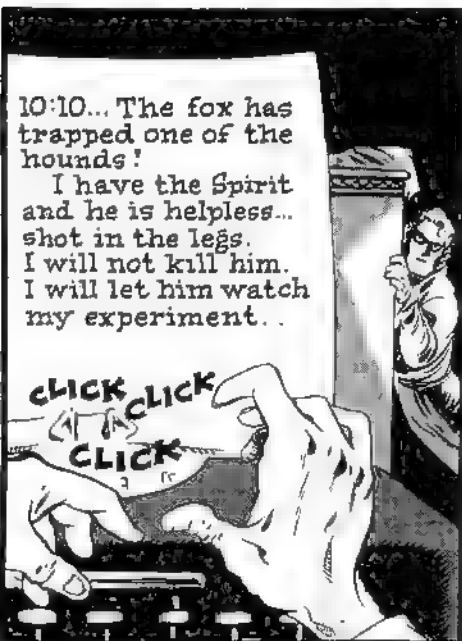
THE
SPIRIT
!!



WHAT'LL WE DO NOW, COMMISSIONER ?

THE ONLY THING WE CAN DO NOW IS...

WAIT!!
AND KEEP COUNTING !!



10:10... The fox has trapped one of the hounds!

I have the Spirit and he is helpless... shot in the legs. I will not kill him. I will let him watch my experiment...

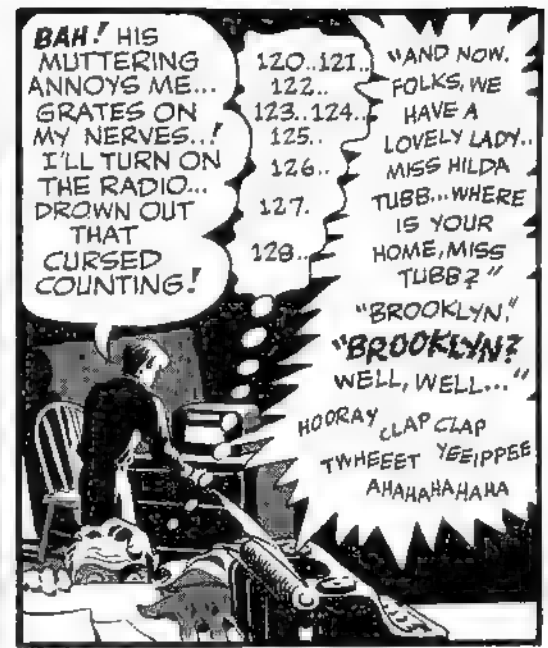
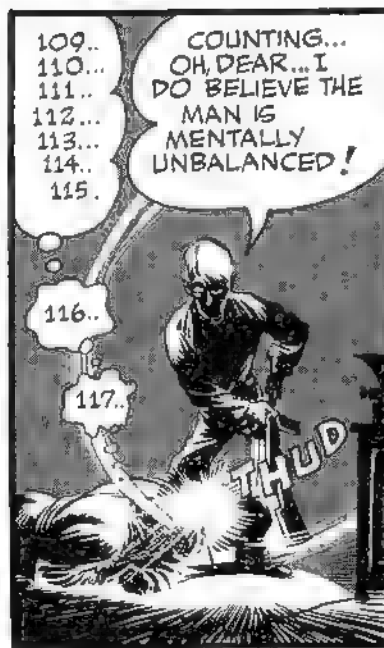
CLICK
CLICK
CLICK

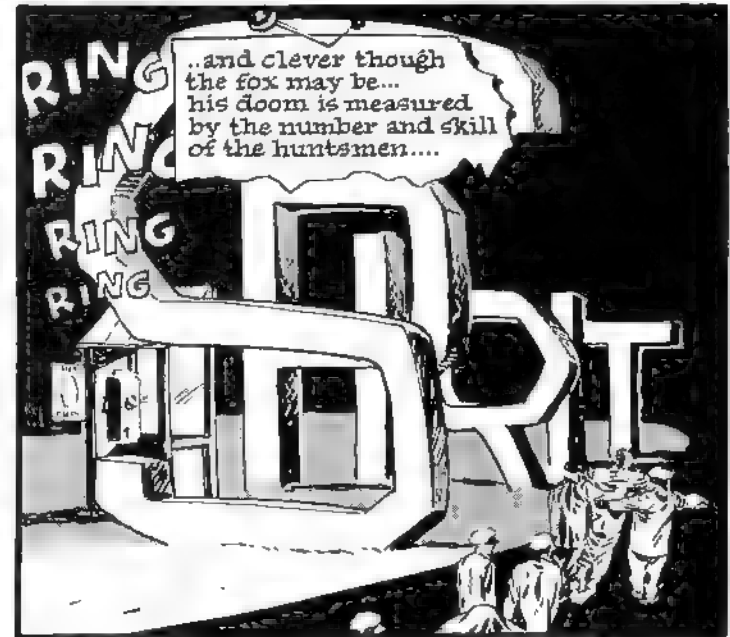


YES... **WATCH!** WATCH CLOSELY, MR. SPIRIT! THIS SHOULD BE ABSORBING TO A MAN OF YOUR VAUNTED INTEREST IN CRIME... SUPPOSE YOU SIT BACK AND TAKE NOTES ON YOUR OWN... I'LL KEEP YOU POSTED!



YOU ARE HARDLY IN A POSITION TO DO ANYTHING ELSE BUT WATCH. PLEASE DON'T BE DIFFICULT!
TSK... TSK... PEOPLE ARE CONSTANTLY PLOTTING TO FRUSTRATE ANYTHING I TRY!





THE
SPRIT
BY W. H. EISNER

ELECT MISS RHINEMAIDEN OF 1950!



RUSTY HINGE



LIGHTNING MC CLOUD



TEMPEST CALHOON



SLINKY LAGOON



MONICA PASSION



HAZEL P. MACBETH

Which one of these six sparkling lovelies is your choice for Miss Rhinemaiden, 1950? These are the nation's most charming,

most popular, most fizzy young models. You decide! Which girl most truly means "FIZ" to you?

*"My pop is
RHINEMAIDEN
the Dry pop!"*



ALL ENTRIES MUST BE IN BY OCTOBER 30.

"MISS RHINEMAIDEN" CONTEST
BOX 650, CENTRAL CITY

DEAR SIR:-

MY CHOICE TO REPRESENT RHINEMAIDEN'S
EXTRA 'FIZ', SUPER SPARKLE, THE FLAVORSOME,
DELIGHTFUL, CREAMIER SODA IS

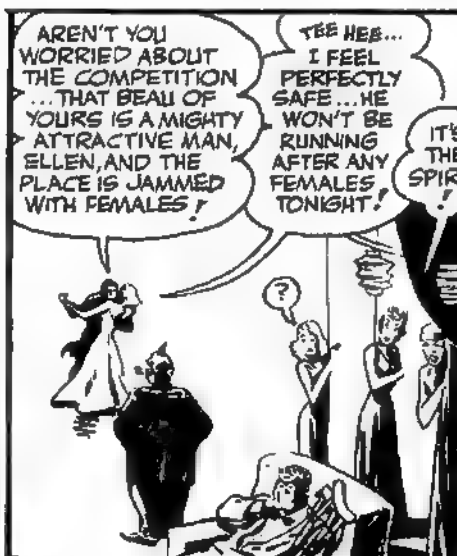
...And once again it is Halloween
 And once more doth the winds
 howl at night
 And for one night there do walk
 upon y^e earth
 The wee folk ...

Aye... goblins and
 ghouls and witches
 do now rise
 From we know not where

...And wreak upon
 mortal man
 All manner of mischief!









IS THIS THE
MODELS'
DRESSING
ROOM?

YOU MUST
BE THE NEW
WARDROBE
MISTRESS...
GET ME
SOME
PANCAKE
MAKEUP,
MAW!



HMPH!
YOU?
I AM
A
CONTESTANT
!!

YOU
??

HA!



NOW LET'S SEE...
ONE ROTTED
LIZARD'S BONE...
THE LEFT
EYEBALL OF AN
OWL, PLUCKED
AT MIDNIGHT...
A SNAIL'S
TENDON...



THE DRIED
SKIN OF A
WAILING
BAT,
GARNISHED
WITH
WEREWOLF'S
TAIL...
FOLD IN THE
YOLKS OF
TWO
BUZZARD
EGGS...AND
STIR!



HAS
SOMEONE
GOT A CAN
OF
STERNO?



TUM TE TUM... NOW JUST
ADD A LITTLE COFFEE
FOR FLAVORING... CAN'T
TAKE THIS STUFF
STRAIGHT, LIKE I USED
TO!



GLUB
GLUB
GLUB



BURP



SHALL WE
GO, GIRLS?

CALLING
ALL
CONTESTANTS



AND HERE THEY ARE! THE
SIX LOVELY MODELS! ONE OF
THEM SHALL BE MISS RHINEMAIDEN,
1950! WHO SHALL IT BE?

O.K...IT'S 11:59,
MOXIE... AT
12:00 I'LL
PULL THE
MASTER
SWITCH, AND YOU
GRAB THE NEW
MISS RHINEMAIDEN...
I'LL TAKE CARE OF
THE RANDOM NOTE
LATER...

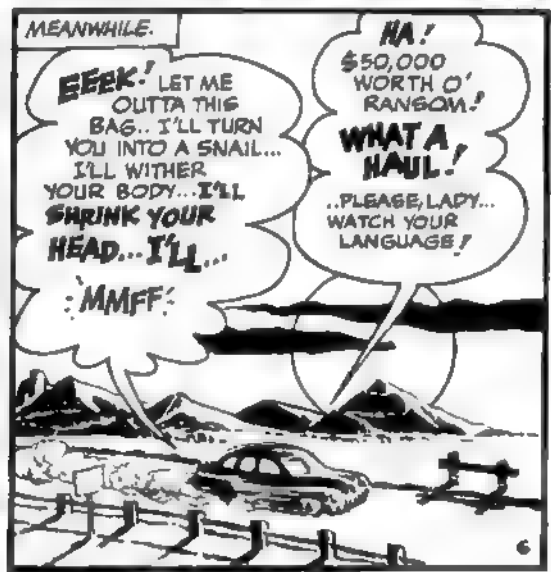
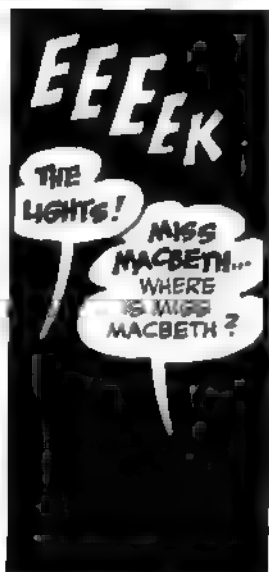
RESET!

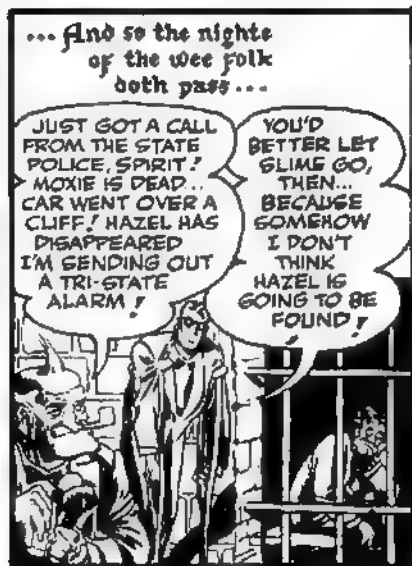


...ER...MIND SPEAKING
A LITTLE LOUDER, BOYS...
I DIDN'T HEAR
THAT LAST
SENTENCE!

GO!

THE
SPIRIT!





The Inner Voice



Diary *etc.* inner voice File No. 1
 It was a hot August day...not unlike this one! Most of the city folks were away for the week-end and I, having sought the subterranean coolness of my wildwood hideaway, was comfortably settled with one of EBONY'S iced lemonades!

Nothing, I was sure, would have the energy to defy this heat! My surprise, therefore, was loaded with annoyance when the secret bugger (that keeps me in touch with DOLAN's office), made like an angry bee in my ear! But I had to go, for DOLAN never used this save for EMERGENCIES!

AT HEADQUARTERS, **DOLAN** DROPPED THE THING IN MY LAP! IN THE COURSE OF A SEARCH FOR **ANDRE BOUCHARD**, THE NOTORIOUS CHARLATAN, THEY HAD COME UPON A MAN WHO HEARD A VOICE... **INSIDE HIM!** THE MAN'S NAME WAS **MAURICE MAYWEE** AND I FOUND HIM IN A STUFFY HOUSE ON THE LOWER EAST SIDE!



THE STORY REALLY BEGINS DURING THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR... ABOUT 1936! ANDRÉ AND I WERE FIGHTING ON THE SIDE OF THE LOYALISTS... THAT IS, WE WERE ~~PRE-~~TENDING TO! ACTUALLY, WE WERE THERE FOR THE PLUNDER... AND THERE WAS MUCH TO LOOT WHEN THE MOB FINISHED WITH A FASCIST'S CASTLE!



WE KNEW THAT THIS WAS JUST THE FIRST ACT IN A NEW WORLD WAR, SO WE VOWED AN OATH TO GO AWAY AND RETURN WHEN THE WARS WERE OVER! LET THE NATIONS SMASH EACH OTHER TO BITS... WE WOULD BE THE TWO WEALTHIEST MEN IN THE WORLD AT THE END!



ER... ANDRÉ... AH... ANDRÉ WAS LEFT BEHIND.....



SO WHILE THE FOOLS FOUGHT A HOPELESS CAUSE, ANDRÉ AND I SYSTEMATICALLY BURIED A VAST HOARD OF TREASURE IN THE PYRENEES! WE BURIED A STRONG BOX OF STEEL AND CONCRETE... AND MADE ONLY TWO KEYS, OF GOLD... ONE FOR HIM AND ONE FOR ME!



THREE DAYS LATER, WE MADE A LOYALIST AIRDROME THAT WAS UNDER ATTACK! WE RACED FOR THE LAST PLANE OUT!!!



..AND WITH HIS CUSTOMARY LACK OF GRACIOUSNESS, HE SWORE UPON ME A TERRIBLE CURSE!



WELL...SIGH...THE NAZIS GOT ANDRÉ AND THE FRENCH ARMY DRAFTED ME! AND WHEN THE MAGINOT LINE WAS PLANKED A FEW YEARS LATER, I WAS SHREWD ENOUGH TO ESCAPE!



SACRÉ BLEU! IT WAS A RAT'S LIFE THAT FOLLOWED FOR ME...BUT, I HAD TO REMAIN ALIVE! I HAD TO! SO I SOLD INFORMATION...TO BOTH SIDES!



PFAUGH...IS IT NOT AMUSING? I, A WEALTHY MAN, MUST STRUGGLE FOR A FEW MISERABLE FRANCS!



ER...AM I BORING? YOU SEEM DROWSY

EH?...NO, NO, NOT AT ALL...YAWN...MUST BE THE HEAT...I...YAWN...HO HUM...GO ON!



HERE, PLACE THE FAN CLOSER! BETTER!

UH HUM?

WELL, ALL WENT WELL UNTIL THE ALLIES LANDED AT NORMANDY AND THE INVASION SEEMED EFFECTIVE! I TRIED TO ESCAPE TO ALLIED LINES... BUT...I WAS SHOT BY A SENTRY!



BUT, SINCE I WAS A VALUABLE AGENT TO THE NAZIS, THEY DECIDED TO SAVE MY LIFE!

THEY BROUGHT IN A MAN...AND THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS!

WHEN I AWOKE, I TURNED TO THANK THE DONOR WHO SAVED MY LIFE! NOM DU CHIEN...IT WAS ANDRÉ!

GIVE HIM A BLOOD TRANSFUSION...WE WILL USE A SLAVE-LABORER AS DONOR!



YES, MAURICE, NOW WE ARE CHAINED BY BLOOD! YOU CAN NEVER ESCAPE ME NOW!



~I WENT BACK TO GERMANY WITH THE NAZIS UNTIL THE WAR'S END... THEN, I ESCAPED TO AMERICA AND DISCOVERED THAT ANDRÉ WAS HERE, TOO... WORKING A PHONY FORTUNE-TELLING RACKET! I HAD A PLAN... I CALLED ANDRÉ.....

CUNNINGLY, I PLACED A FAN BEHIND A BOTTLE OF ANAESTHETIC... JUST LIKE THE ONE I HAVE ARRANGED FOR YOU.....

IT WAS EASY! WHEN HE PASSED OUT, I KILLED HIM AND PLACED HIM IN THE SHIP I'VE ENGAGED... NOW I HAVE BOTH KEYS!

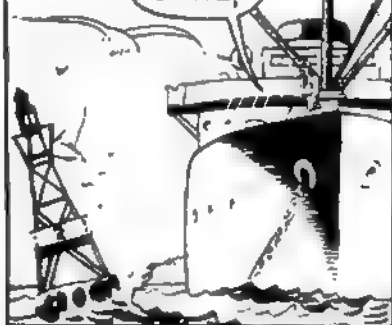


Just outside the Central
City Harbor...

HA, THE DAWN HAS COME AND
GONE! I AM STILL ALIVE ANDRE!
YOUR CURSE HAS FAILED AND
I STILL HAVE THE KEY!

THE KEYS!!

OH???:!!
GONE!



GONE!

I'VE BEEN ROBBED
BY THE CREW,
I'LL WAGER!



YOU HAVE
ROBBED ME!
WHERE ARE THE
GOLDEN
KEYS?

KEYS?

**GOLDEN
KEYS...
WHAT
KEYS?**

YEAH,
THAT'S IS
VERY
INTERESTING?



YEAH,
WHAT KIND
OF A KEY!

HEH, HEH, NOTHING!
JUST A HOUSE
KEY, HEH, HEH!



I HEARD
A VOICE?

SAID
TREASURE.
HMM?

VOICE, HEH,
WHAT VOICE?
OH, SEEMPHONY...
SEEMPHONY
OF LOVE



**SEEMPHONY OF
LOVE ♪ ♪ ♪
HERE EES MY ♪
HEART ♪ ♪**

LIS'EN!
THAT VOICE
AGAIN....

HE KNOWS
OF A VAST
TREASURE!



**YOU
WALK
EEN AN'
TH' SONG
BEGIN**

THERE IT
IS! AN,
HEAR IT?

YES,
YES,
INDEED!

MAKE
HIM
TELL



SHADDAP!

I THINK NOW, M'SIEU MAYWEE, YOU ARE
GOING TO TELL US WHERE THE TREASURE IS
BURIED... BEFORE YOU DIE!

STRIP HIM TO
THE WAIST!



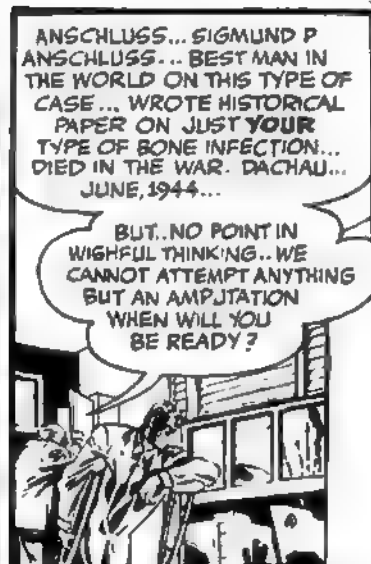
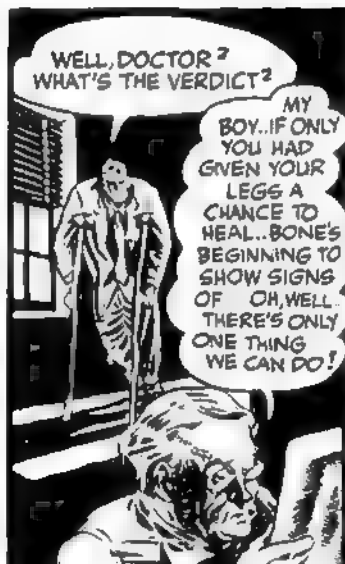


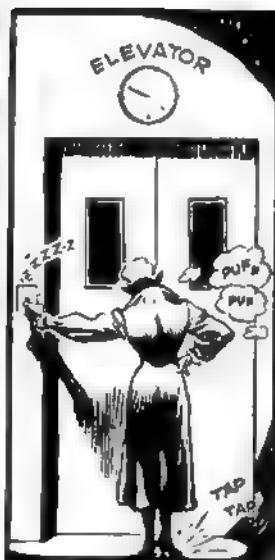
Surgery...

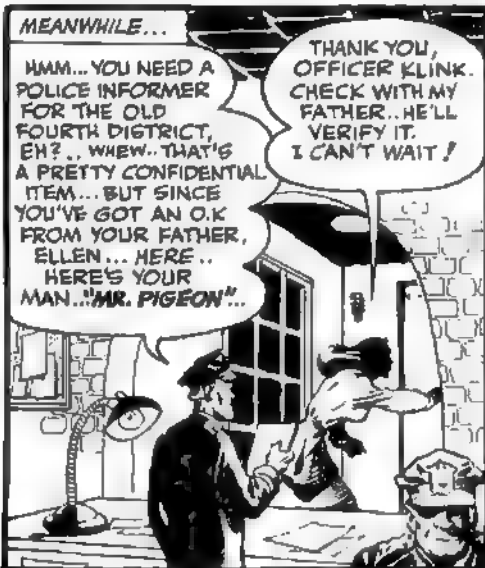
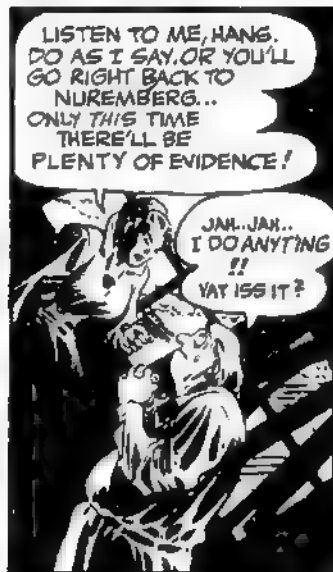


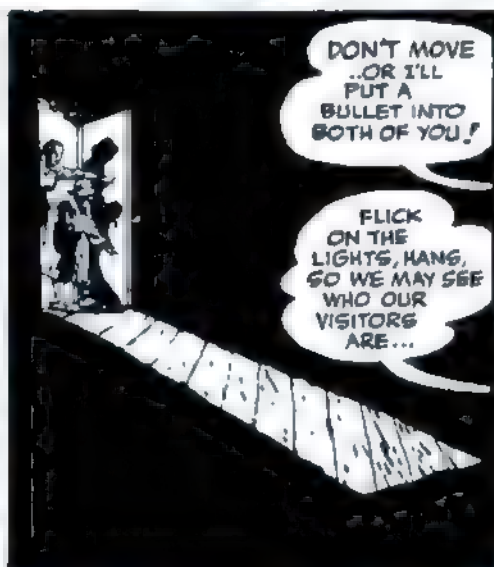
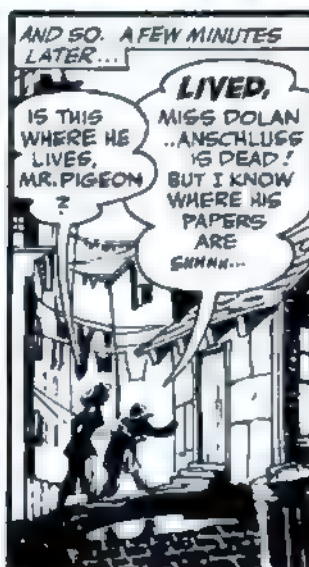
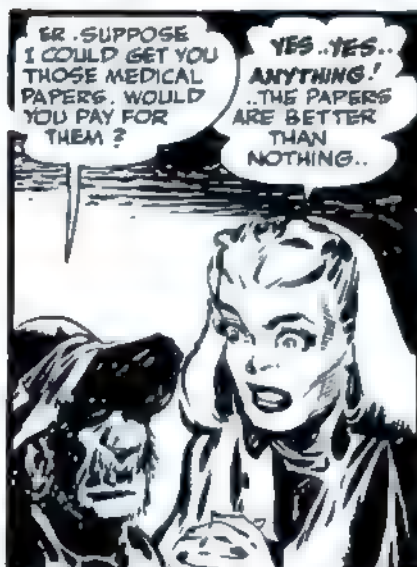
patient: **the Spirit** No A2470
 address: **44 Wall EISNER**
 entered: **11/1**
 complaint: **Bullet wounds**
 description of case: **Bullets lodged in both legs. Rapidly spreading bone infection - left tibia, ant.**
 RECOMMENDED TREATMENT: **Surgery... amputation of left leg.**
 hospitalization: **Authority must**
 ks in advance

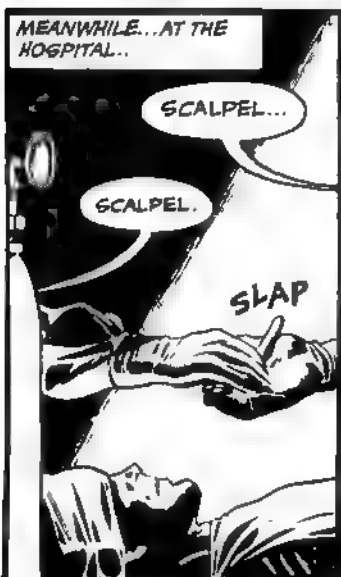
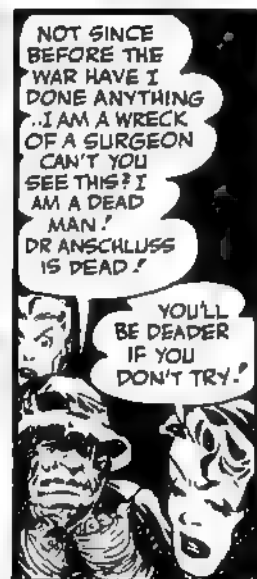


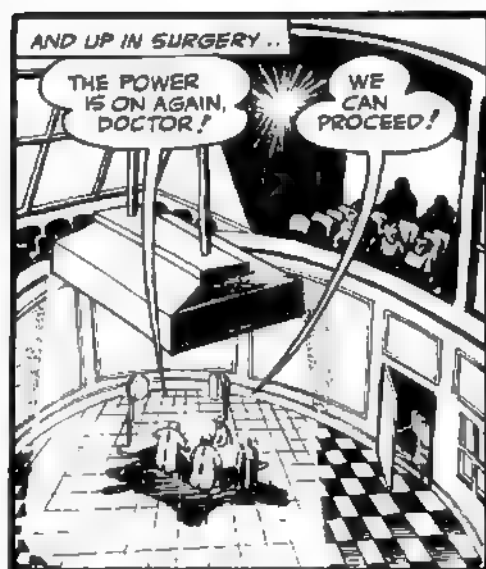












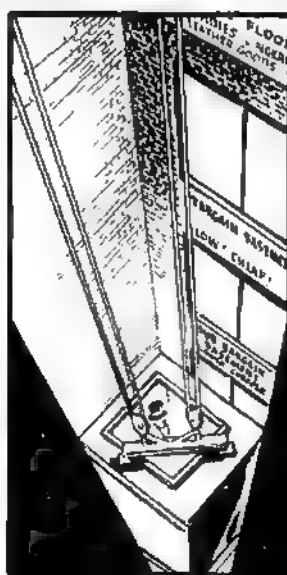
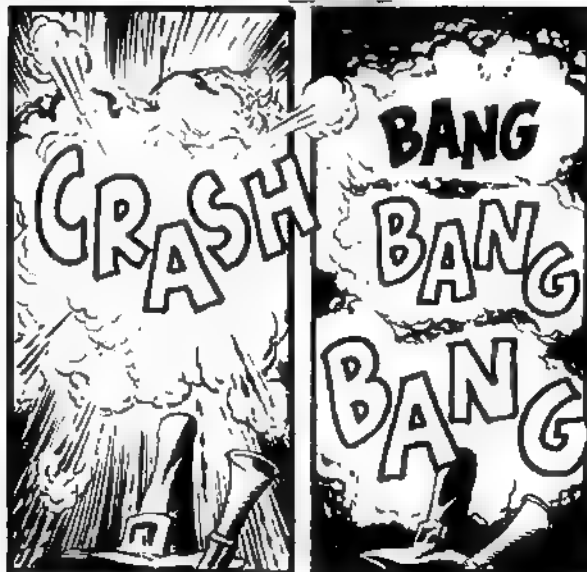
The THANKSGIVING

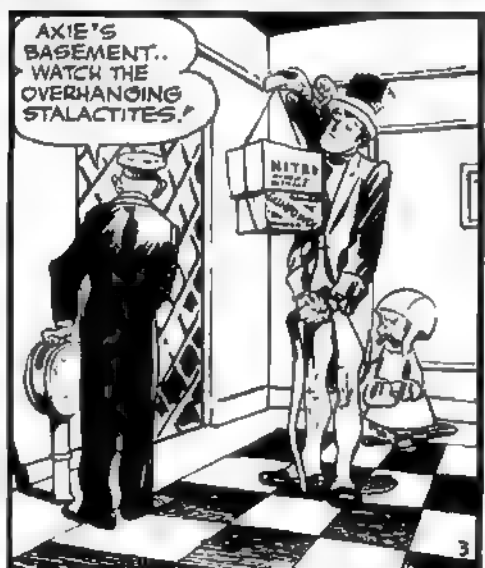
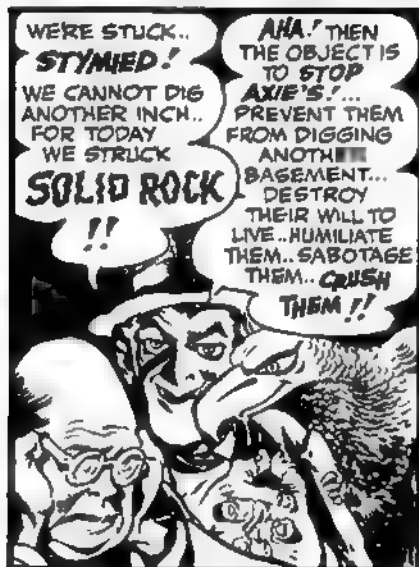
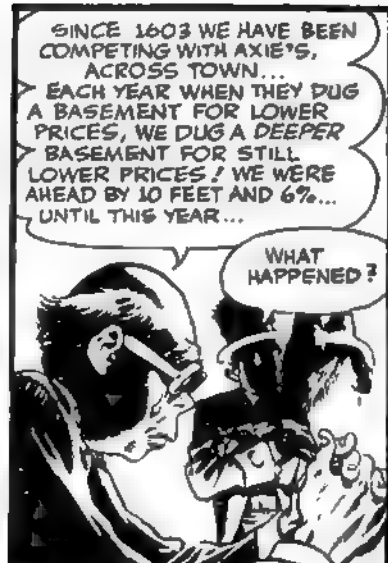
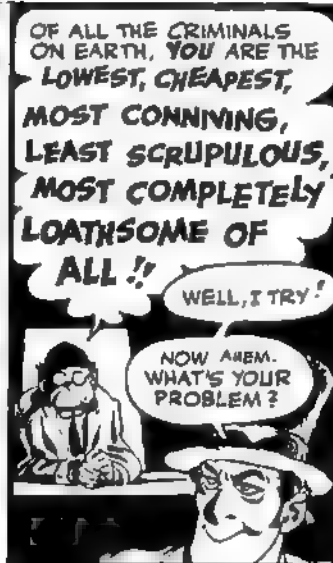


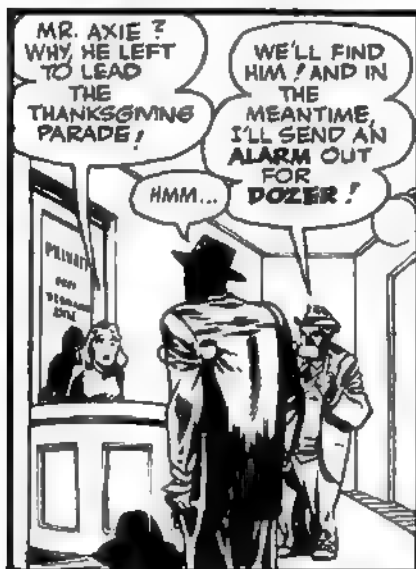
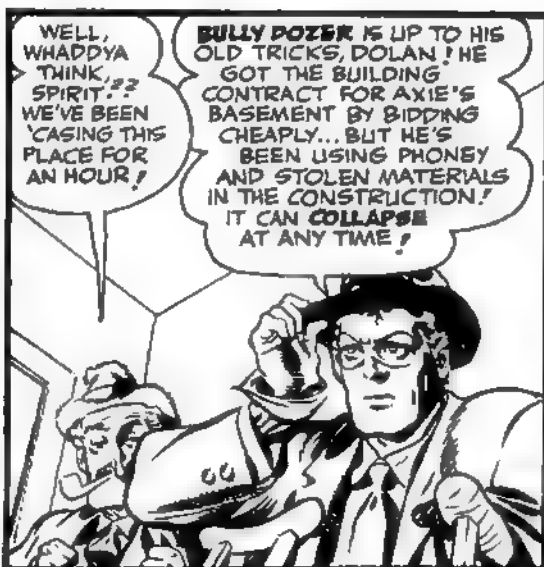
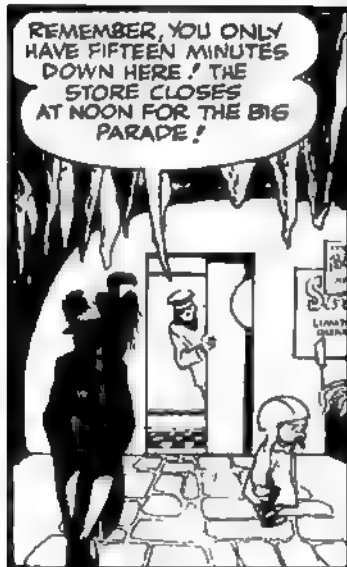
BY
WILL
EASNER

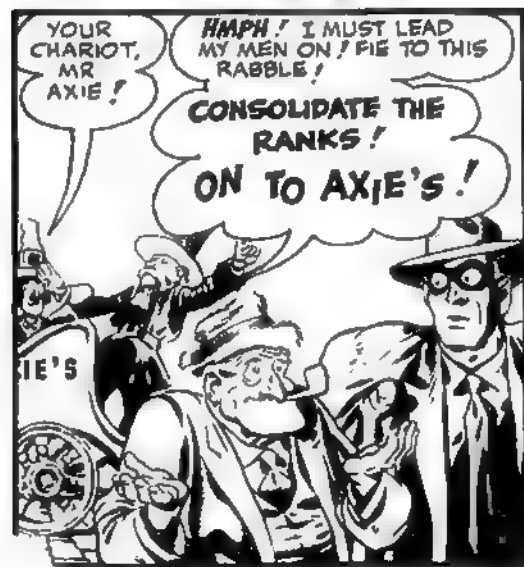
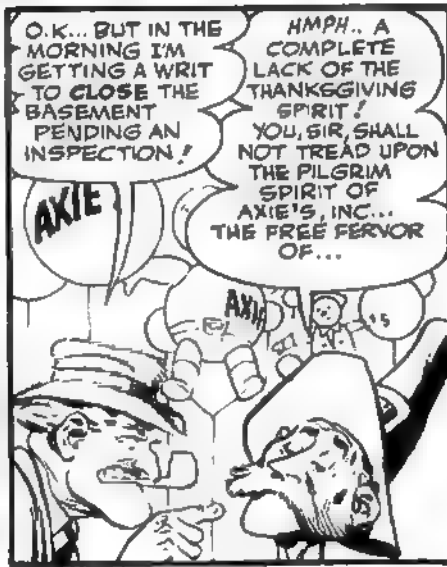
e do not know how
it be with other folk...
but here y^e Thanksgiving be
a pleasant tyme...
filled with gratitude and steep'd
in tradition...



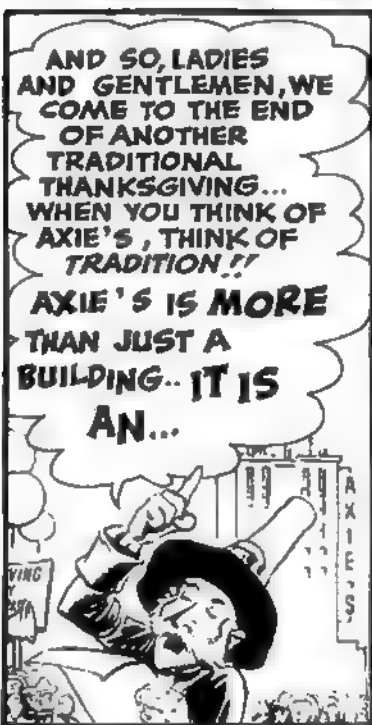






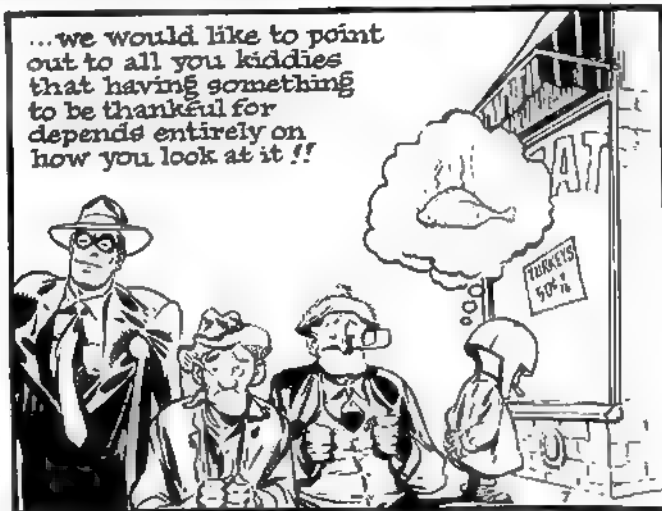


AND BACK AT AXIE'S ..





And so... as Thanksgiving sinks again into the sea of time.



The Embezzler

SPIRIT

EXIT
NEARE
CENTE
PASS
EN

MY NAME IS
QUADRANT J. STET. I WORK
FOR J. PARRISH AND SON,
ACCOUNTANTS, AT 14-23 DOCK
STREET. I AM A MAN OF
REGULAR HABITS. I
NEITHER SMOKE NOR GAMBLE.
YOU WOULDN'T THINK OF ME
AS THE SUBJECT OF AN
ADVENTURE STORY.



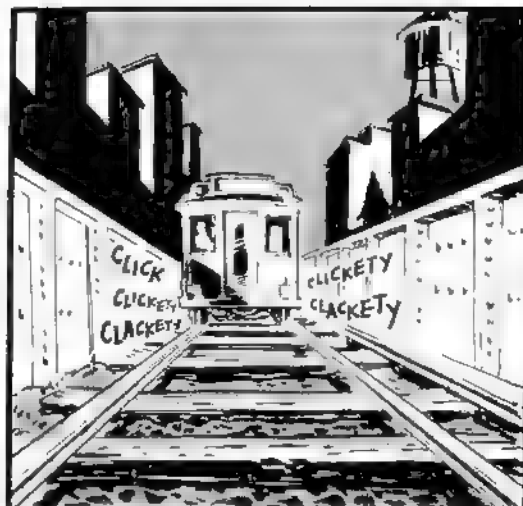
EAST CENTRAL
LOCAL
UPTOWN

BY
Will Eisner

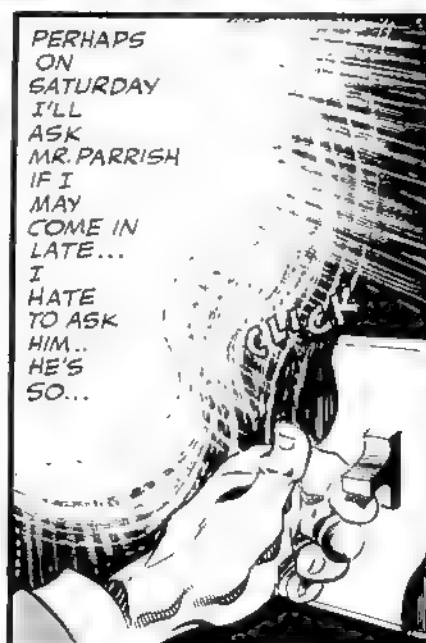
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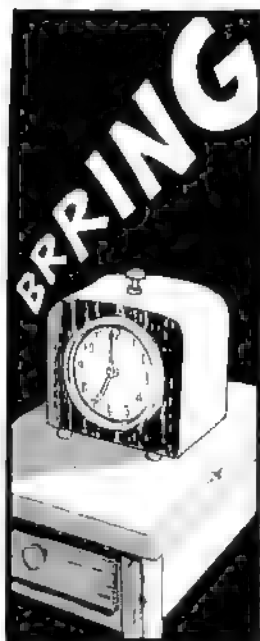
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TRAI CITY TRANSIT CORP



I leave the office at five every afternoon and take the subway home.
 "Home" is uptown... East Central City, 1532 Sawyer Avenue, Apartment E-10...
 (that's five flights up... there is a self-service elevator...)

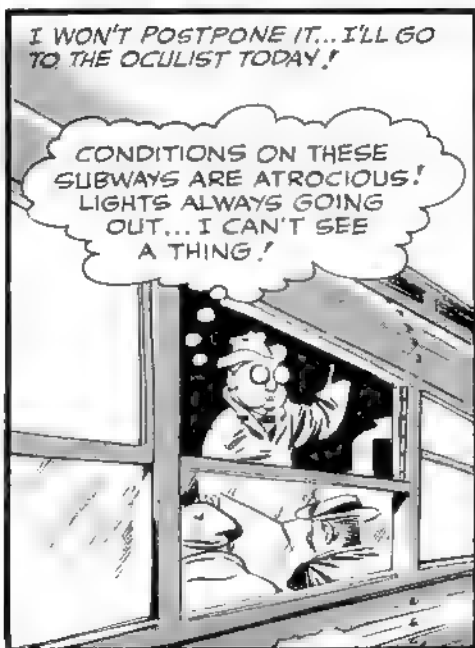




YAWN.
EVERY DAY
IT REQUIRES
MORE
EFFORT
TO AWAKEN...
MY!
WHAT A
BEAUTIFULLY
CLEAR
DAY...

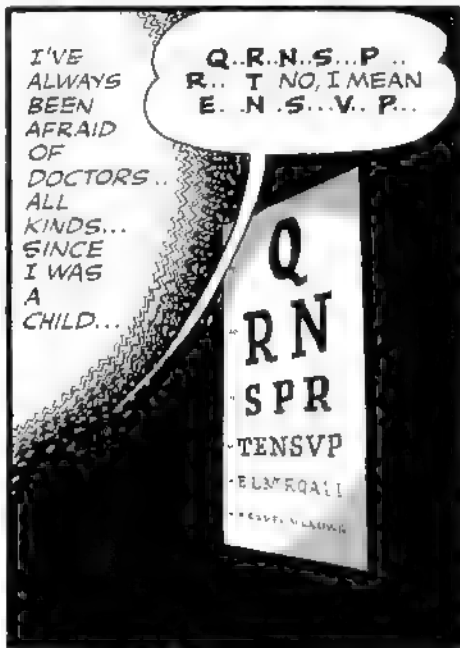


I WISH THIS HEADACHE
WOULD GO AWAY...
I'VE HAD IT SINCE
LAST NIGHT...



I WON'T POSTPONE IT... I'LL GO
TO THE OCULIST TODAY!

CONDITIONS ON THESE
SUBWAYS ARE ATROCIOUS!
LIGHTS ALWAYS GOING
OUT... I CAN'T SEE
A THING!



I'VE
ALWAYS
BEEN
AFRAID
OF
DOCTORS...
ALL
KINDS...
SINCE
I WAS
A
CHILD...

Q. R. N. S. P..
R... T NO, I MEAN
E. N. S. V. P..



HERE ARE
THE X-RAYS,
DOCTOR!

YES..
WILL
YOU
COME
INSIDE,
MR STET!

DOCTOR
!!



DOCTOR...
WILL YOU
PLEASE TURN
ON THE LIGHT...
I CAN'T SEE!

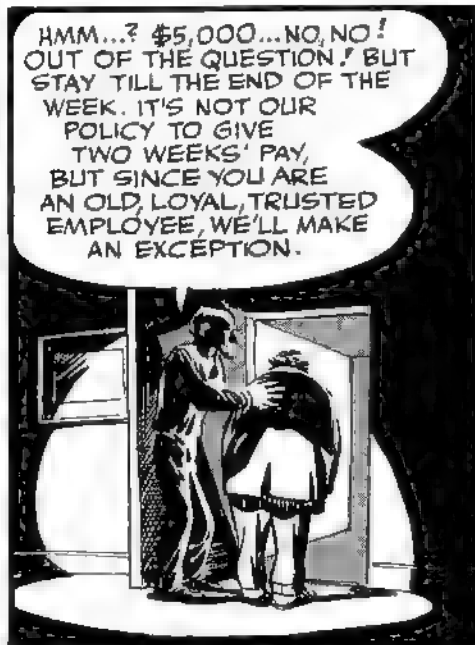
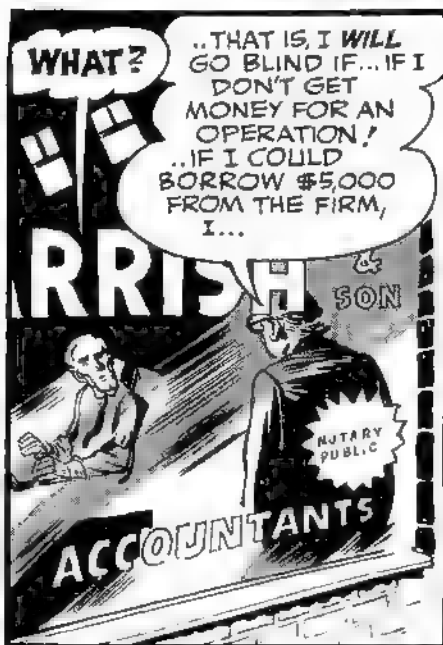
HELP HIM,
NURSE...
I'LL HAVE
TO TELL
HIM!



EVERYTHING
IS
BLURRED...
I WONDER
WHY THEY
TURNED
THE LIGHTS
OUT...
NOW THE
LIGHT
HURTS MY
EYES...
WHAT'S
THIS
THAT THE
DOCTOR
IS
SAYING...?

BLIND?

EXACTLY, MR STET!
YOU'VE HAD SPELLS IN
THE PAST AND THEY WILL
BECOME MORE FREQUENT
IN THE FUTURE!
YOU'LL NEED AN
OPERATION VERY SOON
...OR THE SPELL WILL
COME AND WILL NOT
PASS!

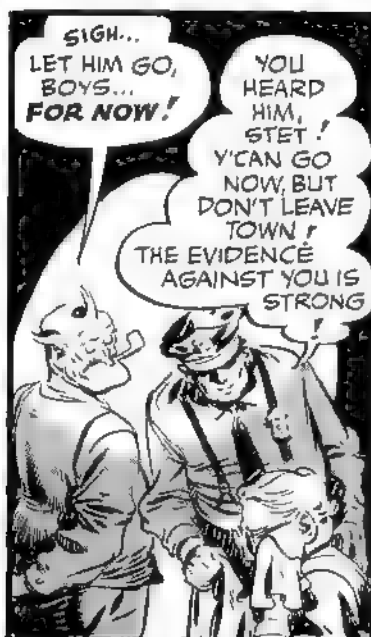




THIS IS POLICE HEADQUARTERS... WHY DID THEY BRING ME HERE...? I'M NOT A CROOK... WHY AM I HERE...?

THEY'VE HAD HIM UNDER THE LIGHTS FOR TWO HOURS, DOLAN... HAVE A HEART!

THIS IS A POLICE MATTER NOW, SPIRIT... BETTER KEEP OUT OF THIS... HRMPH...HEM...!



SIGH... LET HIM GO, BOYS... FOR NOW!

YOU HEARD HIM, STET! Y'CAN GO NOW, BUT DON'T LEAVE TOWN! THE EVIDENCE AGAINST YOU IS STRONG



IT'S LATE... IT'S 7:00... THE OFFICE IS CLOSED... EVERYONE THINKS I'M A CROOK... I'M NOT A CROOK!



WHY DID I COME BACK...? OH, YES... I'VE GOT TO TELL MR. PARRISH...



GOT TO TELL HIM I'M NO CROOK...



I'VE GOT TO... MR. PARRISH!

EH... W...WHAT..?



WELL, MR. STET! HOW DID IT GO WITH YOU AT THE POLICE STATION? SIT DOWN, SIT DOWN!

WHAT ARE YOU DOING IN THE SAFE, MR. PARRISH... WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT MONEY. ??



NOW, STET, DON'T GET HYSTERICAL! THE POLICE DON'T HAVE ANYTHING ON YOU... AH... FOR YOUR TROUBLE, PERHAPS I CAN GIVE YOU A RAISE... YOU CAN STAY ON... YOU HAVE BEEN LOYAL...

...IT..IT WAS YOU ALL ALONG! YOU ARE THE EMBEZZLER!



WE CAN FIX THE BOOKS TO MAKE IT LOOK LIKE...ER... A MISTAKE... WE CAN DO IT TOGETHER... TONIGHT... NO ONE WILL EVER KNOW...

YOU THIEF! I'M CALLING THE POLICE!



...NUMBERS SO HARD TO READ... BLURRY... CAN'T SEE... IT'S COMING BACK... MY BLINDNESS IS COMING BACK!

I'VE GOT A SPELL AGAIN!

...PARRISH IS COMING AFTER ME... GOT TO KEEP AWAY FROM HIM... THIS SPELL MAY NOT LAST... GOT TO KEEP MOVING... AWAY FROM HIM...

YOU HAVEN'T A CHANCE, STET!

I WAS IN THE FIRST WAR, MR. STET... A CAPTAIN... PRETTY GOOD SHOT, TOO...

I CAN SAY YOU CAME BACK. ADMITTED STEALING THE MONEY... THREATENED ME... EH? HOW DOES THAT SOUND?

SELF-DEFENSE! ...I SHOT YOU TO PREVENT YOU FROM ROBBING ME!

MY SIGHT IS COMING BACK... EVERYTHING IS BLURRED, BUT NOW I CAN SEE A BIT... RUN!... MY ONLY CHANCE IS TO RUN... THERE'S THE DOOR...

HE'S AN OLD MAN... I CAN OUTDISTANCE HIM...

WHERE ARE YOU RUNNING, MR. STET? YOU CAN'T SEE... LOOK OUT FOR THAT LAMP...

CRASH

VERY GOOD MR STET! YOU'LL MAKE IT LOOK AS IF WE STRUGGLED... ADD TO MY STORY TO THE POLICE! HEH HEH HEH

...HIS VOICE IS FARTHER AWAY NOW... MAYBE I'M OUT OF HIS SIGHT... I CAN BARELY SEE OUTLINES... GOT TO HIDE BEHIND SOMETHING... I MUST HIDE!

WHERE DID YOU GO, MR. STET...? INTO ONE OF THE OFFICES? WAIT FOR ME... I'LL FIND YOU!

IT'S A LONG NIGHT... WE HAVE QUITE SOME TIME TO PLAY OUR GAME...

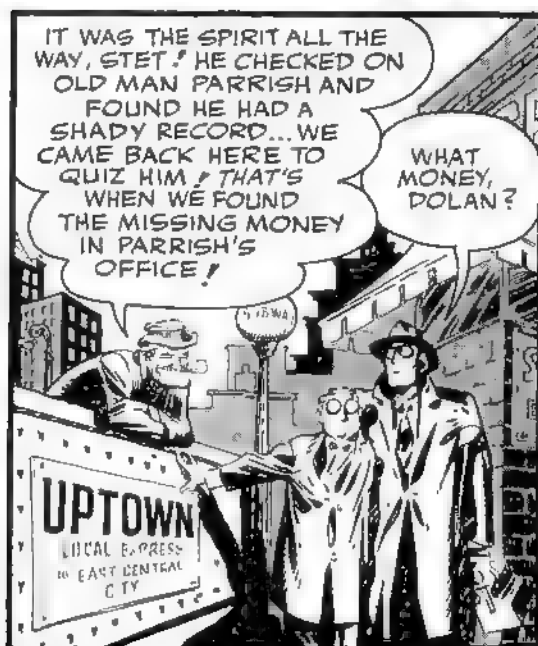
HEH HEH... AS WE USED TO SAY WHEN PLAYING HIDE AND SEEK IN OUR YOUTH... AM I... HOT. OR AM I COLD ??

I'VE BLACKED OUT AGAIN! I'M NOW COMPLETELY BLIND!

HE'S GOT ME NOW...

BANG BANG

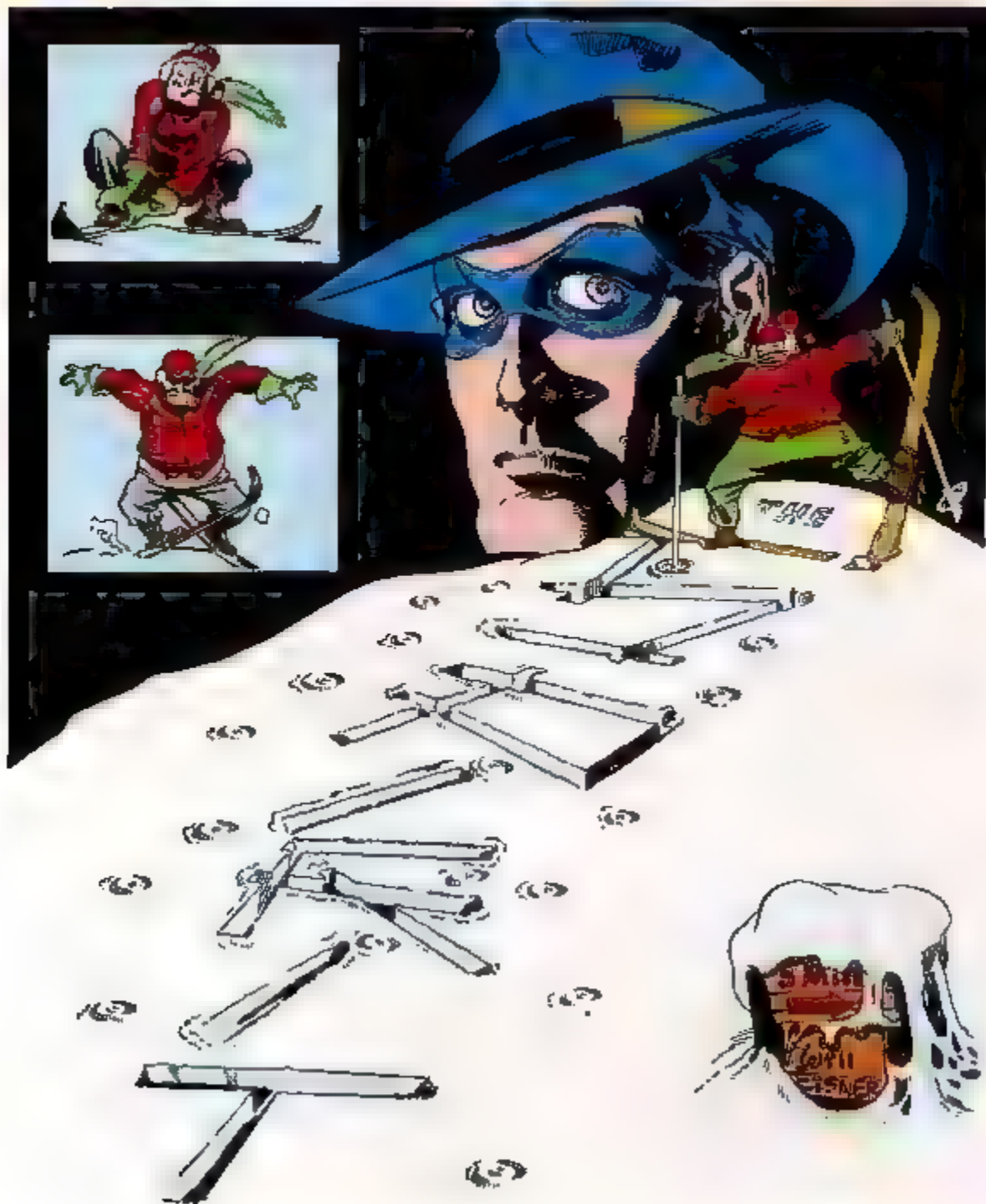
φCee
★★!!



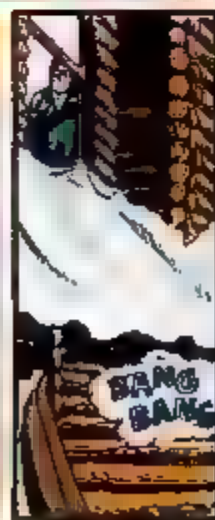


WINTER HAVEN

December 4, 1949

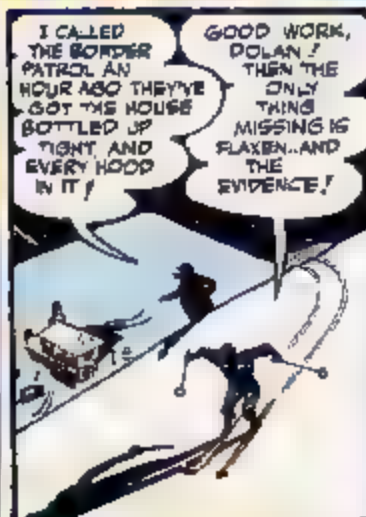
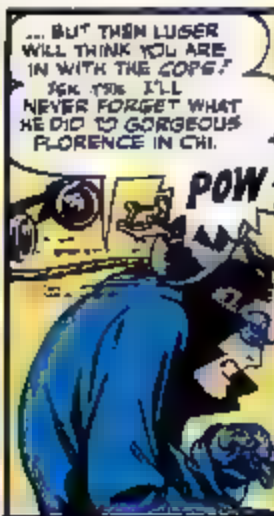


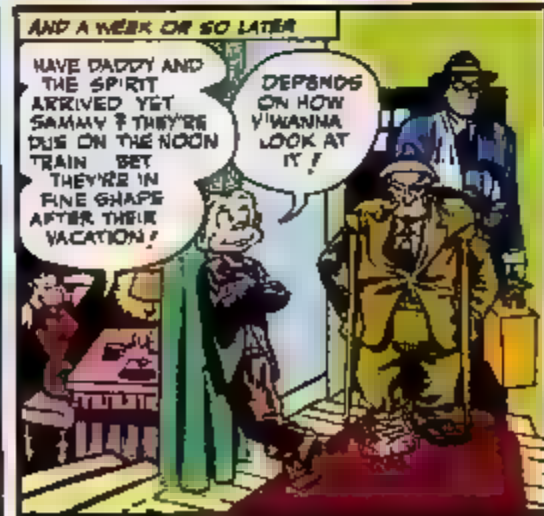
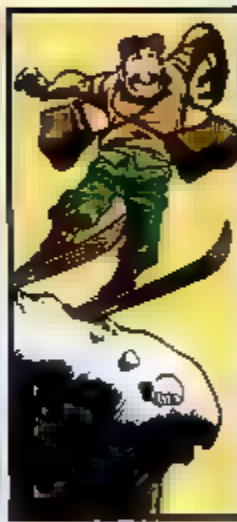














FLAXEN WEAVER

December 11 1949

ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE





IT ALL STARTED
NORMALLY
ENOUGH. I
WAS GOING
TO BE A DULL
EVENING.
ELLEN HAD
INVITED ME
INTO GOING
TO A SWANK
SOCIAL AFFAIR.



THE NEXT
TIME YOU
TALK ME INTO
GOING TO
ONE OF THESE
THINGS I...

SHHH!!
LORRAINE..
NOW DARLING
OF YOU
TO INVITE US
YOU LOOK
DI-VINE!



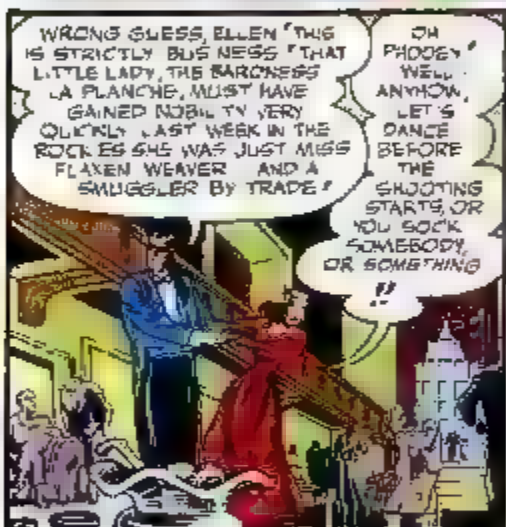
ELLEN SPIRIT!
NOW **LAVELY**
!!

**BARON
AND
BARONESS
LA PLANCHE**



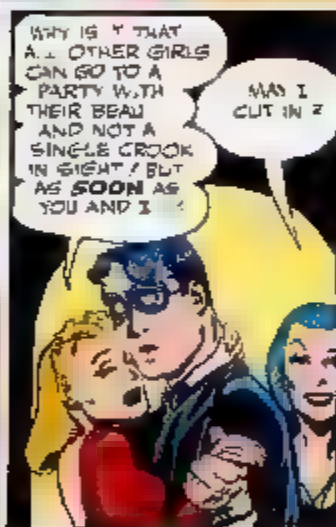
SPIRIT YOU WOLF!
STOP STARING
AT THOSE PRETTY
GIRLS!

BARONESS!
HOW NICE
THAT YOU
COULD COME!



WRONG GUESS, ELLEN. THIS
IS STRICTLY BUSINESS. THAT
LITTLE LADY, THE BARONESS
LA PLANCHE, MUST HAVE
GAINED NOBILITY VERY
QUICKLY. LAST WEEK IN THE
ROCKIES SHE WAS JUST MISS
FLAXEN WEAVER AND A
SMUGGLER BY TRADE.

OH
PHOOEY!
WELL,
ANYHOW,
LET'S DANCE
BEFORE
THE
SHOOTING
STARTS, OR
YOU SOCK
SOMEBODY,
OR SOMETHING
!!



WHY IS IT THAT
ALL OTHER GIRLS
CAN GO TO A
PARTY WITH
THEIR BEAU
AND NOT A
SINGLE CROOK
IN SIGHT? BUT
AS SOON AS
YOU AND I...

WAS I
CUT IN?



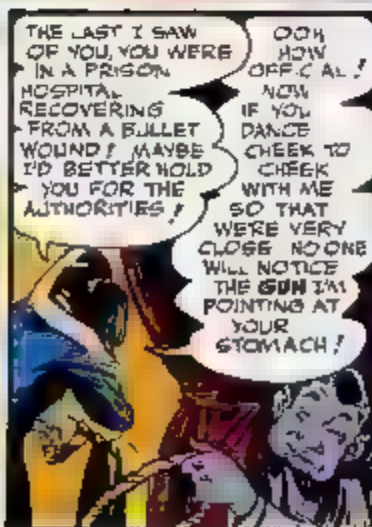
WELL, OF
ALL THE
NERVE!

HELLO, SPIRIT!
SO YOU
MEET
AGAIN!



YOU SHOULD HAVE TOLD
ME YOU WERE COMING
FLAXEN. I WOULD
HAVE INCREASED MY
LIFE INSURANCE. HOW
DID YOU ESCAPE
THE LAW UP
NORTH?

ESCAPING
FROM THE
POLICE
IS MY
HOBBY!!



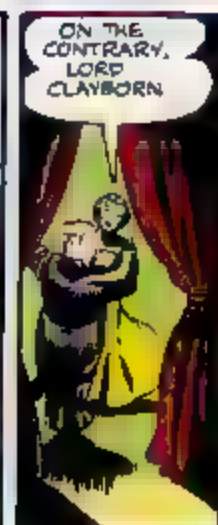
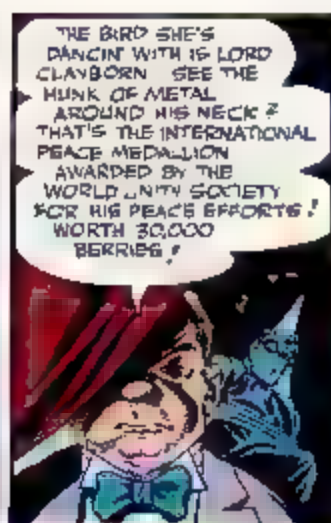
THE LAST I SAW
OF YOU, YOU WERE
IN A PRISON
HOSPITAL
RECOVERING
FROM A BULLET
WOUND! MAYBE
I'D BETTER HOLD
YOU FOR THE
AUTHORITIES!

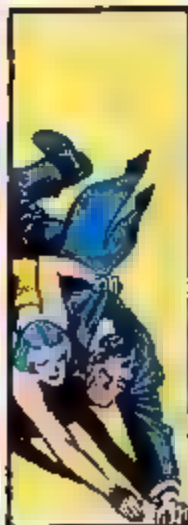
OOH,
HOW
OFFICIAL!
NOW
IF YOU
DANCE
CHEEK TO
CHEEK
WITH ME
SO THAT
WE'RE VERY
CLOSE, NO ONE
WILL NOTICE
THE GUN I'M
POINTING AT
YOUR STOMACH!

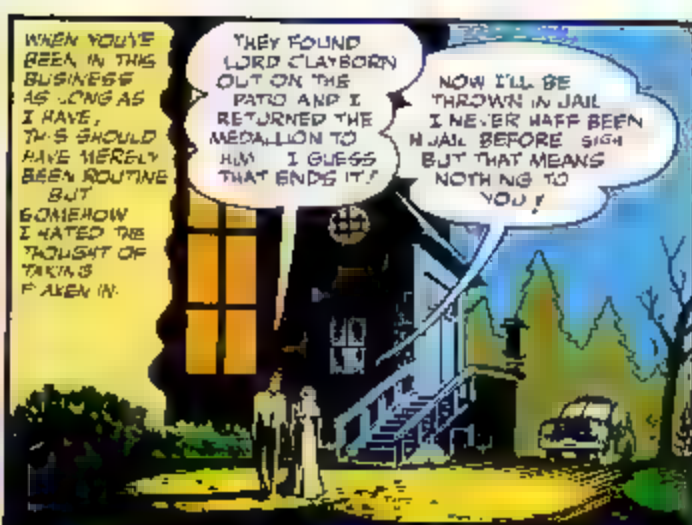


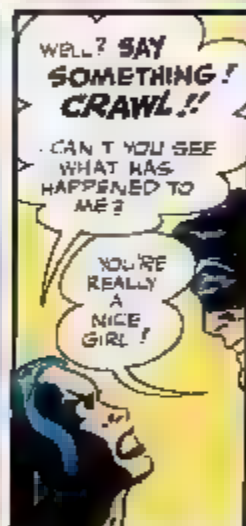
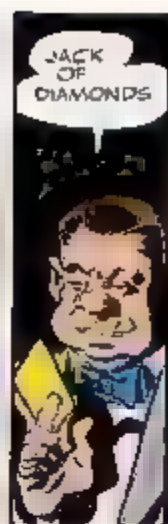
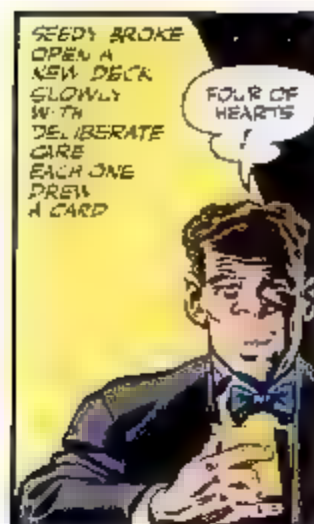
GOT HIM,
BLINK?

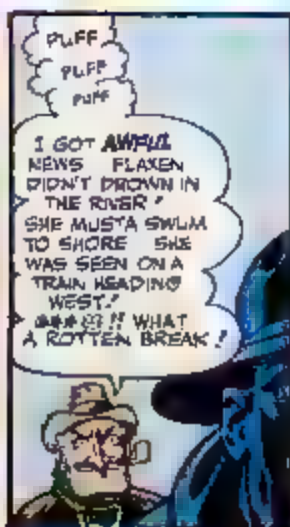
GOT 'IM!
STEP
BACK, SPIRIT!
YOU'RE
SPENDING
THE
EVENING
WITH ME!













LONESOME COOL

December 18, 1949

**ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE**


December 18, 1949. The enclosed is specifically designated for Commissioner Dolan of the Central City Police. It is a complete dossier on E. Launcelot Cool, otherwise known as Lonesome Cool. You may read it if you like...



BY
WILL EISNER



E LAUNCELOT COOL BORN JANUARY 3RD, 1917 IN THE "SLUM GULLY" SECTION OF CENTRAL CITY... FATHER, EDWARD SIMON COOL, REAL ESTATE SALESMAN. MOTHER, ESTHER LORENZ COOL. PARENTS DIVORCED WHEN LAUNCELOT WAS SEVEN




CENTRAL CITY POLICE DEPT
REPORT
To: *Commissioner*
From: *Det. [illegible]*

SEVEN? SO I'M SEVEN? I'M AS TOUGH AS ANY CRUM IN THIS GANG! LEMME IN ONNA BLOCK WAR!


OK PUNK BUT REMEMBER, YA TAKE ORDERS FROM ME FRANKIE SPADE!

I'M BOSS!



WHO'S DA RUNT FRANKIE? HELL GET HOIT?

AM, I FEEL SORRY FOR 'IM NOBODY CARES IF HE GETS HOIT HIS FOLKS, THEY'RE DIVORCED. HIS MOTHER DON'T GIVE A HOOT FOR 'IM.



FRANKIE... LOOK OUT!




HAMPH? POLICE SIRENS ALL THE TIME SOMEBODY MAKES TROUBLE! WASH UP, EDDIE... THE POTATOES ARE GETTIN COLD!

YEH, MAMA...



ENCLOSED IS A TRANSCRIPT OF PRISON RECORD OF LAUNCELOT COOL... TWO YEARS, CENTRAL REFORMATORY RELEASED BECAUSE OF EXTREME YOUTH. HE WAS IN NO TROUBLE FOR A YEAR AFTER HIS RELEASE AT ELEVEN, HE FOUND A GUN TRIED TO SHOOT AN OFFICER...



CENTRAL CITY POLICE DEPT
REPORT
To: *Commissioner*
From: *Det. [illegible]*

A BUM! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE 14 YEARS OLD AND A BUM FROM THE GUTTER'S ALREADY! WHY DO YOU BRING ME ALL THIS MISERY? **GET OUT!**

GET OUT!

BUT I JUST GOT OUT T'DAY, MA I, MA.



HEY LOOK!

"IN AN 'OUT AGAIN" COOL IS BACK!

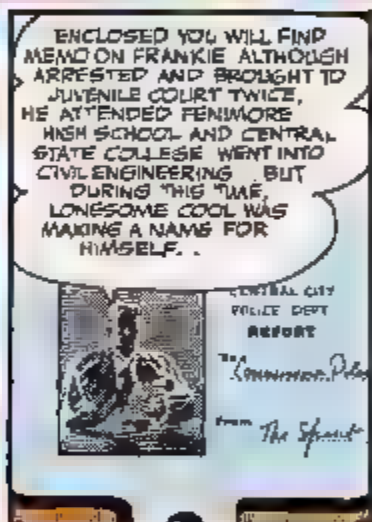
HEY COOL... DON'T YA GET LONESOME WIT' ALL DAT TIME IN SOLITARY?

LONESOME COOL... HA HA



FRANKIE I HEAR YOU GOT THE BOOKIE LAYOUT ON THE BLOCK. I WANT IN!





IN NOVEMBER, 1940, "LONESOME" COOL ENTERED INTO PARTNERSHIP WITH FRANK E SPADE. THE "COOL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY" PROSPERED BY THE TIME THE U.S. ENTERED THE WAR IN DECEMBER '41, THE FIRM WAS WORTH \$20,000.



LETTER OF
FRANK E. SPADE
TO THE
COMMISSIONER OF
THE CITY OF
CENTRAL CITY

YOU'VE WRECKED MY BUSINESS, COOL STOLE MY BEST MEN, UNDERBID ME ON EVERY JOB, AND PULLED EVERY SHYSTER TRICK IN THE BOOK. I HOPE YOUR CRAZY EGO IS SATISFIED.

YEH, I'M HAPPY, GIRDER. NOW GO AWAY... GO HOME TO MAMA.

SQUIRM, SUCKER... SQUIRM!! HA HA. THAT'S WHAT YOU ONCE TOLD ME "GO HOME TO MAMA."

FLOWERS, SIR. NICE FLOWERS...

COOL CONSTRUCTION COMPANY

FRANKIE. T-THERE'S AN OLD DAME SELLIN' FLOWERS OUTSIDE. GET RID OF HER. GET RID OF HER, DO YA HEAR?



I GOT RID OF HER LIKE YOU SAID, LONESOME. SAY, YOU KNOW SOMETHING FUNNY...? SHE LOOKED SOMETHING LIKE YOUR MOTHER.



LISTEN, FRANKIE... DON'T YOU EVER EVEN THINK THAT AGAIN? THAT OLD WOMAN IS JUST AN OLD FLOWER LADY... THAT'S ALL. UNDERSTAND...? AND YOU CHASE HER WHENEVER SHE SHOWS UP HERE... SEE?



I... I BR... GOTTA GET ON THAT JOHNSON CONSTRUCTION JOB. BR. SEE YOU LATER.

FROM 1942 THROUGH 1945, LONESOME COOL AND FRANKIE SPADE BUILT THE BIGGEST CONTRACTING BUSINESS IN CENTRAL CITY. THEIR ASSOCIATION WAS STRICTLY BUSINESS. COOL HAD NO FRIENDS, MALE OR FEMALE. BOTH COOL AND SPADE WERE DEFERRED FROM MILITARY.



LETTER OF
FRANK E. SPADE
TO THE
COMMISSIONER OF
THE CITY OF
CENTRAL CITY

HEY, WHAT'S THE CROWD FOR?

SOMEBODY DIED!

THE OLD FLOWER WOMAN DROPPED DEAD RIGHT ONNA CORNER!

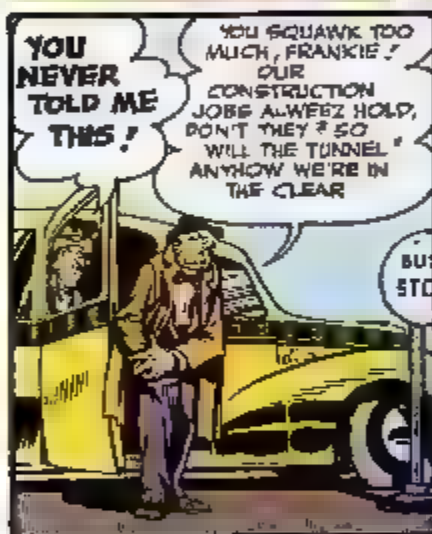
HEY, TAXI

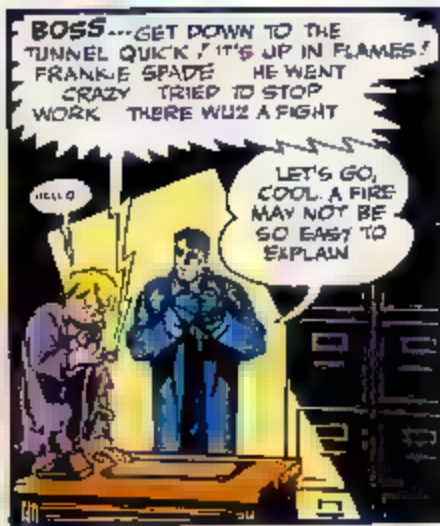


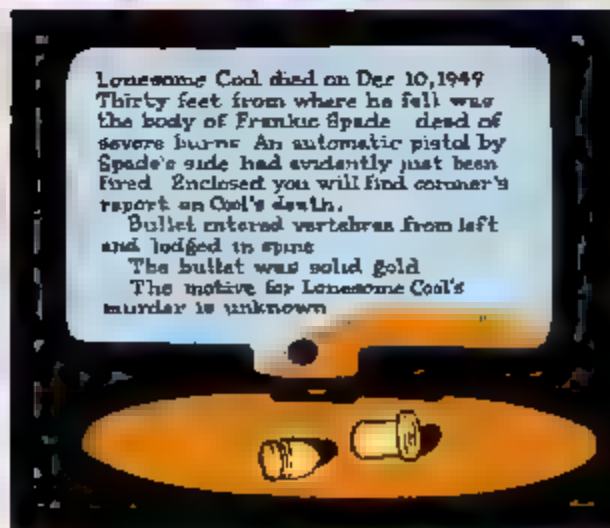
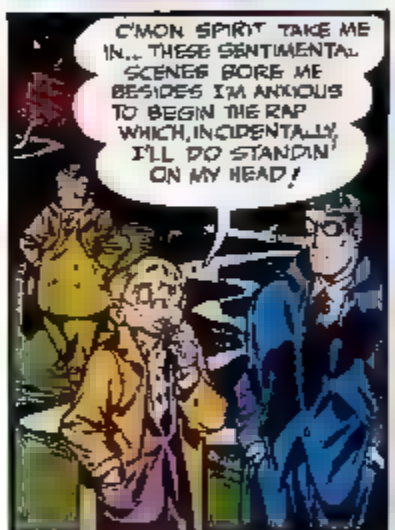
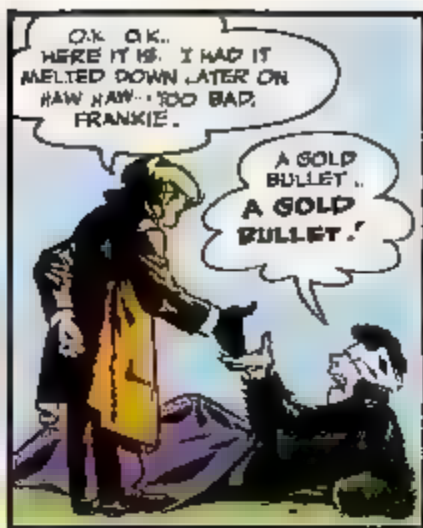
HEY LONESOME. WAGNT THAT THE OLD FLOWER LADY YOU NEVER LIKED?

LET'S GO, FRANKIE... COMMISSIONER DOLAN WANTS A SEE US.











THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT OF 1949

December 25, 1949

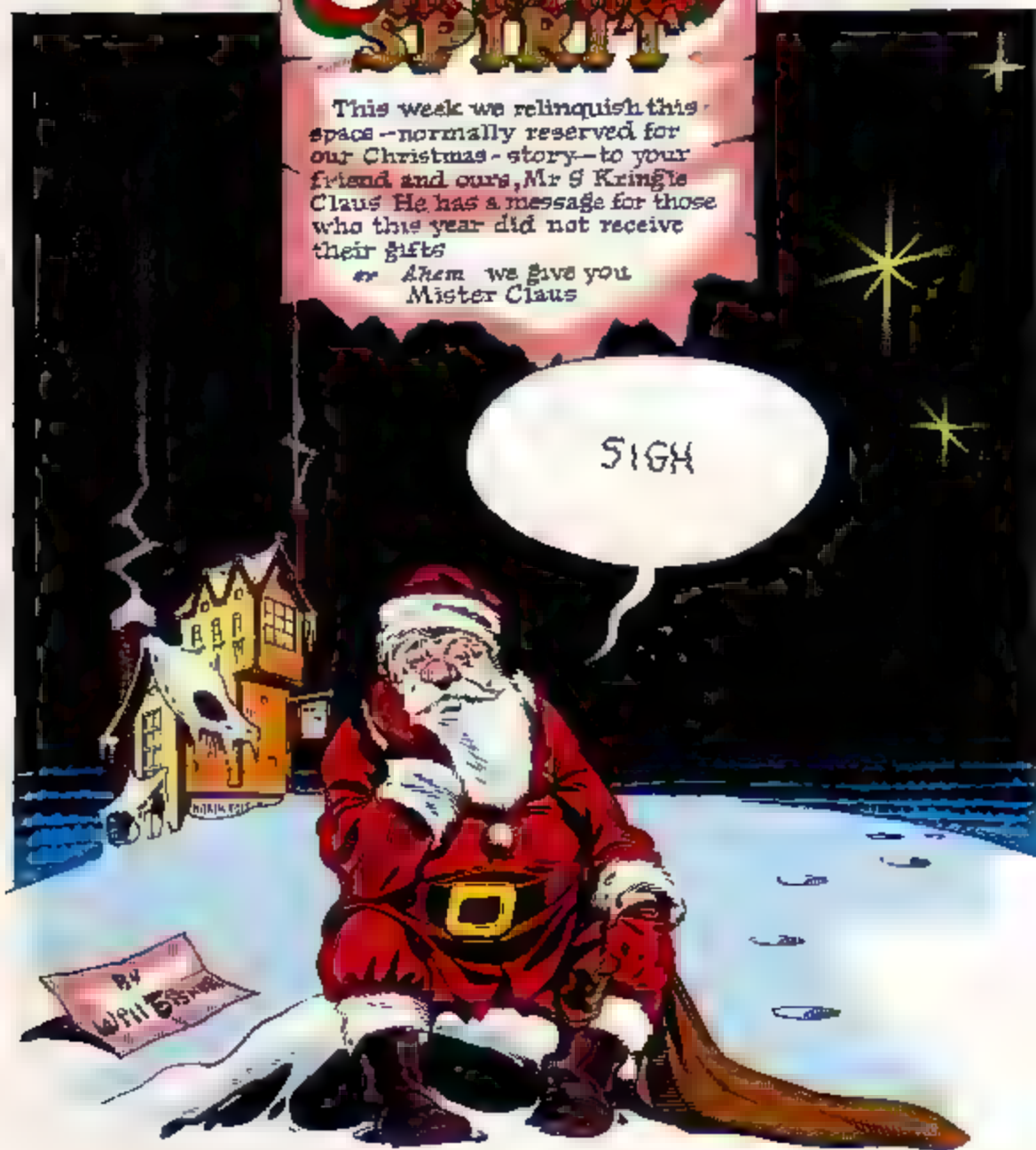
ACTION
Mystery
ADVENTURE

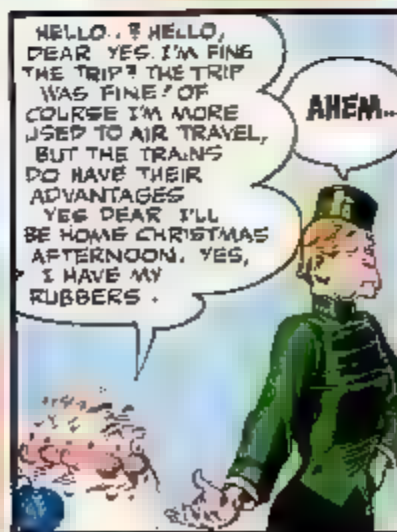
THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

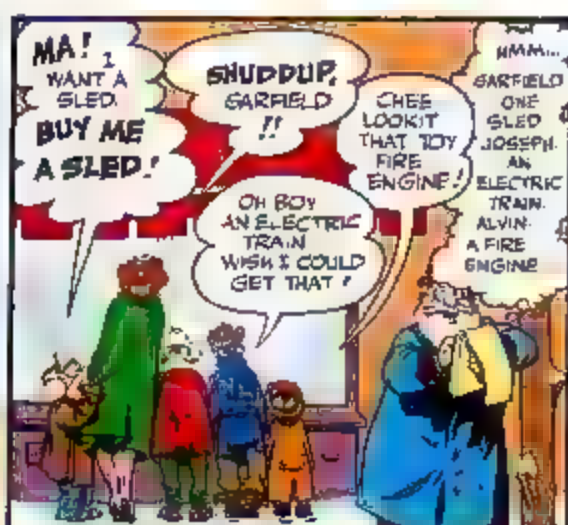
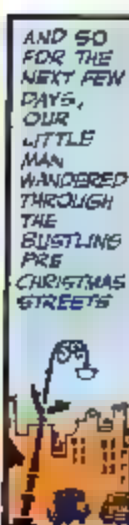
This week we relinquish this space—normally reserved for our Christmas-story—to your friend and ours, Mr S Kringle Claus. He has a message for those who this year did not receive their gifts.

or Ahem, we give you
Mister Claus

SIGH









AND SO, THAT HECTIC DAY ENDED... BUT AS THE FIRST YULE SNOW GENTLY FELL...



ON Y'R WAY, BO... NO SLEEPIN' ON PARK BENCHES!



COUGH
COUGH
HACHOO!!
OH DEAR ME... I DO WISH I COULD REMEMBER...



HACHOO
HACHOO
HURRY UP WIT' DAT LOCK, SMITTY... SOMEBODY'S COMIN'!
O.K. O.K. I'M TRYIN'...



P-PARDON ME... COULD YOU DIRECT ME TO...
SCRAM, POP... GO 'WAY...
BEAT IT!



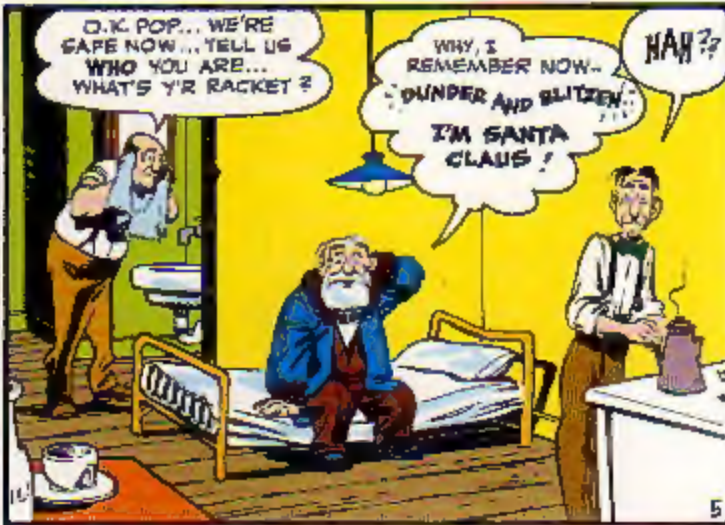
TRWEEET!!
CROOKS!!



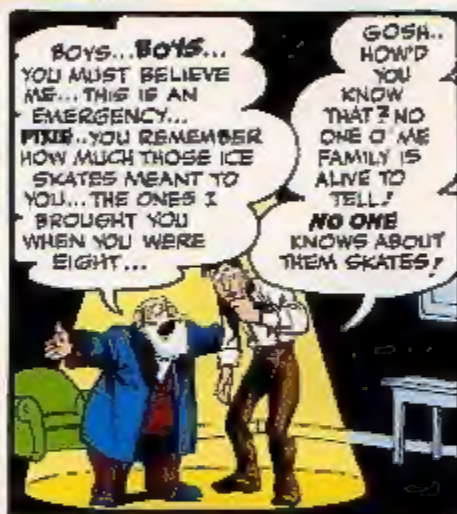
HEY... HE'S FAINTED!
OH, SWELL!! MY FIRST JOB AFTER SIX YEARS IN STIR... AND THIS HAS TO HAPPEN!
C'MON!!



WHY DO WE HAPTA LUG HIM AROUND?
'CAUSE IF THE COPS GET HIM, HE'LL IDENTIFY ME WHEN I REPORT REGULAR TO DA PAROLE BOARD NEX' WEEK!



O.K. POP... WE'RE SAFE NOW... TELL US WHO YOU ARE... WHAT'S Y'R RACKET?
WHY, I REMEMBER NOW...
DUNDER AND BLITZEN!
I'M SANTA CLAUS!
HAN?!



Well sir... everything went according to plan... **NO NO NO NO**... never did have two assistants who worked so hard... although I can't say that I approve of their methods...



DON'T SHOOT...
DON'T SHOOT!
THE COMBINATION
IS 4L-5R-4L...
8R...



WHO'S
INTERESTED?
STOP YELLIN'..
Y'WANNA
WAKE UP THE
KIDS ??



BUT Y'CAN'T
DO THIS TO ME!
I'VE NEVER GIVEN
MY EMPLOYEES
A SINGLE GIFT..

SHADDAP!
IF Y'AIN'T GOT
NO XMAS SPIRIT,
I'LL BLOW IT
INTA YA-SEE?



CARBUNKLE..
YOU DARLING..
A FUR COAT!

...JUST AS I
WISHED..?

2
HUH
OH
Y'YAH..
YEAH...



FOR ME?

SEEMS SO.
SIGN HERE...
WHEN?
**A GOLD-
PLATED CAR!**
THESE BELLHOPS
SURE GET BIG
TIPS!

Yes sir... as
I said, everything
worked out fine..
except
for
me...



HEY
YOU...
HALT!!



...THAT SANTA
CLAUS ROUTINE IS ONE
OF THE OLDEST 'BUNKOS'
IN THE BOOKS... YOU'RE
GOING TO SPEND
THIS NIGHT IN
JAIL...AND AFTER WE
RELEASE YOU TOMORROW,
I HOPE YOU NEVER TRY
THIS TRICK AGAIN!

OH,
JUST
ONE MOMENT,
COMMISSIONER
!!



AT LEAST
I'LL BE ABLE
TO DELIVER
ONE GIFT...

**MERRY
XMAS!!**

HMMPPF
??



...AND SO..IF THOSE
OF YOU WHO DID NOT
RECEIVE THEIR GIFTS THIS
XMAS WILL BE PATIENT,
I PROMISE I'LL BE THERE
NEXT YEAR...ON TIME!

*merry Xmas
everyone!!*
LETTER